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SIX MONTHS IN ITALY

BY

GEORGE STILLMAN HILLARD

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TO

MR. AND MRS. CRAWFORD,

OF ROME,

THESE MEMORIALS OF A LAND, THE IMAGE OF

WHICH IS FOREVER ASSOCIATED WITH RECOLLECTIONS OF

THEIR KINDNESS AND HOSPITALITY,

ARE GRATEFULLY AND AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED

BY THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

The following pages have been prepared in intervals snatched from the grasp of an engrossing profession. They contain the records of a brief and brilliant episode in my life, which filled my memory with images alike beautiful and enduring. They are printed in the belief, or at least the hope, that those who have visited the same scenes will not regret to have their impressions renewed, and that those who are looking forward to Italy, as to a land of promise, will find here some hints and suggestions which may aid them in their preparation.

G. S. H.

Boston, August, 1858.

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SIX MONTHS IN ITALY.

CHAPTER I.

First Sight of Italy — The Simplon — Domo d'Ossola — The Borromean Islands — The Lake of Como — Milan — The Cathedral — The Ambrosian Library — The 'Last Supper' of Leonardo da Vinci — The Brera Gallery — Theatre of the Fantoccini — The Stelvio.

FIRST SIGHT OF ITALY.

My first sight of Italy was on the second day of September, 1847. The night — or rather a segment of it, for our journey began at three in the morning — had been passed at Brieg, a post-town on the Simplon; and the morning light played upon the sublime scenery which will be so readily recalled by those who have passed over that remarkable road. The Bernese Alps were girdled with clouds, but their snowy heads reposed in serene sunshine. The air was full of the exulting sound of mountain streams, the only voice that broke the silence of these majestic solitudes. In the highest portion of the ascent, the desolate grandeur of the scene falls upon the mind with a feeling akin to terror; and the milder aspect of the region which the descent reveals is welcomed like light after darkness.

Few scenes in Europe are more impressive than the gorge of Gondo. The dizzy plunge of the snow-white torrent, the steep, dark rocks of slate crested with trees, and the thread-like stream winding away far below over its pebbly bed, derive new beauty and significance from the work of human skill which enables the traveller to observe them so safely and so completely. The emotions awakened by such elevating scenes are not disturbed by the portion of admiration claimed by the

genius and the enterprise of man. God's noblest work is the human mind, and never do we feel this more forcibly than when we see its useful and magnificent efforts brought into comparison and contrast with the grandeur of nature.

At Isella, on the Sardinian frontier, the traveller's trunks are examined, one of those trifling vexations which are here more sensibly felt, because they bring down the thoughts so rudely from the serene heights into which they have been recently lifted. He who has seen the hands of a custom-house officer disembowelling his trunk can hardly help praying for another Theseus, to rid the earth of this brood of monsters, the rank growth of modern civilization. However, the discipline is not without a seasoning of the ludicrous, if a sense of security permit one to enjoy it. Juvenal's line

'Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator,'

is applicable to these chartered robbers, who hold commissions to fleece the wayfaring man. The traveller whose trunk is innocent of tobacco and Geneva trinkets may smile at the embarrassments of his neighbor, with the tranquil feeling of the philosopher in Lucretius who contemplates from the firm land the vessel tossing on the angry wave.

As the day declined, the character of the scenery underwent a gradual change. The chestnut and fig began to appear; the many-twinkling maize rustled in the breeze: the vine flung its arms along the trellis, and hung its purple clusters in the cool green shadows beneath. Little villages, with square bell-towers, dotted the distant heights: white flat-roofed houses gleamed through their sheltering walls of foliage. A softer air blew against the face, and the eye reposed on gentler outlines. All these were tokens that we were approaching Italy.

Just before sunset, the diligence reached Domo d'Ossola, and we remained there nearly an hour; our conductor having thus early caught the infection of needless delay which is so prevalent an infirmity in Italy. Here every thing is Italian in its aspect. The houses are built with colonnades, and the shops are sheltered with awnings. The inn is constructed round a court-yard, into which the rooms open. The people are lounging, dirty, and picturesque, with brown cheeks and flashing eyes. I bought some grapes and figs of an old woman in the market-place: any where else I should have pronounced them very bad, but here they tasted of Italy and not of themselves.

For some hours our journey was continued after nightfall, and I experienced one of the small trials of the traveller, in seeing the shadows of evening steal over that living page of the landscape, of which the eye was reluctant to lose a single line. Nor was the moon, when she rose, a compensating presence; for her light, so magical when thrown over familiar scenes, becomes a bewildering and tantalizing element in connection with strange objects, since it suggests more than it reveals, and tempts the eye to efforts which end always in disappointment. It was a pleasant assurance conveyed by a broad sheet of silver, on the left, stretching away to the horizon, that we had approached the shores of the Lago Maggiore. We reached Baveno at a late hour, and it was not until after midnight that the various excitements of a long and crowded day were forgotten in repose.

THE BORROMEAN ISLANDS.

The next morning rose in unclouded beauty, and the early sun threw upon the smooth lake the dark shadows of the enclosing mountains. After breakfast, we took a boat and were rowed over to the Borromean islands. We formed quite a polyglot party. There were, besides myself, two Russians — noble-looking young men, full of the air of command, whose quiet and distinguished bearing every where exacted an unforced deference — a German student and a French savant, doubtless learned and accomplished persons, but who might have been much improved by a judicious application of cold water and clean linen — and two Englishmen, members of the legal profession, intelligent, well-bred, and well-informed, but with less susceptibility than even the generality of their countrymen to the influences of fine weather, fine scenery, and interesting localities. Our boat was of large size, manned by several men, most of whom rowed standing, with their backs to the prow. In about half an hour we reached the little landing-place at Isola Bella, and were immediately conducted over the palace by a servant who met us on the piazza.

It is not necessary to speak with any minuteness of a palace so generally visited by travellers and so often described in print. To me it was mainly interesting as being the first house I had ever seen which was southern in its character, and meant to guard against heat and not cold. The spacious rooms, the lofty ceilings, the uncarpeted floors covered with a

composition like stone, and the small amount of furniture, all were suggestive of a climate in which the sun was avoided as an enemy, not wooed as a friend. Space and shade are the luxuries of warm latitudes. I saw several pictures of no great merit, none of which were so interesting to me as two fine drawings by the present Countess Borromeo, which were framed and hung in one of the rooms. Below ground, is a suite of singular apartments of rough stone, or rubble work, with cases containing imitations of fruit and mushrooms, in wax. The large building in the centre, connecting the two wings, is unfinished, not being even covered with a roof.

The well known gardens attached to this palace have been the subject of conflicting opinions. I cannot but think that this must be owing, partly to the varying moods of health and feeling in which travellers have seen them, and partly to the accidents of weather. A rainy day, an ill-digested breakfast, a sleepless night, a disagreeable companion, turn every thing to gloom, and make the senses themselves unfaithful witnesses. Bathed, as I saw them, in brilliant sunshine and covered by the brightest and bluest of skies, one must have been very unreasonable not to have found something to admire. True, the artificial is every where prominent, and we need not the guide-book to tell us that the bare rock has been, with infinite pains and expense, cut, terraced, and smoothed, and thus changed into elaborate bloom and beauty. But give nature a place to stand upon, and she cannot be entirely subdued by art. An orange-tree in a box is still a tree, and even a yew cut into the shape of St. George and the dragon is more of a growth than a manufacture. Thus, in these gardens, whilst we were constantly reminded of man's intrusive hand by vases, balustrades, and statues, yet long, verdurous walls of lemon-trees starred with pearly blossoms, rich thickets of oleander crowned with spikes of pink waving in the breeze like flames of fire, clumps of laurel, cypress, and myrtle, and a wilderness of 'plebeian underwood,' nameless to my uninstructed eye, suggested the creative energies of nature, mysterious alike in the mountain cliff and in the flower that grows in its shadow. The rarest and finest forms of vegetable life have been drawn from their distant and scattered homes and brought together in this harmonizing spot, a graceful and appropriate homage to the peace and beauty that seem to make an atmosphere over the island. The tea-plant, the camphor-tree luxuriant hydrangeas, caper vines, aloes and cactuses, pines from China and Japan, and the magnolia from our own country grow fearlessly in the open air, like children of the

soil. In one place, over the entrance to a sort of natural cave, there hung a long, green pendulum, formed of the inter-twisted leaves and fibres of the ivy, symmetrical in shape, and as large round as a delicate waist, presenting, both in its color and waving movement, a most agreeable contrast to the gray wall of rock against which it was suspended. Over the whole scene, a certain indescribable air of tropical languor and luxuriance was thrown: the spirit of Italy seemed condensed into a powerful essence and poured round the spot. The intense odor of the orange and lemon blossoms which every where pierced to the brain recalled the passionate poetry of Romeo and Juliet, and the hues and forms of the flowers and shrubs, the many-colored pages of Ariosto. When, from the highest point, all this fairy world of bloom and verdure was taken in, and when, on raising the eye, the fine forms of the mountains which enclosed the lake were seen — the distant, snowy peaks of the Alps, adding an alien but not inharmonious element of sternness and sublimity to the softness of the fore-ground — one must have been very insensible or very fas-tidious, not to have dropped the defences of criticism, and yielded himself without reserve to the genius of the place.

The Isola Madre also belongs to the Borromeo family. Here is a garden, in some respects finer than that on the Isola Bella, because more natural. Oranges and lemons grow with the greatest profusion and luxuriance. The walnut, the bay, and the pine form those shady caverns of foliage, so grateful in the summer heat of a warm climate; and a tangled under-growth of shrubbery imitates the intricacy of one of our own virgin woods. Pheasants and other birds of gay plumage are kept in spacious apartments, walled and roofed with wire.

From Lago Maggiore to Cadenabbia, on the Lake of Como, my progress left little to record. I remember with pleasure the decent inn at Luino, with its pretty garden in the rear, overshadowed with patriarchal limes, and, in front, on the edge of the lake, a row of venerable aspens, whose leaves, in a day of breathless calm, suggested the breeze which they did not feel. The situation of Lugano, on the borders of the lake of the same name, whose waters bathe the feet of steep moun-tains covered with vines, villas, and forest trees, leaves a picture upon the memory not easily effaced. The contrast between the dirty and comfortless inn at which I passed the night, and a very handsome town-hall recently erected and quite encrusted with Latin inscriptions, shewed that the town was Italian in character, though belonging to Switzerland. It

would be difficult in New England to find so handsome a public building, or so uninviting an inn. Such are the inconsistencies of Italian civilization!

THE LAKE OF COMO.

The excellent inn at Cadenabbia is a good resting-place for one who wishes to observe at some leisure the beauties of the Lake of Como, a region so lovely that it seems the realization of a poet's dream. To the sinuous form of the lake it may be objected, that it is too much like a river and too little like a lake. But no river winds along such banks as these. Steep and precipitous in form, richly cultivated, glittering with white villas, garlanded with vines, and crowned with forest-trees, they fill the mind with images alike of beauty and grandeur. At every moment of the steamer's progress, magic combinations of scenery were revealed, which seemed like the delusions of the stage. It all appeared to be made of something finer than common earth. The crew of the little steamer, with their smart caps, nice, blue shirts, striped trowsers, and rich, red sashes, prolonged the illusion, and looked as if they were going upon the stage to sing a chorus in Masaniello. Under such dreamy influences, it was easy to people the wooded banks with satyrs and buskined wood-nymphs, and to listen for the sound of visionary horns.

Cadenabbia is a mere handful of houses, so close upon the waters of the lake that their soothing ripple is the musical accompaniment to all sounds and thoughts. At a short distance from the inn is the villa Somariva. A pretty fountain plays before the principal entrance. In the hall is the celebrated frieze by Thorwaldsen, representing the triumphs of Alexander, a work worthy of the best days of Grecian art; also a Palamedes and a Cupid and Psyche by Canova, which do not bear the comparison provoked by their proximity. The tendency to the meretricious observable in the latter group is rebuked by the simple and majestic genius of the great Scandinavian. There are many pictures also in the villa, but none of conspicuous merit; some very indifferent specimens being judiciously placed in what in a common house would be called the garret. One of the bedrooms had a pretty fresco on the ceiling — Narcissus viewing his face in the fountain — a pleasant object to open one's eyes upon in the morning.

In the afternoon, when fast approaching a state of unconsciousness, my attention was roused by a storm of what

seemed to be angry voices. On looking out of the window, I saw a group of men, in a half-slovenly, half-picturesque costume, which everybody who has seen a pictorial annual recognises as Italian, eagerly engaged in the classical game of mora. This game is played by two persons, who place themselves opposite to each other, and each, at the same moment, throws out his right hand with a certain number of fingers extended, and a certain number closed or shut upon the palm; and each player, as the hand descends, shrieks out the number made by adding his antagonist's open fingers to his own. Each one, of course, knows how many fingers he extends himself, but those of his adversary must be caught during the lightning descent of his hand. He who names the right number makes a point in the game. When both are right or both wrong, it is a tie, and no point is made. The fingers of the left hand, which is held back, serve to mark the points. This is a popular game all over Italy, suiting, as it does, the indolent habits and passionate temperament of the people. Simple as it seems, it requires great quickness of eye to play it well, and there are degrees of excellence among players, as in whist or cricket. The speaking gestures, animated movements, and flashing eyes of the players made the group an exciting picture. The life of the Italians is a prolonged childhood, and they put into their amusements all the heartiness and vivacity of children. This is rather a dangerous game, as the rapid movements of the hands lead to differences of opinion, which easily kindle the combustible temperament of the people into a blaze of strife. Among the fervid and passionate Romans, the knife is often used for the decision of such disputes.

Three days upon the Italian lakes, a period far too short, were enough however to stamp enduring impressions upon the memory. Florence and Rome exert their powerful attraction over the traveller, as soon as he puts his foot upon the soil of Italy; but let him resist their spell awhile and linger around these magic shores. He will find nothing more beautiful till he comes to Naples. Indeed, these lakes bear the same relation to the rest of Italy that Italy itself does to the rest of Europe. All that is most characteristic of the scenery of the country is here found in the highest perfection. Mountains precipitous in form and grand in outline, he foreground smoothed and softened by the richest cultivation, white villas peeping through the twinkling foliage of the vine, the maize, the olive, and the chestnut, make such combinations as the artist loves; while in the terraced gardens, the hedges of myrtle and the

walls of orange and lemon plead, and not in vain, in behalf of the formal and artificial horticulture which they embellish. The people that dwell around these lakes seem of a soft and pliant mould, finding their life in agreeable sensations rather than resolute effort; roused from their repose by the flash of passion rather than the spur of enterprise. All these impressions are the more vivid from their contrast with those gleaned in Switzerland, whose snowy mountains tower in the distant background. There nature is seen in its stern, sublime, and appalling aspects. The traveller's satisfactions are associated with toil and endurance. He must earn all that he gets: he must pant up the sides of the mountain till his knees knock together, and his head swims with fatigue: he must cross the slippery glacier: he must brave the cold of icy summits, and sleep in lonely chalets. But a day's journey throws him at once upon the lap of the warm south, where he becomes a mere passive recipient of agreeable sensations. There is nothing to struggle for, and no price to be paid for the best part of what he receives. Reclining in a boat, sitting in the balcony of his inn, or stretched listlessly upon the grass under a spreading chestnut, an enchanting picture is ever before him. Such scenes, such influences, are not nurses of the manly virtues. Neither sturdy enterprise nor heroic valor has taken root among these vines and myrtles. They find a more congenial soil among Alpine pines and in the sands of Holland. The annals of the Italian lakes shew no names like those of Tell and Fürst, and the moral charm which exalts and dignifies the sublime shores of the lake of Lucerne sheds no ideal gleam around the fairy waves of Como.

MILAN.

Four days in a city so large and so full of interest as Milan leaves little to record, and not much to remember. The attention is distracted and the mind overborne by the multitude of impressions which are crowded into so brief a space, and the memory, in looking back, is like a painter's palette — a mass of colors without form or outline.

The stranger in Milan naturally hurries to the celebrated cathedral, a structure the merits and demerits of which require an architectural eye to comprehend and interpret. I can only say that its exterior was somewhat disappointing. When we hear of a building of white marble, we expect something more overpowering and dazzling than any reality can be. Built, as

the cathedral has been, at wide intervals of time, its surface presents different shades of color, which disturb the simplicity and uniformity that so large a mass requires. From the nature of a material so tempting to the chisel, there results a crowd of details, which, in like manner, impairs the general impression. It seems like a piece of jeweller's work magnified a million of times. Stone which does not attract attention to its color and surface seems best adapted to carry out the idea of Gothic architecture. Viewing the Milan cathedral from a distance, it struck me as wanting height in proportion to its breadth.

The interior, always excepting the disingenuous trick of the painted ceiling, called forth unqualified admiration. The spirit of criticism falls prostrate and powerless before the visible sublime, embodied in such massive pillars, in a roof so airy and majestic, all shrouded in that dim, religious light which hallows every object upon which it falls. Surely, if we could bring home but one thing from Europe, that one thing should be a cathedral. It is not merely size and height, or elaborate details, or shrines blazing with gold and silver, or windows that arrest and fix all the changing hues of sunset, that give to these structures their power and significance. The impression which they make cannot be communicated by description or transferred to a picture. A spirit hangs over them which illumines what is dark, and raises and supports what is low. Their shadows are healing to the soul, as that of St. Peter was to the body. In their majestic presence, the natural language of the heart becomes thanksgiving and aspiration.

Happy are they whose faith needs no such appliances; who feel the overshadowing presence of God alike in solitude or society, upon the mountain-top, in the market-place, in the tasteless parish church, and around the domestic hearth. But with most of us the world is too much present. Its cares engross, its pleasures intoxicate, its sorrows and disappointments oppress us. Few are the moments in which our spirits lie exposed to the highest of influences, neither darkened by despair nor giddy through self-confidence nor inflamed by earth-born passions. For natures conscious of inward struggle, of wings that are often clogged and sometimes paralyzed, these glorious structures were reared. Their walls and spaces seem yet instinct with the love and faith that laid the stones and carved the saints; and transient and soon effaced as the impressions which they leave may be, they are yet aids and allies which he who is most conscious of his weakness will be the most grateful for.

The most striking part of the Milan cathedral is the outside

of the roof. The great extent of the building is more justly estimated there than from any part of the interior, and the eye and mind are overpowered by the multitude of architectural details, the rich ornaments, the delicately carved flying buttresses, the wilderness of pinnacles. It is easy to understand why such buildings never are and never can be completed The niches and spires of the exterior are already occupied by about three thousand statutes in marble, which form one of the most noticeable features of the cathedral. From below, especially at any considerable distance, they look dwarfish and huddled, but when we are in the midst of this stately, silent assemblage, carved in all the attitudes of devotion, the effect is most striking, even as I saw them, by the gairish light of noonday. What must it be by the spiritualizing rays of the moon? How easy to imagine them a band of white-robed angels, newly lighted from their heavenward flight, to dedicate this majestic temple with strains of celestial music!

But the traveller must mount higher than the roof. He must climb to the octagon gallery in the tower, where he will see around and below him a wide and fine prospect; the fertile plain of Lombardy, glittering with towns and villages, closed in on the north and west by the eternal snows of the Alps.

Below the pavement of the cathedral is kept and shown the body of St. Charles Borromeo, a saint whom the most bigoted Protestant must needs reverence, for his life was made up of the noblest Christian virtues: benevolence, humility, self-sacrifice, courage, and disinterestedness. A priest goes before, with reverent steps, holding in his hand a lighted candle. Door after door is unlocked, and various passages are traversed. At last, we reach a small dark room, in the midst of which stands a large case, or sarcophagus, covered with a cloth. The attention of the visitor is first drawn to the bas-reliefs on the wall, eight in number, of silver gilt, and representing with much spirit some of the most memorable events in the life of the saint. The priest then removes the cloth from the sarcophagus, and on turning a windlass, the front of the wooden covering slides down, and we see through plates of rock crystal (it may be glass) set in frames of gold and gilded silver, the body of the saint, hardly more than a skeleton. A small crown of gold, said to have been wrought by Benvenuto Cellini, hangs over the head; a cross of diamonds sparkles on the breast, and a precious crozier lies at his side. It is a perversion of the feeling of reverence so justly due to that admirable man, thus to exact it for the mouldering shell from which the spirit has fled, but as the dust of Hannibal could not be common dust, so the

bones of this sainted prelate do not awaken unqualified disgust To no one, judging from his life, would such an exhibition be more distasteful than to St. Charles Borromeo himself, could he reäppear on earth. As unostentatious as he was benevolent, he would order his bones to be buried, and his jewels to be sold and given to the poor.

THE AMBROSIAN LIBRARY.

Here is a world of interesting matter, which would require and reward a week's examination, not to say a life of study. One has only time to glance at some of the most prominent objects: such as a manuscript of Virgil, with annotations in the neat handwriting of Petrarch; an early manuscript of Dante in fine preservation; a manuscript upon papyrus; several curious palimpsests; a letter written by Lucrezia Borgia, and a book of drawings by Leonardo da Vinci, showing not only great powers of hand but unmeasured patience and faithful study. In the upper part of the building are some tolerable pictures, Raphael's Cartoon for the fresco of the school of Athens, in the Vatican, precious drawings by Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci; and protected by a glass case from too curious hands, a single hair, of pale yellow, not very fine or beautiful, which we are told once belonged to Lucrezia Borgia. The burden of proof is, of course, on him that takes the negative. If the claim be true, hers was not the beauty that 'draws us with a single hair.' Through all these things one is hurried, in a most unsatisfactory manner, by an impatient conductor, who is thinking of dining while you are thinking of admiring.

LEONARDO DA VINCI'S 'LAST SUPPER.'

Next to the Cathedral, this is the most interesting object in Milan. It is probably the most celebrated picture in the world, that is, the most talked of and written about. No one can approach such a work in an impartial frame of mind; we are in a flutter of expectation, prepared alike to see what is not visible and to admire what is not admirable. The picture was not painted in fresco, but in oils upon a dry wall. This was the chief cause of its decay; to which, however, the elements the monks, (who cut a door through it,) and, worst of all, the restorers, have contributed. It occupies one end of a large, disfurnished, barn-like room; and before it is a scaffold, raised,

it is to be presumed, for the benefit of the copyist and engraver, certainly not for that of the spectator. A person who had never seen Morghen's engraving, or heard of the picture, (if such a person can be supposed to exist,) would be slow to recognize the greatness of the work ; and on the other hand, one familiar with the engraving, especially an artist, would find in the picture something which he had not seen in the engraving. Both are necessary to a full comprehension of the artist's power. In these fading fragments of color, the trained eye of the artist can still discover Leonardo's minute beauty of finish, but I must take their judgment on trust. It is a work full of melancholy interest — a picture in ruins — and the imagination peoples the denuded walls with forms not inferior to those which time has effaced.

THE BRERA GALLERY.

Of a multitude of pictures here, few make much impression. Those which are good must be picked out from a monotonous waste of mediocrity. Lord Byron praises the Abraham and Hagar by Guercino, but it seems to me wanting both in power and refinement. Raphael's ' Sposalizio ' leaves no recollections but those of unmingled pleasure. It is well known by engravings ; and, as its prominent merits are in the drawing and expression, it loses little in this interpretation. It was an old friend in a richer and more becoming costume. Grace, sweetness, and delicacy triumph over defects of coloring, and that hardness of outline from which the artist did not entirely escape till a later period. The architecture, dress, and countenances are all thoroughly Italian : there is nothing that carries the spectator to Judea.

This was the first picture of Raphael I had ever seen, and such an occurrence is a red-letter day in the calendar of life. It is like the first sight of Niagara — of the dome of St. Peter's — of the summit of Mt. Blanc. It makes us, for a time, impatient of all inferior sensations. Perhaps it was this which made me so insensible to the merits of the great bulk of the collection. Of a multitude of pictures, I saw very few that awakened pleasure in the seeing, or regret in the leaving. Here, and in other parts of Milan, are works, both in fresco and in oil, by Luini an artist of feminine and delicate genius, who rarely fails to please.

A portion of the gallery was occupied by an exhibition of paintings by living artists. Most of them were very bad, ex

travagant in conception, feebly drawn, and glaring in color. The sculpture was rather better; but more in the spirit of Bernini than of Thorwaldsen; and mediocrity in sculpture is even more common than in painting.

THEATRE OF THE FANTOCCINI.

This is a small theatre in which the performances are by puppets about three feet high; the voices being supplied by persons behind the scenes. It was very cleverly managed, and nothing could be more amusing. The plot was very tragical, darkened with love, jealousy, assassination, and suicide. There was a sentimental young lady in a pink gown, who seemed in such distress that it was really quite cruel to laugh at her; two or three young gentlemen, romantic and in love; an old gentleman, very respectable and a little peremptory, as old gentlemen on the stage always are; and the gracioso, or buffoon, a countryman with a red face and redder waistcoat, who was always greeted with shouts of laughter, especially from the children, who formed a considerable part of the audience, and whose riotous delight was one of the pleasantest incidents of the performance.

The afterpiece was a very pretty ballet, the scene of which was laid in our own forests, with our native Indians for performers; such Indians as are painted by Chateaubriand in his 'Atala,' but such as the West never nursed in all her boundless prairies. The curtain rises, and a little lake, not bigger than a pocket-handkerchief, is seen gleaming in the morning sun. A fairy canoe shoots from a cove and glides over its surface, and a maiden steps upon the bank and lies down to sleep. A little winged creature, a mere butterfly in human shape, flutters around her and wakes her with a touch of his arrow. And then the lover steals in, and there succeeds a series of dances, admirably managed and full of graceful movement; and all this upon a mere apron of a stage, and by a troupe of players which could be wheeled home in a wheelbarrow.

I have nothing to record of the Church of St. Ambrose, that venerable monument of the middle ages — nor of the solitary column, weary with age, which stands near it — nor of the sixteen Corinthian columns near the Church of San Lorenzo, as little in unison with any thing around them as a troop of Roman soldiers would be in Washington-street — nor of the Arch of Peace surmounted by four figures of Fame, one at each corner, showing as great a penury of invention as the work of the artist

who painted the five Miss Flamboroughs, each with an orange in her hand — nor of the fine amphitheatre in which the spectator will always be sure of good air, at least; for they are all so well described in Murray's Hand-Book that no one of the 'coming men' need attempt to do it over again. Nor can I paint the gay and smiling aspect in which Milan and its environs presented themselves to my sight and still dwell in my memory. I saw its showy architecture and animated streets under a light blue sky and gilded by the most becoming sunshine, while the beautiful plain in which it is set was glowing with the exuberant life of gently declining summer. The picture I brought away is as full of light as one of Claude's sparkling sunrises. The rapid traveller cannot be too grateful for such happy accidents.

THE STELVIO

From Milan I turned my face to the north, and in a few hours was once more gliding along the magic shores of Como, which were even more beautiful than when I had seen them before. Then I was discovering, but now I could give myself up to admiration and delight. My first resting-place was Varenna, a small village opposite Cadenabbia. The inn at this place is one of the most agreeable in Italy. The situation is fine; and its pretty garden, terraced to the water's edge, crowded with orange and lemon-trees, and solemnized with here and there a monkish looking cypress, might have sat for a picture in a landscape annual. But who could have painted the sunset I saw from it, the burnished gold of the lake, the purple mountains which slowly faded away into the gray of evening? I watched these changing colors and the glorious scenery over which they passed, as one looks upon a friendly face which he expects to see no more on earth.

The next morning, my course was along the shore of the lake on the great road which is carried over the Stelvio, and through the wonderful galleries which are cut through the solid rock for a mile in extent. At Colico, a wretched place, looking like the ancestral abode of fever and ague, the road leaves the lake and turns to the right, passing through the marshy lowlands of the Adda, over which it is carried for a considerable distance upon a raised terrace. The lower end of the valley of Adda is a dreary morass, and the sickly appearance of the few inhabitants proclaims the poisonous influences exhaled from the rank and decaying vegetation. The parallel ranges of mountain on

either hand, however, delight the traveller with their majestic forms, and as the valley narrows and the road ascends, the aspect of the nearer scenery improves, and the vine, the chestnut, and the mulberry greet the eye. But the Adda is evidently what a western boatman would call a 'wicked' river; given to sudden and angry inundations, and always of most uncertain temper. In many places, the ravages of former floods were plainly visible. At Sondrio, the junction of the Mallero, a feverish and fretful mountain stream, with the Adda, produces some striking points of scenery. Between Sondrio and Bormio is a region full of picturesque beauty, and thickly peopled, in spite of malaria and the lawless river, whose overflowings leave a harvest of disease and death behind them.

At Bormio, the ascent of the mountain begins. It was rather a singular circumstance, that, upon this great highway between Italy and Germany, the party of seven persons which left the inn at Bormio, in the gray morning light of September 13, 1847, comprised neither an Italian nor a German; and more singular still, five out of the seven were Americans. The other two were a French gentleman and his wife, amiable and intelligent persons. The road is admirably constructed, and winds in such numerous and skilfully managed turns, that the pull against the carriage is steady and uniform. But it is such a dead weight upon the horses that a brisk pedestrian soon gets far ahead of them, and no man of average muscles and in good weather will condescend to be drawn up so glorious an ascent, or be content with such glimpses of the indescribable scenery as he can steal through the windows of a carriage. The day was one of rare and cloudless beauty, and even at the highest point, which is three thousand feet higher than the summit of Mount Washington, the air was that of one of our own mild days in March, and the snow was melting and running off in a thousand voiceful streams. At a short distance from the top is a custom-house where passports are examined, and an inn where a very satisfactory dinner may be obtained, if the revolutions of Europe have not displaced the smiling and good-natured German woman, who, at that time, presided over the kitchen department.

We reached the highest point of the pass about two o'clock. The descent upon the Tyrolese side of the road is steeper than the Italian, but it is so skilfully terraced, with such numerous zigzags and turns, that the horses trot down, with one of the wheels locked, as securely as upon the level roads of Lombardy. Standing upon the summit and looking down the steep mountain-side along which the descent winds and turns, the

road itself is so dwarfed by the colossal scale of the objects around it, that it seems no more than a scarf thrown upon the ground. So sharp are the turns, that in many places it is quite easy — to borrow a saying of Brown, the landscape gardener — to put one foot upon zig and the other upon zag.

This astonishing road — one of the greatest triumphs of modern engineering, was built at an expense of a million and a half of dollars; and all the resources of skill and science were resorted to in aid of its construction. The names of Donegani the engineer of the Stelvio route, and of Ceard, by whom the Simplon was planned and executed, should be recorded and preserved for the gratitude of mankind; but of the thousands who avail themselves of their admirable labors, how few remember them or mingle a sense of grateful feeling with the stirring emotions awakened by those scenes of grandeur and sublimity, which, but for them, would have been a sealed book to the mass of the travelling world. Sometimes the road over the Stelvio is led through tunnels cut in the rock; sometimes open galleries are supported by solid masonry against the upright wall of the precipice, looking, from the heights above, like a line simply chiselled on the stone: near the summit, solid roofs are extended over the road, by gigantic timbers, to break the downward plunge of the avalanche, and strong palisades are placed on its outer edge, to warn the traveller of the fearful precipice, as well as to protect him. But, in spite of all that can be accomplished by the joint efforts of capital and skill, every winter proves, by the amount of injury which is done, how powerless are the best resources of man against the destructive energies of nature. The conductor, a vigorous and athletic German, whose beard had been shaken with many a tempest, described some of the storms he had encountered; and his narratives had all the interest and excitement of shipwreck and perils by sea.

The impressive character of such scenery defies alike the powers of painting and description. The pen and the pencil may attempt, and not unsuccessfully, to reproduce the soft gradations of the beautiful or the abrupt contrasts of the picturesque, but they are alike powerless and paralyzed before the awful grandeur of Alpine heights, where there is neither life nor motion, and a stern, unsmiling sublimity has moulded every form and stamped upon the scene the frown of a perpetual winter. There is nothing in the ordinary aspect of nature that prepares us for what we see when we have entered the region of perpetual snow. Here is no hum of insects, no rustle of foliage, no pulse of vitality. There is no provision

for animal life in the pitiless granite, ice, and snow that make up the landscape. The solitary eagle, whose slow-circling form is painted on the dark sky above, seems but a momentary presence, like ourselves, and not a part of the scene. Nature is no longer a bounteous and beneficent mother, but a stern and awful power before which we bow and tremble, and the earth ceases to be man's farm and garden, and becomes only a part of the solar system.

In the passage of the Stelvio, all that is most striking and characteristic in the scenery of Switzerland may be seen — deep ravines that look as if the rocks on either hand had been convulsively torn apart, sheer precipices, huge crags worn by storms and splintered by lightning, glaciers, and mountains capped with eternal snow. Of the points visited by the ordinary traveller, I know of but one — the Jardin on Mt. Blanc — which equals the sublimity of the highest portion of the Stelvio. The presiding genius of the scene is the giant form of the Orteler Spitz, some fifteen thousand feet high, and so placed that nearly its whole height, from the summit to the base, may be embraced at a single glance. Raised far above a crowd of subordinate peaks, buttressed by enormous glaciers, crowned with a dazzling diadem of eternal snow, he towers aloft, the emperor of the monarch mountains around him. All this may be seen and enjoyed, without fatigue and without danger, in a comfortable carriage, and upon an excellent road. We hear much of the good, old times; surely, there is some reason to be thankful that we live in the good, new times.

The imposing and characteristic scenery of the Stelvio ceases at Prad, which we reached between four and five. The drive from Prad to Mals, in the deepening twilight, under the lengthening shadows of the mountains, and through a lovely pastoral region glittering with streams and fresh meadows, fell most soothingly upon the spirit after the strong excitements of the day.

The next two months were given to a rapid tour through the Tyrol and Germany.

CHAPTER II.

The Cave of Adelsberg — Trieste — Costumes at Trieste — Trieste to Venice — First Impressions of Venice — St. Mark's Place — The Church of St. Mark's — The Ducal Palace — St. Mark's Place by Night — Pigeons of St. Mark's Place — Venetian Art — Churches in Venice — The Armenian Convent — The Lido.

THE CAVE OF ADELSBERG.

My next sight of Italy was on the third day of November. The previous night had been passed at Adelsberg, and the morning had been agreeably occupied in exploring the wonders of its celebrated cavern. The entrance is through an opening in the side of a hill. In a few moments, after walking down a gentle descent, a sound of flowing water is heard, and the light of the torches borne by the guides gleams faintly upon a river which runs through these sunless chasms, and revisits the glimpses of day at Planina, some ten miles distant. The visitor now finds himself in a vast hall, walled and roofed by impenetrable darkness. Rude steps in the rock lead down to the level of the stream, which is crossed by a wooden bridge; and the ascent on the other side is made by a similar flight of steps. The bridge and the steps are marked by a double row of lights, which present a most striking appearance as their tremulous lustre struggles through the night that broods over them. Such a scene recalls Milton's sublime pictures of Pandemonium, and shows directly to the eye what effects a great imaginative painter may produce with no other colors than light and darkness. Here are the 'stately height,' the 'ample spaces,' the 'arched roof,' the rows of 'starry lamps and blazing cressets' of Satan's hall of council; and by the excited fancy the dim distance is easily peopled with gigantic forms and filled with the 'rushing of congregated wings.'

After this, one is led through a variety of chambers, differing in size and form, but essentially similar in character, and the attention is invited to the innumerable multitude of striking and fantastic objects which have been formed in the lapse of ages, by the mere dropping of water. Pendants hang from

the roof, stalagmites grow from the floor like petrified stumps, and pillars and buttresses are disposed as oddly as in the architecture of a dream. Here, we are told to admire a bell, and there, a throne; here, a pulpit, and there, a butcher's shop; here, 'the two hearts,' and there, a fountain frozen into alabaster; and in every case we assent to the resemblance in the unquestioning mood of Polonius. One of the chambers, or halls, is used every year as a ball-room, for which purpose it has every requisite except an elastic floor, even to a natural dais for the orchestra. Here, with the sort of pride with which a book collector shows a Mazarin Bible or a folio Shakspeare, the guides point out a beautiful piece of limestone which hangs from the roof in folds as delicate as a Cashmere shawl, to which the resemblance is made more exact by a well defined border of deeper color than the web. Through this translucent curtain the light shines as through a picture in porcelain, and one must be very unimpressible not to bestow the tribute of admiration which is claimed. These are the trivial details which may be remembered and described, but the general effect produced by the darkness, the silence, the vast spaces, the innumerable forms, the vaulted roofs, the pillars and galleries melting away in the gloom like the long-drawn aisles of a cathedral, may be recalled but not communicated.

To see all these marvels requires much time, and I remained under ground long enough to have a new sense of the blessing of light. The first glimpse of returning day seen through the distant entrance brought with it an exhilarating sense of release, and the blue sky and cheerful sunshine were welcomed like the faces of long absent friends.

A cave like that of Adelsberg — for all limestone caves are, doubtless, essentially similar in character — ought by all means to be seen if it comes in one's way, because it leaves impressions upon the mind unlike those derived from any other object. Nature stamps upon most of her operations a certain character of gravity and majesty. Order and symmetry attend upon her steps, and unity in variety is the law by which her movements are guided. But, beneath the surface of the earth, she seems a frolicsome child, or a sportive undine, who wreaths the unmanageable stone into weird and quaint forms, seemingly from no other motive than pure delight in the exercise of overflowing power. Everything is playful, airy, and fantastic; there is no spirit of soberness: no reference to any ulterior end; nothing from which food, fuel, or raiment can be extracted. These chasms have been scooped out, and these pillars have been reared, in the spirit in which the bird sings,

or the kitten plays with the falling leaves. From such scenes we may safely infer that the plan of the Creator comprehends something more than material utility, that beauty is its own vindicator and interpreter, that saw-mills were not the ultimate cause of mountain streams, nor wine-bottles of cork-trees.

TRIESTE.

The region between Adelsberg and Trieste is one of forlorn desolation; a level and monotonous waste, with neither bloom nor verdure to gladden the eye. There is no evidence of sudden change by the violent agency of fire or flood, but nature seems to have slowly wasted away and died of old age and natural decay. That 'merchant-marring' wind the Bora, — so well-known to every shipmaster that has dropped anchor in the harbor of Trieste, — has apparently blown away the soil, and laid bare the rocky skeleton of the world. But let not the traveller's heart fail him as he drives over this gloomy desert, for a compensation is in store for him. About five miles from Trieste — that is, by the road, but nearer as the bird flies — the elevated plateau over which he has been passing suddenly ends and falls off abruptly to the sea, and he finds himself, without a moment's warning, on the brow of a headland, with one of the loveliest prospects on earth before him, all the more delightful from its contrast to the dreary monotony he has just passed through. Close at hand, seemingly at his feet, lies Trieste, with its mole, harbor, and shipping, a shining fringe to the green slope of a southern hill-side, which is covered with vines, fig-trees, chestnuts, and olives; beyond, is the blue Adriatic stretching away to the islands of Venice, while, on the west and north-east, the prospect is closed in by the mountain chains of Istria and the Rhetian Alps. I can wish all succeeding travellers no better fortune than to see this enchanting panorama, as I saw it, gilded by the yellow light of a slow-descending sun, the waveless Adriatic as smooth as a plane of lapis lazuli, and the ships at the mole sleeping on their shadows, motionless as painted ships upon a painted ocean.* The road winds along the side of the mountain in gradual sweeps and turns, presenting at every moment most pleasing glimpses of the gardens and villas of the merchants

* As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.
COLERIDGE'S *Ancient Mariner*

of Trieste, by whose wealth and enterprise this mountain-side, once a rocky waste, has been converted into a smiling paradise of beauty and fertility.

Trieste is but six hours from Adelsberg, and yet in that time I had slid from the beard of winter to the lap of summer. I had left behind me the cold of one of our own November mornings, and I found open windows, a soft vernal air, and flowers in the market-place offered for sale by women without caps or bonnets. Such is the sunny greeting which Italy gives to the traveller who approaches it from the north. The long-lingering summer and genial winter of that favored region enter largely into the agreeable impressions which it leaves upon the mind. Let no one who is sensitive to cold be found north of the Alps after October. Indeed, in the latter part of September, the Alpine winds which sweep over the table-land of Bavaria will pierce him to the bone, and chill the heart of his enterprise. Man instinctively flees from winter. From his own experience, the traveller can understand why the course of emigration and conquest has ever been from the north to the south. In the contest between the north wind and the sun, the latter always has prevailed and always will prevail, so long as man is the umpire.

COSTUMES AT TRIESTE.

There is nothing in Trieste to detain the traveller long. It is prosperous, bustling, and uninteresting, with clean streets and people that really have something to do; a bit of New England fallen upon the shores of Illyria. It has no past but only a future, which is a better tense for the inhabitants than for a casual visitor. The pleasantest thing to be seen there is the variety of costume, for Trieste is now what Venice once was, the great medium of communication between the east and west; and the 'philosophy of clothes' may be here studied through a wide range of text-books. There are really now but two nations, or races, the Franks and the orientals — for civilization and intercourse have effaced all inferior distinctions — and in the matter of dress, the latter certainly have the advantage of us. Their picturesque turbans, the rich contrasts of color in which they indulge, and their full and flowing robes are in a much higher style of art than the dress of Europe, which offends the eye by its angles, its supernumerary buttons and button-holes, its curtness, and stiffness. The costume of Europe never suggests the idea of leisure or repose. It seems

contrived on purpose to allow persons who are in a hurry to bustle about in a crowd without inconvenience. A party of bearded and turbaned turks, smoking in a coffee-house, in perfect silence, is a sight which impresses an European with an uneasy sense of inferiority. In battles, says an old proverb, the eye is first overcome So it is in all things: we are ever the dupes of sight. Such majestic persons, it seems to us, if they would condescend to speak at all, must utter sayings as wise and as rich as the proverbs of Solomon, though, in point of fact, there is probably more brain under the straw hat of a Yankee pedler than under three average turbans.

TRIESTE to VENICE.

Before daylight, on the fifth day of November, I left Trieste in a steamer. How freshly does the beauty of that morning dwell in my memory! The thin sickle of the waning moon, and a single star by her side, shed their influences over the scene long after the day had dawned. The mountains that skirted the horizon came slowly out of the dark, and put on their robes of purple and gold before our eyes. The sea was of glassy smoothness; everywhere dimpling into smiles, and never for a moment showing its terrors or its frowns. We have reason to be grateful for the necessity which sometimes compels us to 'prevent the day' and witness the birth of the morning light, especially if it can be seen in connection with a wide horizon of land and sea, and without the exhaustion of a sleepless night. Sunsets in themselves are generally superior to sunrises, but with the sunset we associate images drawn from departed power and faded splendor. The morn is the infancy of the day, and is full of the beauty of hope and promise. The evening twilight is soft and melancholy, but the early twilight is pure and spiritual. We never feel the full force of the epithet 'holy' which Milton applies to light, till we see it struggling and shooting up the dark eastern horizon, and renewing to a thoughtful mind the miracle of creation.

The voyage to Venice lasted about eight hours. I am not ashamed to confess the impatience with which I watched the slowly-falling sands of time in these hours of our progress. Venice, rich with the beauty of a thousand dreams, was before me, and wings themselves would hardly have been swift enough. About noon, a faint speck — the apparition of a distant city — began to be visible, a mere stain upon the western horizon. Gradually it took the shape of spires and

domes which, seen through the heated and rarefied air, seemed to quiver and pulsate with life. The vision rose slowly out of the sea and grew more distinct and individual as we approached. The whole broke into parts, and the restless and impatient gaze was at length able to select and dwell upon the domes of St. Mark's. We began to round the points of low-lying islands and to thread the mazes of the lagoons, and about two o'clock in the afternoon, the Grand Canal opened its glittering arms to receive us, and the wonders of Venice broke upon us so suddenly that it was not easy to separate the pictures in the memory from those which were before the eyes.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF VENICE.

No city exerts so strong a spell over the imagination as Venice. The book of Rome has many more pages, but no one chapter like that of Venice. The history of Venice is full of dramatic interest, and poets of all nations have found it a fruitful storehouse of plot, incident, and character. Without doubt, it had its fair proportion of prosaic tranquillity and its monotonous tracts of uneventful happiness, but these are unheeded in the splendor of its picturesque and salient points; its conquests, its revolutions, its conspiracies, and its judicial murders. Shakespeare makes us familiar with its name, at an age when names are but sounds, and the forms with which he has peopled it are the first ever to greet the mind's eye when we approach it. Shylock stills darkens the Rialto with his frown; the lordly form of Othello yet stalks across the piazza of St. Mark's, and every veil that flutters in the breeze shrouds the roguish black eyes of Jessica. Pictures and engravings introduce us to its peculiar architecture, and we come into its presence with an image in our thoughts, and are not unprepared for what we see. Venice never takes us by surprise. We are always forewarned and forearmed, and thus its unique character never has quite a fair chance with us.

The whole scene, under the brilliant light of a noonday sun, is full of movement and color. As soon as the steamer has dropped anchor at the entrance of the Grand Canal, a little fleet of gondolas crowds round her, and we are charmed to find them looking exactly as we expected. As they receive the passengers, they dart off in the most easy and graceful manner possible; their steel prows flashing in the sun, and their keels tracing a line of pearl upon the bright green water. In time our own turn comes, and, as we are borne along the Grand Canal, the

attention is every moment attracted by the splendid show on either side. The long wave which the prow turns over is dashed against a wall of marble-fronted palaces, the names of which, carelessly mentioned by the gondolier, awaken trails of golden memories in the mind. The breadth of the 'silent highway' allows the sun to lie in broad, rich masses upon this imposing gallery of architectural pictures, and to produce those happy accidents of light and shade which the artist loves. High in the air arise the domes and spires of the numerous churches with which wealth and devotion have crowded the islands of Venice, the bells of which are ever filling the air with their streams of undulating music. Every thing is dreamlike and unsubstantial; a fairy pageant floating upon the waters; a city of cloudland rather than of the earth. The gondola itself, in which the traveller reclines, contributes to weave the spell in which his thoughts and senses are involved. No form of locomotion ever gratified so well the two warring tendencies of the human soul, the love of movement and the love of repose. There is no noise, no fatigue, no danger, no dust. It is managed with such skill and so little apparent effort, that it really seems to glide and turn by its own will.

So far, the picture is all in light. But it is not without its shadows. A nearer view of the palaces which seem so beautiful in the distance reveals the decaying fortunes of their possessors. An indescribable but unmistakable air of careless neglect and unresisted dilapidation is every where too plainly visible. Indeed, many of these stately structures are occupied as hotels and lodging-houses; their spacious apartments cut up by shabby wooden partitions, and pervaded by an aspect of tawdry finery and mouldering splendor. On diverging from the Grand Canal, to the right or left, a change comes over the spirit of the scene. Instead of a broad highway of liquid chrysoprase, we find ourselves upon a narrow and muddy ditch. The sun is excluded by the height and proximity of the houses, and for the same reason there are no points of view for any thing to be seen to advantage. All that meets the eye speaks of discomfort, dampness, and poverty. Slime, sea-weed, and mould cling to the walls. Water in small quantities is nothing if it be not pure. A fountain in the garden is beautiful, but the same quantity of water, lying stagnant in one's cellar, is an eyesore. The wave that dashes against a ship is glorious, but when it creeps into the hold through a defective seam, it is a noisome intruder. Venice wants the gilding presence of sunshine. In a long rain it must be the most dispiriting of places. So when we leave the sun we part with our best friend. The

black, cold shadow under which the gondola creeps falls also upon the spirit. The ideal Venice — the superb bridegroom of the sea, clasped by the jewelled arms of his enamored bride — disappears, and we have only a warmer Amsterdam. The reflection, too, forces itself upon us that Venice at all times was a city for the few and not for the many. Its nobles were lodged more royally than kings, but the common people must always have been thrust into holes, close in summer, cold in winter, and damp at all times.

In external Venice there are but three things to be seen; the sea, the sky, and architecture. There are no gardens, no wide spaces over which the eye may range; no landscapes, properly so called. There are no slopes, no gradations, no blending of curved lines. What is not horizontal is perpendicular: where the plane of the sea ends, the plumb-line of the façade begins. It is only by climbing some tower or spire, and looking down, that we can see things massed and grouped together. The streets are such passages as would naturally be found in a city where there were no vehicles, and where every foot of earth is precious. They are like lateral shafts cut through a quarry of stone. In walking through them, the houses on either hand can be touched. The mode of life on the first floor is easily visible, and many agreeable domestic pictures may be observed by a not too fastidious eye. These streets, intersected by the smaller canals, are joined together by bridges of stone, and frequently expand into small courts, in the middle of which is generally found a well, with a parapet, or covering, of stone often curiously carved. Here, at certain seasons of the day the people of the neighborhood collect together to draw water, gossip, and make love; and here the manners and life which are peculiar to Venice may be studied to advantage. Goethe complains of the dirt which he found in the streets. Time and the Austrians have remedied that defect, and they are now quite clean. But no where else have I heard the human voice so loud. Whether this arises from the absence of all other sounds, or whether these high and narrow streets multiply and reverberate every tone, I cannot say, but every body seems to be putting forth the utmost capacity of his lungs. I recall a sturdy seller of vegetables in Shylock's Rialto — which is not the bridge so called, but a square near it — whose voice was like the voice of three, and who seemed to take as much pleasure in his explosive cries, as a boy in beating his first drum.

MARK'S PLACE.

St. Mark's Place is the heart of Venice. The life which has fled from the extremities still beats strongly here. Apart from all associations, it is one of the most imposing architectural objects in Europe. It is a noble parallelogram, of nearly six hundred feet in length, and more than two hundred in breadth. Three of the sides are occupied by ranges of lofty buildings, similar but not identical in design, the façades of which, though open to criticism, disarm it by their lightness, proportion, and airy grace. These are connected together by a succession of covered walks, or arcades. The church of St. Mark's closes up the square on the east.

THE CHURCH OF ST. MARK'S.

This singular edifice can neither be described nor forgotten. It is a strange jumble of architectural styles; partly Christian and partly Saracenic — in form a Greek cross, crowned with the domes and minarets of a mosque. The façade is rich in mosaics, and crowded with works of sculpture and elaborately carved pillars, which have no relation to each other, and no particular adaptation to the places which they occupy. Over the central portal stand the celebrated bronze horses of which so much is conjectured and so little is known. Few horses have travelled further, for they have gone from Rome to Constantinople, from Constantinople to Venice, from Venice to Paris, and now back again to Venice. They are said not to be in the highest style of art, a point not readily settled in their present position, for there is no easily accessible place from which they can be seen to advantage. They seemed to me to be full of life and power.

The interior of St. Mark's has two obvious defects. It is too crowded and too dark. The attention is distracted by the vast mass and crowd of gilding, mosaics, and columns, of which last there are more than five hundred — all of marble and some very rare and costly; but huddled together with tasteless profusion, and many of them, architecturally speaking, with nothing to do. There is no unity, no simplicity, and no grandeur. The general effect is poor, in spite of the wealth of materials. The first impression, which is so important in architecture, is bewildering and not imposing. Every thing needs interpretation

and explanation. The separate parts must be put together and a new whole formed.

And yet, in spite of architectural defects, the church is one of the most interesting buildings in the world. It is a vast museum, filled with curious objects collected with religious zeal and preserved with religious care. It is the open lap of Venice, into which the spoils of the East have been poured. Here the progress of art may be studied in a long succession of mosaics, from the stiff and staring scarecrows of early Byzantine art to the figure of St. Mark over the entrance, which was executed from the designs of Titian. Of all the numberless details that crowd upon the attention, the statues, columns, bas-reliefs, the rare marbles which line the walls or cover the pavement, there is not one that has not its value and significance, either in itself or in its past history. Such a church cannot be conquered without time. It must be visited again and again, and slowly and patiently studied. To despatch such an edifice in an hour or two is like trying to read through Gibbon at a sitting. Long before the task is completed, the eye refuses to look, and the wearied brain to receive impressions, and we find that in attempting to grasp every thing we retain nothing.

But in a building of such unique character and interest as the church of St. Mark's, it is as impossible to divorce the pictures of the eye from the associations of the mind, as it would be to look down the pass of Thermopylæ and think only of the landscape. It links the east to the west, as well as the past to the present. It is at once a mosque and a temple, and stands a type of Christianity, as shaped and colored by the oriental mind It has little in common with our bustling, western civilization, but belongs rather to the distant and the past. Its solitudes are populous and its silence is vocal. It is the symbol of the Venice of which we read, and not that which we see. The shadows of time which brood over it are deeper than those which shroud its dim vaults and secluded aisles. The faces and costumes of the persons we meet there seem incongruous elements, like actors playing at night in the dresses they wore at rehearsal. The aspect of the place demands the flowing robes and bearded majesty of Faliero and Dandolo. To a Venetian of reflection and sensibility — if there be any such left — this church must be what their temple would have been to the Jews if they could have carried it into the land of their captivity — a source of exultation and of sorrow — the proudest of trophies, and yet the saddest of memorials.

THE DUCAL PALACE.

The Ducal Palace is so extensive a structure that the church of St. Mark's seems nothing more than a chapel appurtenant to it. Its vast and desolate apartments, through which the visitor is carried, serve as a standard by which the ancient greatness of Venice itself may be measured. Men who could build on so gigantic a scale could have had no thought of decaying fortune or declining power. It is crowded with pictures, some of which have suffered from time and neglect, while many are so hung as to be examined with difficulty. They are all instinct with power and truth. They are mostly descriptive of striking scenes in the history of Venice, and, unlike most pictures in Italy, owe their birth to the inspiration of patriotism, and not of religion. But, like the religious pictures of Italy, they prove that high excellence in art cannot be attained without deep and self-absorbing feeling. An age without faith and love, will produce no great painters. With the Venetians, patriotism was a devotion. It glows and burns all along these speaking walls. Their artists painted as if the glory of their country hung upon their pencils, and they recorded victories in the same spirit in which they were won.

In these rooms, admiration is especially claimed for the colossal genius of Tintoretto, who grapples with whole acres of canvas. What lavish and exuberant energies were put into the brain and arm of this extraordinary man! If the amount of what a man does, no less than its quality, is to be taken into account in forming an estimate of him, as surely should be done, he must stand very high upon the list of artists. I imagine him to have been one of those men in whom activity and endurance were so blended, as to produce a combination which appears hardly less than supernatural to those who are doomed to struggle against frequent invasions of weariness and exhaustion. I suppose him to have been content, like Napoleon and Humboldt, with four hours' sleep in the twenty-four. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, he seems to have been filled, pressed down, and running over with condensed and concentrated power. The canvas which weighed so long and so heavily upon the sensitive and delicate genius of Allston would have been but a plaything in the Titanic grasp of Tintoretto.

In traversing these immense halls, the traveller from England or America feels the spiritual presence of a great writer who was foreign to the soil and the language of Venice. The

name of Chaucer is not more identified with the Tabard Inn at Southwark, nor Scott's with the Trosachs and Loch Katrine, nor Rousseau's with Clarens and the rocks of Meillerie, than is that of Byron with the ducal palace. He is to us the presiding genius of the place. We hurry by Titian and Paul Veronese, with half a glance, in our impatience to gaze upon the black panel marking the place which should have been occupied by the portrait of Marino Faliero. Poets are benefactors of the race, and we owe them gratitude as well as admiration. Poetry gives to history a charm like that which sunlight bestows upon nature, animating the dead facts of the chronicler with the vital warmth of human passions and human affections. Were Venice an independent state, it should set up statues of Shakespeare and Byron, and busts of Otway, Schiller, Cooper, and that mysterious epicene, George Sand; for they deserve such honors at her hands.

ST. MARK'S PLACE BY NIGHT.

Venice, like all beauties that have passed their prime, shows best by candle-light. The day reveals too plainly what the defacing fingers of time have been doing during the the last two or three centuries. It was my custom to go down to St. Mark's Place in the evening, in a gondola, and afterwards to walk home through the silent and solitary streets. It was not my good fortune to have the companionship of the moon in these nocturnal wanderings, but the stars were bright in the heavens above, and, till blotted out by the gondola's keel, nearly as bright in the reflected heavens below. From the windows of the palaces, lines of yellow and tremulous light fell upon the dark waters of the Grand Canal, and the lanterns of the gondoliers shot across each other like fire-flies on a summer's night. St. Mark's Place, brilliantly lighted with gas and filled with groups of well-dressed persons, walking, chatting, eating ices, sipping coffee or listening to music, was like a ball-room in the open air. A few moments were enough to show that it was occupied by a good-natured and gregarious people, easily pleased, and with whom time was of very little value. I fear that a society for the diffusion of useful knowledge would have found few supporters, and that a lecturer upon the application of science to the arts of life would have gathered a thin audience around him. Chemistry enough to make a cup of coffee or freeze an ice suffices these grown-up children. I always found there one of those musical and itinerant families, so com-

mon in Europe; the father playing the violin, the mother the harp, and the daughter accompanying a guitar with the voice, their countenances all wearing that anxious and doubtful expression, so saddening from its contrast with their airy strains, and the exhilarating effect they produce on others. The mechanical and melancholy smile of the young maiden still lingers in my memory. In a run of ill luck, how they must hate the sound of their instruments, and with what sad associations of struggle and disappointment their gayest airs must be darkened. Few persons are more to be pitied than those who are doomed to earn their bread by the exercise of this beautiful art, and yet never to attain to excellence in it.

One of the numerous coffee-houses of St. Mark's is resorted to by Greeks. I never failed to look in upon them. Their regular features, smooth brows, and large liquid eyes vindicated their claim to be the countrymen of Pericles.

All this is but little in the telling. Bright lights, an ice, and indifferent music seem hardly worth going to Venice for. What a waste of time! says the moralist. What an unprofitable evening! says the schoolmaster. Certainly, not profitable, taking life through, but a week of such evenings leaves very pleasant recollections behind. It was agreeable to one coming from our restless country to breathe for a while the soothing atmosphere of repose — to see men sitting quietly in their chairs, and evidently not struggling against an impulse to whittle at the arms by way of safety-valve to their nervous unrest. And then, too, it was a refreshment to see so many happy faces. Content, when it is the result of discipline and struggle, is a great virtue; when it is the natural birth of a tranquil mind and a healthy body, it is a great blessing; in any event, the picture it paints upon the countenance is always exhilarating; and St. Mark's Place, on a fine evening, is a gallery of such pictures. The Italians want many things, especially political freedom, and the manly energy to vindicate and sustain it; but they have a delicious climate and a pleasurable organization, and from such life as is bestowed upon them they extract many satisfactions. That unconscious enjoyment of the mere sense of existence, which, as strongly marked in the young of all the animated creation, was to the benevolent mind of Paley the most convincing proof of the goodness of God, is stamped in expressive and unmistakable lines upon the general Italian face.

PIGEONS OF ST. MARK'S PLACE.

Before taking leave of St. Mark's Place, let me not forget one of its pleasant appendages, the flocks of pigeons that haunt it, wheeling about in graceful and lazy flights, or sunning themselves in long, architectural rows, with an air of being perfectly at home, and entirely secure of their position. And so indeed they are. They are cherished with a sort of superstitious fondness by the Venetians. Their origin goes back so far into the dim, middle ages, as to be quite out of sight. It is well for a people when any circumstance guides into the channels of tenderness and humanity that veneration for the past, which is so often blind and mistaken in its worship. We respect that 'backward-looking' sentiment which shelters the stork in Holland, and the rook in England. Every boy in Holland and in England is the better for the lesson of forbearance and compassion thus taught him. On Sundays, at noon, the pigeons of St. Mark's are fed; and let not the traveller who has a taste for innocent pleasures fail to be present. As the hour approaches, flock after flock of hungry expectants comes wheeling in, and the air is filled with the rustling of innumerable wings, from which the sunshine is flung in dazzling gleams. And then ensue such quick glancing of eager bills, such mellow cooings of satisfaction, such expressive throbbings of mottled throats, such tokens of pleasure in being alive and in each other's company, that one is tempted to record on the spot a life-long vow against pigeon-pies. All good papas make it a point to carry their little boys and girls to see the sight, and, with their happy faces and animated gestures, they adorn the show which they enjoy.

VENETIAN ART.

The cynical Forsyth remarks of the Venetian school of painting, that 'with all its coloring and fidelity to nature, it seems deplorably vacant of interest, drama, mind, and historical truth.' A stranger judgment in art was never spoken. No 'mind,' 'no interest' in Titian; no 'drama,' that is, 'dramatic power' in Paul Veronese; no 'historical truth' in Tintoretto and Bellini! In Venice, especially, Titian is in his glory, revelling in his amber and crimson splendors, and filling his canvas with light and power. In technical merit, in the excellences

which are peculiar to painting, and not shared with it in common with the other fine arts, this great painter seems to me to have no superior, hardly a rival. From the evidence furnished by his pictures, we may safely infer that he was a man of a gay and joyous temperament, free from any thing morbid or ascetic · enjoying the world, but not subdued by it; enamored of his profession; and with the manners and sentiments of a gentleman. The dignity of his men and the imperial splendor of his women are full of the air of high breeding, of a courtesy at once lofty and gentle. We may be assured that no man who ever sat to Titian, however high his rank, ventured to take a liberty with him. He is usually esteemed the first of portrait painters, and if I do not confirm the judgment, it is because as between him and Vandyke I am not competent to hold the scales. It is true, that he who values art solely as the expression of spiritual sentiment will turn away with coldness from the splendid canvas of Titian. He was evidently well content with the earth on which he lived, and with the forms and faces he found there. His men are not rapt enthusiasts, pining for ideal worlds, but beings full of physical and intellectual life, whose passionate and exuberant energies accident might direct into the channels of glory or of crime. His old men are full of the dignity of success, and his young men shine in the light of hope and of courage. The beauty of his women is of the earth, but compounded of the finest elements that earth can furnish, and flowing from that warm life which waves in the golden locks, beams in the impassioned glances, glows through the sunny cheek, and floats around the luxurious form. His paintings never give the impression of effort, but refresh the eye and the spirit with a sense of repose. They bear the inevitable stamp of easy and unconscious power. It was as natural, as little difficult, for him to paint as for a beautiful person to look beautiful. Every book upon art praises the coloring of Titian, but they who have never seen his pictures are hardly aware of the extent to which the coloring of Titian comes from and speaks to the mind. Between him and Rubens, in this respect, the difference is like that between autumn and spring. The pictures of Rubens remind one of a flower garden, glittering with dew, in a June morning; those of Titian are like one of our own golden sunsets in autumn, seen through a thick screen of scarlet maples. In Rubens, coloring is more of an external charm; in Titian, more of an essential quality.

It is a compliment to a picture to say of it, that it produces the impression of the actual scene. In Venice, the paintings of Titian, and of the Venetian artists generally, exact

from the traveller a yet higher tribute; for the hues and forms around him constantly remind him of their works. It is curious and instructive to trace the natural relation of cause and effect between the atmosphere and scenery of Venice, and the peculiar characteristics of the Venetian school. Under the circumstances in which we usually see the landscape, the earth absorbs a considerable portion of the light which falls from the heavens; but in Venice every thing multiplies and increases it. The sea is a wide and glittering mirror; and every ripple and wave and oar-blade, like the facets of a gem, breaks and scatters the incident ray. The rich marble fronts of the palaces lend themselves to the same results. Thus, the air in Venice seems saturated with sunbeams; and the shadows themselves are only veiled and softened lights. Such an atmosphere seems to demand a corresponding style of dress, decoration, and architecture. Gilding and polished marble, which, under the gray sky and in the watery light of England, would seem tawdry, are here necessary embellishments. The richest and brightest colors, red, yellow, and purple, content the eye from their being so in unison with the dazzling and luminous medium through which every thing is seen. The Venetian painters were evidently diligent students of the nature that was around them. They have transferred to their canvas all the magic effects produced by the combination of air, light, and water. There are pictures by Titian so steeped in golden splendors, that they look as if they would light a dark room.

The pictures which are to be seen in the Academy are a tempting theme, but I will not descant upon them. It is very easy to transcribe the emotions which paintings awaken, but it is no easy matter to say why a picture is so painted as that it must awaken certain emotions. Many persons feel art; some understand it; but few both feel and understand it. But there is an element of compensation in all things. The want of a nicely critical skill in art is not on all accounts to be regretted. When I stood before Titian's 'Assumption of the Virgin,' and felt as if lifted off my feet by the power and beauty of that incomparable picture, I could not lament that I did not see the slight imperfections in drawing and design, which more trained and more fastidious eyes detect in it.

The works of Paul Veronese are not of the highest merit by any means, but they are valuable as illustrations of Venetian life and manners. There is a large picture of his, occupying one end of a room in the Academy, the Supper at the house of Levi, which is a fair specimen of his excellences and defects. It wants imagination, depth of feeling, and spiritua

beauty, and there is a touch of the upholsterer in its conception and treatment. It is, moreover, historically untrue, with no Jewish or oriental features in it, but is really a splendid entertainment in Venice, with Venetian noble men and women for guests. But though other pictures are more admirable, few are more fascinating than this. Its power over the spectator is quite magnetic. There is such brilliant coloring, such admirable perspective, such depth and transparency of atmosphere, such life and movement, that the longer we look upon it, the more it seems like a real scene. We begin to wonder that the servants linger so long upon the stairs, and that the impatient master, who seems to be quickening their steps, does not rejoin his guests. Even its anachronisms have now a value of their own, since the time of the event and the time of the picture are to us equally in the remote past. It is true that it is no Judea, but it is a most living Venice. These were the men, the politic sages, the accomplished noblemen, the gallant soldiers, that upheld so long the state of Venice, and bore her winged lion over so many lands and seas. These were the superb and impassioned women, to whom their vows were breathed, and at whose feet their laurels were laid. Such pictures are historical in more senses than one. They have an authentic value as records, and are silent contemporary witnesses to the splendor and glory of Venice.

CHURCHES IN VENICE.

The churches in Venice are numerous and full of interest, but, in a short stay, only a few could be visited, and they imperfectly seen. The church of San Giovanni and Paolo, besides the magnificent monument of the Doge Andrea Vendramin, and a fine window of painted glass, possesses one of the most celebrated pictures in Europe,— The Martyrdom of St. Peter by Titian, generally deemed to combine the highest excellences, both of history and landscape. In the open space in front of the church is a bronze equestrian statue of Colleoni, designed and modelled by Andrea Verrochio, and after his death cast by Alessandro Leopardo.

Bartolomeo Colleoni, to whom this statue is erected, lived in the fifteenth century, and is called one of the founders of the modern art of war. He is said to have been the first to use cannon in the field; they having before his time been employed exclusively in batteries. He was one of the most famous of those hireling soldiers with whom mediæval Italy was so

cursed, selling their swords to the highest bidder, engaging in war without any of those motives or sentiments which can soften or ennoble its atrocities, and whose constant object it was to keep that unhappy country in a state of strife, without which their ruffian trade could not have been exercised. It is a comfort to find the name of such a man slipped out of the records of history, and only preserved from entire oblivion by the labors of an humble artist.

The church of the Jesuits, built a little more than a hundred years ago, which is but yesterday in Venice, glitters with theatrical and meretricious elegance. The columns are of white marble, so inlaid with verd antique as to represent a climbing vine,— an intrusion of painting into the region of architecture, in very questionable taste, to say the least. The altar rests on twisted columns of verd antique, a material, the rarity and costliness of which must always be proclaimed, in order to win the admiration which it seems to challenge. The pulpit is of verd antique and Carrara marble, so wrought as to produce the effect of drapery hanging in folds,— a trick which we should pardon more readily any where else than in a church.

The church of Santa Maria dei Frari is hallowed by the dust of Titian. His grave could only be seen through the chinks of a deal partition which concealed the preparation of a monument to his honor. In the body of the church is the monument to the unfortunate Doge Foscari, to whom the genius of Byron has erected so much more enduring a memorial. Opposite is one to a more fortunate magistrate, the Doge Nicolo Tron ; a magnificent work of art, adorned with bas-reliefs and colossal statutes. But sorrow and suffering have their rights, as well as wealth and success. Nicolo Tron was a princely merchant, who had gained an immense fortune by commerce ; and, during his reign, Venice acquired the island of Cyprus. He might have been present, with a countenance of pity, when Foscari, with feeble and tottering steps, descended the Giant's staircase, and fainted at the sound of the bell which announced the election of a successor. But the whirligig of time has brought in his revenges. The name of Nicolo Tron has passed away as effectually as that of the gondolier who wore his livery and badge, while love and grief have made that of Foscari immortal. The monument to Foscari was erected by his grandson, a son of the unhappy Giacomo, and is a work of great simplicity and expression. Within a hollow niche lies a recumbent figure, with clasped and upraised hands, stretched upon a sarcophagus, and two

armed soldiers sit at the head and feet, as if watching the old man's sleep. No inappropriate ornaments offend the taste; no crowd of details distracts the attention; no cold allegory jars upon the mind.

In this church is a most extraordinary combination of expensiveness and bad taste,— the monument to the Doge Giovanni Pesaro. It is an immense structure, some eighty feet high, like the façade of a palace. The most prominent objects are four enormous negroes, or Moors, of black marble, but dressed in jackets and trousers of white marble, and, oddest of all, the artist has represented them with their knees and elbows protruding through rents in their garments. Never was there a greater perversion of art, or a greater waste of good material. Nor is this all. There are two bronze skeletons supporting sepulchral scrolls, and a sarcophagus resting upon dragons. In the centre, not at all frightened by the monsters around him, sits the doge himself. In grotesqueness and bad taste, this monument has no rival in all Europe, to my recollection. It is so extraordinary a spectacle that, as we stand before it, we shut our eyes and open them again, to satisfy ourselves that it is not an optical delusion. It is like the monstrous architecture of a feverish dream, and there is matter enough in it for a whole stud of nightmares.

Next to this caricature in marble is a monument to Canova. It is his own design, originally intended for Titian, and subsequently applied to the Archduchess Christina at Vienna. It is a pyramid of marble, with an opening in the centre, into which various allegorical mourners are seen walking in funeral procession. The uniform practice of many ages has sanctioned the use of allegory in marble, but, in spite of precedent, it may well be asked if there is not an insuperable objection to its essential character? Is not an allegory a purely mental notion? Can there be such a thing as an allegory to the eye? Does a young female become Charity because she supports the feeble steps of an old man, and another Virtue, because she looks upwards? The design itself, allegory apart, is very good.

In one of the chapels of this church is an admirable picture by Titian, and scattered through it are statues, pictures, bas-reliefs, and inlaid wood-work, in the greatest profusion and of high merit. The traveller in Italy is constantly forced to compare the amazing fertility in art of a former age with the barrenness of our own times. How does this happen? Is the progress of society, which is so favorable to the useful arts, necessarily unfavorable to those which are addressed to the

sense of beauty alone? Are gas lamps, cheap calicoes, and railways inconsistent with Titians and Sansovinos?

The conventual buildings attached to this church have been converted into a depository for the archives of the Venetian state. These are among the most curious things to be seen in Venice. Nothing gives a stronger impression of the power which Venice once possessed, and of the length of time she continued to enjoy it, than the amazing bulk of these archives. They are contained in two hundred and ninety-five rooms Besides the state documents, the collection includes manuscripts from the archives of nearly two thousand families, convents, and monasteries, making up the number (it is said) of ten million *fasciculi* of documents. Of course, when we once get into the millions, all numbers are conjectural, but, from what the visitor sees, there is nothing improbable in this estimate. It is a vast and enormous labyrinth of books, in which it would be quite easy to lose one's self. We are led through a succession of halls and passages, all closely piled and packed with books, with only space enough left to pass through from one to the other. And this extent is not to be wondered at Here are the records of many centuries of the most watchful, observant, and suspicious government that ever existed, in which everything was written down and nothing spoken out. What a world of curious and interesting matter there must be hidden within these mysterious leaves; what tragedies must be there recorded; what passages of crime and suffering set down! As I walked through these interminable walls of books I could not help thinking of the long procession of Waverley novels which a man of Scott's romantic genius and historical insight might extract from them. The attendant showed me the letter from the Venetian ambassador which announced the assassination of Henry IV., written in a delicate, Italian hand, the ink and paper alike untouched by time. One of the oldest volumes in the collection is a manuscript of the ninth century, containing, among other things, descriptions by metes and bounds of some of the then recently acquired possessions of the republic.

Paul Veronese is buried in the church of St. Sebastian; and from his tomb the visitor can turn and look at some of the best of his productions, with new wonder and delight at their glowing and exuberant life. How appropriate and becoming it is thus to make the works of an artist his monument, and to lift up the thoughts from the dust and the funeral urn, to the undying mind, yet speaking to us through the canvas or the marble!

THE ARMENIAN CONVENT.

One of the things to be seen in Venice is the Armenian Convent, which is upon an island of its own, a short distance from the city. Here Lord Byron was in the habit of coming to diversify his degrading life in Venice, by the study of the Armenian language. In going to the convent, the mad-house mentioned in Shelley's 'Julian and Maddalo,' is passed. We were received by one of the monks, a handsome man, dressed in a becoming robe of black, with a fine flowing beard, and of very pleasing manners and speech. The library is a modest collection of books contained in two good-sized rooms. The garden attached to the convent commands a beautiful view of Venice and the sea, and is tastefully laid out and neatly kept. The most intolerant enemy of monastic institutions must feel his rigor relent in the presence of these excellent Armenian monks, whose lives are most industrious and most useful. They are instructors of youth, and printers of books in the Armenian language; and their convent is both a school and a printing-office. They were striking off, at the time of my visit, an edition of the Penny Magazine. It was curious to see the familiar plates of that work in company with so unfamiliar a text. I believe this is the only Armenian press now at work in the world, and its publications circulate all over the east. I could not look without veneration upon the spot to which all the people of one language turn for intellectual light; nor without respect upon the self-sacrificing men who, without hope of fame or wealth, are toiling patiently for the diffusion of knowledge among their scattered brethren. Nowhere have I ever seen the monastic life so respectable or so attractive. There must be some chord in the heart of man that responds to such a life, otherwise we should not see monks and friars swarming as they do in the streets of all Catholic cities. Every one has moments of weariness or disgust, in which he longs for profound retirement and entire repose; and then there glides before his eyes a vision of a monastery, with books to read, a garden to till, a grand prospect to look at, and a few congenial friends to talk with. All these the good monks at San Lazaro enjoy, and it is to be hoped that they do not despise what they have, or sigh for what they have not.

THE LIDO.

From the Armenian convent we were rowed to the Lido, the shore of a long, low island lying south-east of Venice. The shade of Byron attended us; for he was accustomed to come here and ride upon the beach, keeping his horses in a stable put up for the purpose. A portion of the island was, and perhaps still is, used as a burial place for the Jews; and the old tombs, grass-grown and carved with moulding inscriptions in Hebrew, gave a mournful aspect to a scene which had few cheerful features at best. There were certainly nothing remarkable in what we saw; a long, monotonous beach, — a mere selvage to a flat, uninteresting island, — not unlike Nantasket beach at Cohasset, except that it was not so long or so curved. But there is more in such a spot than meets the eye. The bright blue sea which broke in lazy waves upon the shore was the Adriatic, and memories and traditions mingled with its swell, and lent their voices to the dash of its waters. The sky and the sun of Italy were above us, and the breeze blew from the land of the past. Every shell, every stone, every bit of sea-weed, had an historical significance, and a visionary gleam played along the shore, brighter than the sparkling foam of its sea.

Let the visitor to the Lido so arrange his hours as to return to Venice at sunset, and may it be his good fortune to see its domes and spires bathed in such hues of 'vaporous amethyst' as I saw them, and the same golden light upon its waters. He will not fail to wish that he had the power to hold fast the 'fleet angel' of the moment, that he might stamp more deeply upon his memory the hues and forms of a picture of such rare and unearthly beauty, looking as if the gates of heaven had been unbarred, and the vision of some celestial city for a moment vouchsafed to mortal eyes.

CHAPTER III.

The Arsenal at Venice — Gondolas and Gondoliers — Origin and History of Venice — Science and Literature in Venice — The Archduchess Maria Louisa.

THE ARSENAL AT VENICE.

No reader of Dante will fail to pay a visit to the arsenal, from which, in order to illustrate the terrors of his 'Inferno,' the great poet drew one of those striking and picturesque images, characteristic alike of the boldness and the power of his genius, which never hesitated to look for its materials among the homely details and familiar incidents of life. In his hands, the boiling of pitch and the caulking of seams ascend to the dignity of poetry. Besides, it is the most impressive and characteristic spot in Venice. The Ducal Palace and the church of St. Mark's are symbols of pride and pomp, but the strength of Venice resided here. Her whole history, for six hundred years, was here epitomized; and, as she rose and sunk, the hum of labor here swelled and subsided. Here was the index-hand which marked the culmination and decline of her greatness. Built upon several small islands, which are united by a wall of two miles in circuit, its extent and completeness, decayed as it is, show what the naval power of Venice once was, as the disused armor of a giant enables us to measure his stature and strength. Near the entrance are four marble lions, brought by Morosini from the Peloponnesus in 1685, two of which are striking works of art. Of these two, one is by far the oldest thing in Venice, being not much younger than the battle of Marathon; and is thus, from the height of twenty-three centuries, entitled to look down upon St. Mark's as the growth of yesterday. The other two are non-descript animals of the class commonly called heraldic, and can be styled lions only by courtesy. In the armory are some very interesting objects, and none more so than the great standard of the Turkish admiral, made of crimson silk, taken at the battle of Lepanto, and which Cervantes may have grasped with his unwounded hand

A few fragments of some of the very galleys that were engaged in that memorable fight are also preserved here.

Of weapons and armor there is an extensive and curious collection; helmets, shields, and cuirasses, rough with elaborate workmanship; leathern quivers full of arrows, such as were used before the fifteenth century; the cross-bows of a later period, something between a long bow and a musket; many of the swords sent by the popes to the newly-elected doges; and, most interesting of all, the full suit of armor presented to the republic by Henry IV. of France, when he desired to be enrolled among the patricians of Venice. The sword, which formed part of the original gift and was worn by the monarch at the battle of Ivry, has disappeared.*

In the model room, an apartment of large size, are miniature representations of all forms of navigable craft, from ancient galleys down to modern frigates. There is also a model of the Bucentaur,† made from drawings and recollections after the original had been destroyed. This must have been a gor-

* Henry IV., in his early struggles to maintain his throne, while yet a Protestant, and languishing under the excommunication of the pope, had been recognised by the Venetians, never bigoted Catholics. Many citizens of the republic entered into his service and fought in his ranks, and it aided him with considerable loans of money, the evidences of which their ambassador at Paris was afterwards ordered to burn in the king's presence. It was in gratitude for these services that Henry IV., upon his marriage with Mary de Medici, sent the suit of armor to Venice, and desired his name to be entered upon the Golden Book in which the names of their nobles were enrolled. The republic gratefully acknowledged the honor, and the King of France and his descendants were received among the patricians of Venice.

In 1795, Louis XVIII. was living at Verona, then forming a part of the territory of Venice. The Directory of France required the Senate to expel him from their state, and they had the weakness to consent. The king told them that he should depart, but desired that they would allow him to erase with his own hand the names of his ancestors from their Golden Book, and that they would restore to him the sword of Henry IV. The Senate replied, that they would erase the names themselves, and would return the sword when the debts contracted by Henry IV. had been discharged. With this interchange of compliments the matter ended, and the king took his departure. He did not often show so much spirit as on this occasion. The sword, if he had obtained it, would have done him no good, and nobody else any harm.

† The Bucentaur was the state galley, in which the doge went out every year to espouse the Adriatic. The name is supposed to be a corruption of Ducentorum, a ship of two hundred oars. There have never been but three Bucentaurs. The first, built in 1520, lasted till 1600. The second, more magnificent, continued till 1725, when the third was constructed, which was destroyed in 1797. Of this last, the gilding alone cost more than forty thousand dollars. The ceremony of the espousal of the Adriatic goes back to a much earlier period than the date of the first Bucentaur.

geous toy, but very unseaworthy. A bit of the mast of the original structure is still preserved.

Here is also an early and beautiful work of Canova's, a monument to the Admiral Angelo Emo. It is a rostral column surmounted by a bust. Emo was the last of the great men of Venice, and worthy of her best days. He behaved with equal courage and naval skill in the wars carried on by the republic against the Barbary powers, which were the last gleams of energy shown by the dying state. In the civil functions which he discharged, he manifested distinguished ability, and the virtue, less common at Venice, of humanity. He was probably the first member of the terrible Council of Ten who ever lifted up a voice in favor of condemned criminals, to plead for mitigation of punishment, and that their destitute families should be aided from the public treasury. As superintendent of the arsenal, he infused new life into its administration, and caused the most approved models of naval architecture to be procured from England. He devised a scheme for improving the harbor, and suggested a plan by which the levying of taxes might be simplified, and their amount increased. In spite of his great services, the Senate had the meanness and ingratitude to assess upon his own property the cost of two frigates which had been lost by shipwreck, while under his orders. He died in 1792. Had he lived, the cowardly and disgraceful scenes of 1797 might not have taken place. Canova refused any remuneration for this monument, but the Senate insisted upon his receiving a pension for life of a hundred ducats a year; and they also testified their sense of his services and his disinterestedness, by having a medal struck, of which an impression in gold was sent to him. This pension was assumed by Bonaparte, and subsequently by Austria, so that the amiable artist enjoyed it to the last.

The French dealt with the arsenal and its treasures in a wanton spirit of destruction, which seems inconceivable when we consider how easily they got possession of the place. They destroyed the Bucentaur, and also a curious model of a Roman quinquireme, of beautiful workmanship, made by Victor Fausto in 1529. An interesting and unique collection of cannons, from the earliest invention of this weapon, some of them wrought into strange forms, and others ornamented with elaborate work, was dispersed and melted by their worse than Vandal hands.

The arsenal dates from the beginning of the twelfth century, and within a hundred years from its foundation it had attained its present dimensions. For a long period, it was the most perfect and extensive establishment of the kind in the world

The ropewalk, built in the early part of the last century, is still the largest in Europe, with the exception of that in Toulon. There are eight wet docks, and about a hundred dry docks, or slips, where vessels were repaired or built under cover, an improvement first introduced here, and now adopted by all maritime countries.

In the height of the power and prosperity of Venice, the number of laborers employed in the arsenal is said to have been no less than sixteen thousand. The male population being hardly sufficient for all the exigencies of the state, the sails were cut and sewed by women. On one occasion, the republic received with gratitude the singular present of a large number of galley slaves from the Emperor of Germany. Before the discovery of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope, the naval force of Venice amounted to three hundred and thirty large vessels, manned by forty thousand sailors. This was in addition to an immense commercial marine. For a long period, the whole carrying trade of Europe, and between Europe and the East, was in their hands, and even in the thirteenth century, there were more than three thousand vessels, of all sizes, sailing under their flag.

The Venetians, at an early date, constructed vessels of a great size, which, besides their complement of rowers and sailors, carried two hundred soldiers. Their transport galleys were upwards of two hundred feet in length, and the largest would accommodate a thousand men. By a treaty with St. Louis of France, preparatory to his African expedition, the republic engaged to furnish him with the means of transporting four thousand horsemen and ten thousand foot soldiers, and this was accomplished by fifteen of these transport galleys. They had but two sails, and were mainly propelled by oars. The war galleys were of smaller size and lighter build, but they had three sails. The soldiers who were on board these galleys were armed with helmets, cuirass, and buckler, sword, and lance. Naval engagements in those days differed much less from land battles than they do now. There was no manœuvring and no distant cannonading, but each galley laid itself by the side of an enemy, and the men fought hand to hand as on shore.*

* It is only within a comparatively recent period that a naval education has been thought a condition precedent to the command of a naval expedition. Don John of Austria, the admiral of the Christian fleet which fought at Lepanto, was chosen to that post on account of the military reputation he had acquired in his campaigns against the Moors, in the mountains of Granada. Even so late as the time of the English Commonwealth, the great naval hero, Blake, was trained in the army, and did not enter the

The commercial supremacy of Venice made the navy the favorite service of the republic, as it now is in England. The policy of the state entrusted the command of their armies to foreigners, but their ships were always officered by natives. In time of peace, a fleet of national vessels was employed in commerce, but not on account of the state. They were chartered by individuals or companies, and, by special privilege some of the most important and lucrative branches of traffic were exclusively in their hands. In the best days of the republic, there were twenty or thirty national vessels of the largest size engaged in commerce, the cargo of each of which was valued at upwards of three hundred thousand dollars.

Among the laborers of the arsenal was a select body of about three thousand men called Arsenalotti, who were regarded with peculiar favor by the state, and formed a sort of guild or corporation. Their sons had the privilege of succeeding to the places of their fathers. They attended the doge on all public occasions, and when a new magistrate was chosen, he was borne by them in triumph, in a chair around the Place of St. Mark's.* They guarded the bank, the treasury of St. Mark, and the mint. They also formed the fire department of Venice. They rowed the Bucentaur on the day of the espousal of the Adriatic, and afterwards dined together at the public charge, when each one received a present from the doge; and they enjoyed the singular privilege of carrying off every thing on the table, including linen, plates, and drinking vessels, a right which must have abridged the length, and disturbed the harmony, of their repast. Their patriotism was of that rampant kind now exhibited by the shilling gallery of a theatre in an English naval station, and in emergencies the state relied upon them as an arm of offence or defence often tried and never found wanting.

The arsenal is still kept up by the Austrians, but the few laborers they employ are like the snail in the lobster's shell, and force a comparison of the past with the present upon the mind, even more vividly than absolute solitude would do.†

naval service till he was fifty years old. What would be the scorn and wrath of the sailors of an English squadron, at this day, if a soldier were set over them!

* The doge, while undergoing this ceremony, was in the habit of distributing money among the crowd from a vase by his side. All that remained in the vase, on arriving at the ducal palace, was the perquisite of the bearers, and the consequence was, that the newly-chosen ruler was hurried through the course in an undignified and even dangerous manner.

† My authorities for most of the above statements respecting the Arsenal, are Daru, 'Histoire de Venise,' and 'Venise,' par Jules Lecomte.

GONDOLAS.

Gondolas are as inseparable from our idea of Venice as flowers are from that of a garden. They are the most gliding, delicate, and feminine of all the forms of transport that ever floated upon the waves. A clever French writer * compares a gondola to a palm-leaf dropped upon the water, for it rests upon the water and not in it. The draught is so light that they seem able to go, — as a western captain said of his steamer, — wherever there is a heavy dew. A row-boat walks through the water like a man of business tramping through the mud, but a gondola trips over it like a maiden over a ball-room floor.

They are from twenty-five to thirty feet long, and sharply curved at the stern and prow. The centre, which rests upon the water, is occupied by a sort of small cabin, or tent, able to accommodate from two to four persons, covered by an awning which may be entirely removed, or so arranged by blinds and curtains as wholly to conceal the persons within. Every thing, — the gondola, the awning, the morocco cushions of the cabin, — is of solemn black ; the result of a sumptuary law of the republic passed to restrain the emulous extravagance of the nobles. Only the foreign ambassadors were allowed to flaunt in gay colors, a distinction which made them more easily watched by the jealous eyes of the state. This funeral livery, in combination with the noiseless and gliding movement, and in contrast with the gay hues around, adds to the effect produced upon the imagination. The gondola seems to have assumed that sable shroud in order to escape the glances of a suspicious and prying police, as the cuttle-fish darkens the water to baffle its pursuer. It is a figure in a mask and black domino which quickens the curiosity and stirs the fancy. It is moving probably on the most common-place of errands, — taking a traveller to his banker, or a lady to make a morning call, — and yet it seems to be stealing towards some mysterious end, prompted by love, treason, or revenge. The prow is fitted with a piece of glittering steel, which flashes in the sun like a diamond relieved upon black velvet.

The smaller gondolas have one rower, and the larger two. From the narrowness and intricacy of the canals, their many sudden turns, and the number of gondolas that navigate them, the rower must keep a sharp lookout in the direction in which his craft is moving. He thus stands up in rowing, and propels

* M. Jules Lecomte.

the gondola by pushing the oar from him, instead of drawing it towards him. Where there is but one rower, his position is near the stern, and so elevated that he can look over the top of the awning. The upright stem against which the oar plays has two or three row-locks, one above another, to accommodate the varying stature of different gondoliers, and to meet the necessity of using a longer or shorter lever which so winding and changing a navigation demands. To ship the oar from one to another of these, while in rapid movement, requires a quick eye and a quick hand. Where there are two rowers the stronger arm takes the stern oar. In the living days of the republic, the rivalry of the patricians, limited to uniformity in the style and decorations of the gondola, displayed itself in the stature and beauty of the gondoliers. One was chosen for strength and vigor, and in the other, who stood gaily dressed upon the prow, youth and grace were the chief requisites. The rowing of the gondola brings every muscle into play, and is highly favorable to physical development; and, among the gondoliers, figures are frequently to be met with which present the finest combination of strength and grace. Their forms rapidly darting along, and relieved against the sky, often reminded me of a statue of Mercury waked to life.

The gondoliers are, or were, divided into two parties or factions, the Castellani and the Nicolotti; the former wearing red bonnets, and the latter black. It was a division founded upon locality, the Castellani occupying the eastern part of the city, including St. Mark's, and the Nicolotti the western; the Grand Canal being the separating line. The Castellani formed the aristocratic faction, and the Nicolotti the democratic. The doge, from his residence in St. Mark's Place, was held to belong to the Castellani, and the Nicolotti, by way of equivalent, always elected with great solemnity a mock doge of their own, who was called Gastaldo dei Nicolotti. He was usually an old and experienced gondolier, and on all state ceremonies appeared in gala costume, and had a conspicuous place assigned to him; but, on ordinary occasions, he plied his calling among his subjects. These divisions never led to any thing more serious than a constant interchange of rough wit, and, occasionally, a general fight with fists. Venice, singular in so many other points, is also singular in never having been scourged by a civil war. The government, confident of its own immense power and always indulgent to the lower orders, encouraged this spirit of rivalry among the gondoliers, in order that, by the emulation it awakened, the moral and physical energy of both parties might be kept up

The gondoliers do not now sing the stanzas of Tasso, though the echoing canals of Venice seem made for vocal music.* That it was ever any thing like a general habit may be well doubted. There has been, probably, a good deal of exaggeration on this point by poets and poetical travellers. The constant shouting of the gondoliers is sure to destroy the musical powers of the voice.

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF VENICE.

The existence of Venice is a curious chapter in the general history of the relation of man to the globe. Between the Piave and the Adige, a succession of rapid mountain streams, flowing from the spurs of the Alps, have for innumerable ages been bringing down to the sea the tribute of the land. Each grain of earth that was taken up was whirled along till the force of the stream was spent, and then silently deposited; and thus has been gradually formed that natural breakwater of islands, of which the Lido is the chief, by which a portion of the Adriatic, a side-closet as it has been happily termed, has been shut off.† But the same agencies which created the breakwater were modified by it after it had come into existence. The resistance, or back-water force, was increased. The onward impulse of the streams was sooner checked, and their earthy particles earlier deposited. The whole space shut off began to shoal, and a number of spongy islands gradually to lift their heads above the surrounding waters. A few fugitives, fleeing in the fifth century from the terrible presence of Attila, settled, like a flock of sea-birds scared by the sportsman's gun, upon these islets; and, being left to themselves, began to increase and flourish. Such was the beginning of Venice. The desolating ravages of a conqueror gave a population to a spot which a long struggle between the land and the sea had made habita-

* Bernardo Tasso, the father of Torquato, was a Venetian subject, having been born at Bergamo. Torquato, though born at Sorrento, came to Venice when ten years old, and was educated there and at Padua, then a Venetian city. The Venetians thus claimed the illustrious poet as in some measure a countryman.

† The long, narrow form of this outwork of islands is owing to their position at the point of meeting of two opposing forces. The stream of the rapid rivers is encountered not only by sea currents, but by the south wind, which constantly blows up the trough of the Adriatic, shut in by mountain ranges on either hand. When the sand and mud, brought down by a river, meet no resisting force or current, the deposits assume a rounded form, as at Grado, near Trieste.

ble for man. It was fitting that a state that began with Attila should close with Bonaparte. Between these two destroyers are thirteen hundred years of growth, maturity, and decline; a good old age for a nation to reach.

The history of Venice, and especially of its commerce, to which it owed every thing, is a striking exemplification of the triumph of energy and industry over difficulties, or rather of the manner in which energy and industry are created by difficulties. It equally illustrates the great moral truth, that Providence is often most generous when it denies, and most bountiful when it withholds. The early Venetians drew their Roman strength and vigor from the wolf's milk of poverty and struggle. Huddled together on a cluster of islands, the necessity of obtaining all the articles of consumption from the mainland made them sailors and boatmen. It has been said, with more point than truth, that the only natural products of Massachusetts are granite and ice; but it is strictly true of the Venetians, that the only exchangeable commodities they had to start with were fish and salt. On this slender capital they began business. From this minute seed there grew a tree of commerce, whose branches overshadowed the earth.

The struggle with difficulties, which began in their cradle, was never intermitted. At all times they were obliged to maintain a vigorous contest against the hostile energies of nature. The advantages which they derived from their geographical position were counteracted, or at least impaired, by the imperfection of their harbor. Its excellence, and indeed its very existence, depended upon the channels, which were the deep cuts formed by the streams which flowed into the lagoons, and scoured a passage by the rapidity of their course. The tendency in these was constantly to shoal by the accumulation of deposit, and in the prosperous days of the republic they were kept at their primitive depth by much labor and expense. From an early period, the peculiarities of their harbor awakened the attention of the government, and there exist many reports and essays upon the subject, both in print and in manuscript. Different views have prevailed at different times, as to the most judicious course to be pursued. As early as the fifteenth century, the channels of the Brenta and other streams were diverted, so as to discharge their waters into the open sea outside of the lagoons, but subsequently this expedient was abandoned. The Austrians have no motive to keep the harbor of Venice unimpaired, for the rival port of Trieste is their favorite. The most stupid and unintellectual government in Europe sees with unconcern the decline of Venice, and is as

insensible to the magic associations which belong to its name, as were the keepers of the baths in Alexandria, after its capture by Omar, to the eloquence, poetry, and science contained in the manuscripts with which they heated their furnaces.

It seems as if Venice must, at some remote period, yield to that process of encroachment of the land upon the sea, which has so changed the geography of the whole northern part of the Adriatic. The town of Adria, which gave its name to the gulf and was a seaport in the time of Augustus, is now about twenty Italian miles inland. Ravenna, once a seaport, is now about four miles from the sea. The lagoons are slowly but surely filling up. In the contest between the land and the sea, the former power must ultimately prevail; and the Palmyra of the ocean, as Venice has happily been called, must lose every thing, in losing its canals and its gondolas.*

SCIENCE AND LITERATURE IN VENICE.

The history of Venice has been rather a favorite study of late years, and the merits and defects of its administration are generally understood. Montesquieu has stated, that virtue is the principle of a democracy and honor of a monarchy. Of the Venetian aristocracy, fear was the principle which, wielded and guided ably and unscrupulously, maintained for centuries a system essentially false and bad, and which did not rest on either of the natural supports of political power, property or numbers. Hallam,† in a few admirable paragraphs, has exposed the character of a government which, even more than that of Sparta, sacrificed the individual to the state; and his wise and generous judgment will command the assent of every candid mind. The influence of the constitution of Venice upon the intellectual development of its people presents some interesting points of inquiry. To state this influence broadly and unqualifiedly, the government encouraged all forms of intellectual activity which aided in the growth of Venice, increased its wealth and extended its power, as well as those arts which decorated and embellished the capital, but discour-

* This view is not inconsistent with the well known fact, that the level of the sea rises at Venice at the rate of about three inches in a century. This phenomenon would seem to be dependent upon a gradual subsidence of the crust of the earth. See Cuvier, Recherchès sur les Fossiles, quoted in Daru, 'Histoire de Venise,' chap. I. § 2; D'Archiac, 'Histoire des Progres de la Geologie,' vol. I p. 659.

† Middle Ages, vol. I. p. 323.

aged all inquiries which might create a freedom of opinion dangerous to the security of their institutions. Science, especially in its application to the arts of life, was pursued zealously and successfully under the fostering smiles of the state Their early developed commercial enterprise enabled them to make important contributions to geographical knowledge, and the travels of Marco Polo and the map of Fra Mauro are honorable monuments of what was accomplished by them in this direction. John Cabot, the father of Sebastian, was a native of Venice, as was Ramusio, whose learned and laborious collection of voyages is so creditable to his zeal and industry. In civil and military engineering, in astronomy, in mechanics, in natural history, botany and chemistry, and in medicine, they show many respectable, but no very eminent names. In mathematics, Tartaglia enjoyed an European reputation; and many other persons obtained an honorable, though less extended distinction in the same department. Fracastorius, well known as the author of perhaps the finest Latin poem that has been written since the language ceased to be a vernacular tongue, was also distinguished as a physician and an astronomer. Classical literature and philology were also studied with zeal and success in Venice, at the time of the revival of learning. In these departments there is no more honorable name than that of Aldus Manutius, a printer, but also an admirable scholar, who pursued his art as a liberal profession, and not a lucrative trade, and, by his correct, beautiful, and convenient editions of the Greek and Latin classics, diffused the fame of his press at Venice all over Europe. His son and grandson followed in his steps, and continued their labors in the same spirit.*

But, on the other hand, the annals of Venice show no eminent name in theology, jurisprudence, or mental philosophy. All original speculation was frowned upon by a government, whose first care was to secure its own continuance, and to allow no existing institution to be called in question. They had learned professors in the canon and civil law, but these sciences were pursued rather in a polemic than an inquiring or creative spirit, and mainly to furnish arguments and authorities in the long and successful contest which the republic waged against the aggressions of the pope. In these directions, the movements of the human mind at Venice were like the flight of a bird tied by a string to the earth: sooner or later the limit of

* Printing has always been, and still is, carried on to a considerable extent in Venice; and, in its reduced condition, the trade in books is an important part of its manufacturing industry.

the tether was reached and the check felt. Of eloquence, whether of the pulpit, the bar, or the popular assembly, there is absolutely none to show in the whole career of Venice; and this was but the natural result of that universal pressure exerted by so powerful and suspicious a government, preventing all expansion or expression of popular feeling. In history, they can point to Father Paul Sarpi and Cardinal Bembo, the former an eminent, and the latter a distinguished, name, besides a succession of annalists whose merits have hardly travelled beyond the lagoons. Tiraboschi was also a native of the Venetian territory, though most of his life was passed out of it.

But in creative or imaginative literature, the poverty of Venice is most conspicuous, especially when contrasted with her eminence in painting and architecture. Bernardo Tasso, born at Bergamo, and Trissino, at Vicenza, were Venetians only in the accident of their birth; and they are but lesser lights in the glittering constellation of Italian genius. In the fourteen hundred years of the life of Venice, we find no great original writer whose mind, trained by the influences around it, reproduces the spirit of its age and country. The patriotism of Venice expended itself in action, and not in thinking or writing. There is no state whose annals are more rich in materials for poetry and romance, and no history more animating or inspiring to genius. Her long and brilliant wars against the Turks, especially, were calculated to bring the two powerful impulses of religion and patriotism to bear upon literature, but poetry neither celebrates her victories nor mourns her defeats. The Spanish Herrera sung of the battle of Lepanto in strains which rang all over Europe like the sound of a trumpet, but not a voice of triumph was heard from Venice, which had contributed so much to the glory of that day. Writers from every other country, — Shakespeare, Otway, Byron, Schiller, Casimir, Delavigne, George Sand, Cooper, — have found in her annals the themes and inspiration which her sons have missed. The mystery and terror of the government, the plots, assassinations, and judicial murders which darken her history, the spies and informers, the lidless eyes of a secret police, the blows from a bodiless hand, the universal atmosphere of suspicion and distrust, — all that made and still makes Venice so fruitful in subjects for poetry and romance to strangers, — must have had a repressing and paralyzing effect upon native writers themselves. Who would venture to write a domestic novel, or a national tragedy, when the incidents and machinery must be sought in regions guarded by the flaming sword of despotism and jealousy, and the danger incurred would be in exact proportion to

the merit of the result? A Venetian would no more have dared to publish such a play as 'Marino Faliero,' than to pull the doge by the beard.

We may form a strong sense of the paralyzing influence of the institutions of Venice upon the minds of her people, by reflecting upon the impossibility of such an intellectual phenomenon as Dante having been reared there. His mind was formed and braced by the mountain air of freedom and struggle, and every line of his great poem breathes the spirit of a man accustomed to examine, to dissent, to assail, to praise, and to denounce. In the exhausted receiver of Venice, a genius like his would have perished of inanition. Florence and Venice, indeed, present striking illustrations of the respective influences exerted by liberty and despotism upon intellectual development. The history of Florence is disorderly and tumultuous, and ringing with the clash of civil warfare. Her citizens fought in the streets; revolution succeeded revolution; and constitutions were changed more rapidly than the fashions of garments. But everywhere, and at all times, there was rich, crowded, and animated life. There was free thought, free action, and free speech; and the human mind, under the powerful excitements by which it was acted upon, left no path untried and no triumphs ungathered. In Venice there was long and unbroken calm, — no convulsion, — no civil strife, — no whirl of revolution. But it was the repose of death, and the mind of man slept from age to age, like a mummy in its sarcophagus. It is far better to suffer from the occasional excesses of freedom, than to have every energy sealed by the arctic frost of despotism.

It is a curious fact, that the two most original names in the literature of Venice, Goldoni and Gozzi, arose after the eleventh hour of her day had struck, and her once dreaded oligarchy had become as little formidable as a painted dragon.

Father Paul Sarpi, who has been already mentioned among the historians of Venice, was perhaps the greatest of all her writers and men of letters. His capacity was universal, and his activity boundless. He was trained to theology and philosophy, but he also made extensive researches into mathematics, astronomy, and anatomy. He was the champion of Venice in her long struggle with the see of Rome, and had an appointment, — a sort of theological attorney-generalship, — with a liberal salary attached to it; and, in that capacity, wrote book after book against the pretensions of the pope. His services were so highly valued that when he had been attacked and severely wounded by assassins, the senate immediately ad-

journed on hearing the news, and went, as one man, to inquire into his condition. The most eminent surgeon in Italy was summoned to his aid from Padua, the expenses of his illness were borne by the state, and, on his recovery, his salary was doubled. Upon his death, many years later, the republic directed its ambassadors to communicate officially the fact to all the crowned heads in Europe, as a public calamity.

A highly honorable name in the literature of Venice is that of the Abbé Morelli, a man of great learning and immense industry, for many years librarian of St. Mark's, and the writer and editor of books enough to form of themselves a moderate library.

There is still a considerable amount of intellectual activity at Venice. Adrien Balbi, the great geographer, who died in 1848, was a native of Venice. Madame Albrizzi, well-known by a sketch of the works of Canova, though a native of Corfu, passed the greater part of her life at Venice, and was a Venetian in everything but birth. M. Lecomte, in his interesting work on Venice, from which I have already more than once quoted, records a list of the living men of science and letters in Venice, with a brief account of their labors, which gives honorable proof of scientific and literary industry, under circumstances little calculated to encourage it.

THE ARCHDUCHESS MARIA LOUISA.

My last day in Venice was marked by the arrival of the Archduchess Maria Louisa, of Parma, at the hotel where I lodged.* She came in the steamer from Trieste, which, in honor of her, instead of stopping at the entrance of the Grand Canal, proceeded a considerable distance upon it, and landed her distinguished passenger from a point opposite the hotel. The dignitaries of Venice, civil and military, were assembled there to receive her; among them, an old officer, very short and very fat, dressed in a rich, scarlet, hussar uniform, which

* My lodgings were in the Palazzo Grassi, degraded into a hotel called the Emperor of Austria. It is on the Grand Canal near the first turn. It is an imposing building, with a front of rustic, Doric, and Corinthian architecture. The court, or vestibule, is of noble proportions, supported by granite pillars, among which were three or four large orange-trees in tubs, making a fine picture as one entered. The spacious rooms were cut up by shabby partitions, in a way to make the bones of the founder stir in his grave. M. Lecomte says that this palace was sold a few years since for a hundred thousand francs, and that it must have cost six times that sum

was very ill suited to his style of beauty, and made him look like an Easter egg dyed red. The suite of the Archduchess consisted of twenty-eight persons and five dogs. She closed the procession, leaning on the arm of one of her attendants. Her figure and countenance were commonplace and unexpressive. The most curious part of the whole thing was to see the steamer so far up the Grand Canal. In comparison with the gondolas that skimmed around it, it looked like an elephant in a menagerie. It gave one the impression of a giddy, young steamer that had strayed away on a frolic and lost its way, — an impression confirmed by the clumsy way in which it was managed, and the great length of time it took to get her out again. There was much food for reflection in the mere fact of a steamer's puffing and hissing in the shadow of the Foscari palace, and no barren theme for a poet to meditate upon.

CHAPTER IV.

Departure from Venice — Railway over the Lagoon — Verona — The Amphitheatre — Veils — Romeo and Juliet — Austrian bands — Verona to Mantua — The Po — Parma — Pictures of Correggio — The Archduchess Maria Louisa — Bologna — Picture-Gallery — Fountain and Leaning Towers — The University — Palaces — Snow-Storm on the Apennines.

DEPARTURE FROM VENICE — RAILWAY OVER THE LAGOON.

On the morning of November the thirteenth, I left Venice for Verona, crossing the lagoon, and proceeding as far as Vicenza by the railway. This railway is usually regarded as a most incongruous element in the scenery and associations of Venice, and much sentimental regret is expressed at the necessity of entering or leaving it in this way. But I cannot join in such lamentations. They seem to me to flow from an essentially superficial theory as to the source of that class of emotions which a place like Venice gives birth to. Setting aside he merely practical element,— the fact that by multiplying the means of communication, the benefits and the pleasures of travel are extended to a continually increasing class,— have not the great results and achievements of modern civilization a certain meaning of their own, all the more impressive when brought into comparison with what is purely sentimental, romantic, and imaginative? I confess that as I saw this noble railway, spanning the lagoon with its two hundred and twenty-two arches, it seemed to me all the grander from its very incongruity. It was an artery by which the living blood of to-day is poured into the exhausted frame of Venice. Venice is the beautiful legacy of a past age,— an age of pictures, palaces, and cathedrals,— when life, like a flower-garden, ran more to ornament than to use, and was more made up of exhilarating sensations than of homely duties. The railroad is one of the symbols of a new civilization, in which wealth and genius are spent in lightening the burdens of common life; the growth of an age of schools, hospitals, and almshouses, in

which the privileges of the few are giving ground before the rights of the many. Here these two forms of civilization meet and blend like daylight and evening in the western sky. Old memories are twined with fresh and budding hopes. The railway not only connects Venice with the mainland, but the past with the future. It is an ennobling thought, that the spirit of man is ever young, and that if it has ceased to speak in cathedrals and campaniles, it is yet vocal in railways, tubular bridges, and magnetic telegraphs. The productive power of nature, as it is differenced by space, shows itself in pine-trees or in palms; and from the teeming brain of man there springs in one age a gondola, in another, a steamer; at one period, a Cologne Cathedral, at another, a Menai Bridge. Let us be thankful that we, who are now alive, have both the old fields' and the 'new corn.'

VERONA — THE AMPHITHEATRE.

In Verona there are two things to be seen,— one by the eye, and one by the mind; the former is the amphitheatre, and the latter, Romeo and Juliet. The amphitheatre is interesting from the excellent preservation in which the interior still continues, thanks to the assiduous care with which it has been watched and repaired. There is little in such a structure to gratify the sense of the beautiful, but it satisfies the perception of fitness most completely. We see here that root of utility, out of which the flower architecture springs. The idea of an amphitheatre is simply that of a building in which he who is the most distant, in a horizontal line, shall have the highest place. This is the way in which a crowd, on any occasion of interest, dispose themselves. Those who are nearest sit or lie down; those who are less near stand; and those who are most distant climb upon trees or fences. Such an arrangement is favorable to the ear as well as to the eye. A speaker should never be above his audience. The best model for a building to speak in is that furnished by a cup, or bowl, in which the speaker shall stand in the bottom, and the hearers be disposed around the sides and the rim. A New England church, with the pulpit at one end stuck half way up the wall, is the worst of all arrangements for the voice. The amphitheatre is still used for public exhibitions. I hope no lover of the past will be shocked, when I confess that I could not help thinking what a capital place it would be for a political caucus or a mass meeting. It will hold twenty-two thousand spectators.

Verona is full of curious and interesting objects, but in a half day, which was all I had to give to it, little can be conscientiously seen. A hurried visit to the church of San Zeno left no impressions worthy of being recorded. The tombs of the Scaligers are elaborate structures, but they did not seem to me to be of a high style in art, and they are badly placed, in a narrow court, where they can be seen to no advantage. The best rose in the chaplet of that family is the generous protection which Cangrande afforded to Dante, and which he has more than repaid by his well-known lines in the seventeenth canto of the Paradiso.

VEILS.

I was in Verona on Sunday. The weather was fine, and the streets were filled with well-dressed persons of both sexes. Of the women, the majority wore veils, but a portion, apparently the higher classes, were in bonnets. In the comparison, the former had greatly the advantage. A veil seems the natural covering of the female head, because in its flow and folds it resembles the waving and floating of the hair, and it crowns and shades the face in the same manner. Its lines blend with the rest of the dress gracefully, and without abrupt transitions; and it can be so disposed as to suit every style of face and head. We are accustomed to bonnets, and do not recognise their essential ugliness, just as people, a hundred years ago, found beauty and becomingness in the powder, pomatum, wire, and crape with which the hair was tortured and deformed; but no one whose eye has rested for any time upon the beautiful head-dresses so common in Italy will ever be reconciled to the bold, staring front and incongruous ornaments of a bonnet. A veil is not only a beautiful piece of dress, but it is the most expressive and symbolical of all forms of costume. It is the representative of purity, gentleness, and modesty. It is hallowed by a thousand associations and traditions, and graced by a thousand poetical fancies. Its folds come floating to us from the distant East and the dim past. Art, in all its forms, welcomes and adopts it; but, before a bonnet, the poet drops his pen, the sculptor his chisel, and the painter his brush.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Verona is beautifully situated, with a boldly diversified surface, divided into two parts by the Adige, which is here a swift

and turbid stream, full of an untamed mountain youth, and sometimes doing much mischief in its boyish frolics. Over the whole town the spirit of Shakespeare broods. He is its spiritual lord. His immortal lovers have touched its towers with light, and mingled the breath of passion with its breezes. I believe there are no authentic memorials left on which the most credulous fancy can repose. The moon still shines as when Romeo talked with Juliet in her father's garden, but the walls which the lover 'o'er-perched,' and the 'fruit-tree tops,' have long since disappeared. That which is shown as Juliet's tomb has about as much claim to the honor as the barber's basin in Don Quixote had to be Mambrino's helmet. But as a man thinks, so it is. A porcelain nest-egg is to the eye as good as any other, and an old wash-trough serves well enough to call forth that unimaginative enthusiasm which is only aroused by some object addressed to the senses. The tomb which Shakespeare has built will outlast the amphitheatre, and endure as long as love and grief twine the rose and the cypress in the garland of life.

AUSTRIAN BANDS.

As I drove out of Verona, the band of the Austrian garrison was playing in the public square. It was difficult to believe that such delicious strains could proceed from figures so coarse and countenances so stolid. In Lockhart's novel of 'Valerius,' there is an old Roman soldier who had been at the siege of Jerusalem, and, in recalling its incidents, he says, that when the Jews came out to battle, their trumpets sounded so gloriously that he wondered how they ever could be driven back. Under the influence of music we are all deluded in the same way. We imagine that the performers must dwell in the regions to which they lift their hearers. We are reluctant to admit that a man may blow the most soul-animating sounds from his trumpet, and yet be a coward; or melt an audience to tears with his violin, and yet be a heartless profligate. A blind man would have said of these Austrian bands that none but heroes and patriots could breathe such strains. Perhaps, however, these poor fellows were possible heroes and patriots. If lower than their music, they were higher than their faces. A German without a heart is not often to be found. The feeling which these coarse men put into their playing was the voice of the soul, striving to break out of its rude prison. It was Ariel singing from the knotted pine. They were thinking of the

homes from which they had been torn; and the voices of their children mingled with the pathetic tones they drew from their instruments.

VERONA TO MANTUA.

The country between Verona and Mantua is flat and uninteresting. I reached the latter place at about six, crossing the 'smooth sliding Mincius crowned with vocal reeds.' It was entering the place in good company to have such shadows as Virgil and Milton at one's side.

As I reached Mantua at six in the evening, and left it at six the next morning for Parma, my journal, so far as that city is concerned, is a blank. The diligence was in form a lumbering omnibus, so rickety and infirm with age that it might have passed for the father of all omnibuses. It was drawn by three wretched horses, who were changed but once in the day. The distance was but forty miles, but it occupied nearly ten hours. The weather was hot, the carriage uncomfortable, the road dusty, and the country uninteresting; but more exhausting than all was the silent and suppressed rage in which I was kept by the brutal cruelty with which the driver beat his poor horses. My Italian was far too limited for me to remonstrate with any effect, for nothing is more ludicrous and ineffectual than the anger of a man who cannot make the object of his wrath understand him. I contented myself with wishing that his punishment in purgatory might be to be driven in a carriage by one of his horses on the box. This ill-treatment of the horses made the more impression upon me, because it is by no means common in Italy.

THE PO.

The Po was crossed in the course of the day in a most clumsy ferry-boat, — a tedious operation, and not without danger. This day's experience was a curious exemplification of the truth of the remark, that extremes are ever meeting. The infancy and the second childhood of a country have their points of resemblance as in man. Here, in this time-honored and historical land, there was the same low ebb of material civilization, — the same necessity for 'roughing it,' so far as the vehicle, the horses, the inns, and the ferry were concerned, — that there is in one of our remote Western States. The Po

here is a broad stream, with flat banks, and, as the water was low, with many gravelly islands in its bed. I did not like its looks at all. Indeed, a river of a more forbidding countenance I have never seen. It had a dark and sullen aspect, as if it enjoyed the mischief which it is so constantly doing. The latter part of the journey was much enlivened by the conversation of an amiable and intelligent young Italian, a composer of music, who told many amusing stories of Rossini, whose riotous and reckless humor is as marked as his musical genius.

PARMA — PICTURES OF CORREGGIO.

To Parma I devoted a day. The chief, and indeed only, attraction of this city is in the works of Correggio. It is only here and at Dresden that the peculiar merits of this fascinating painter can be appreciated. His frescoes in the cathedral from their great height and their injured condition, must be taken on trust, at least by an untrained eye. In the 'Camera di Correggio,' a small room once belonging to a convent of Benedictine nuns, his airy and graceful genius disports itself in a charming series of compositions, in which the smiling faces of children are happily blended with flowers and foliage; and over a projecting chimney is a fine figure of Diana mounting a car drawn by stags. The colors are much faded, but the admirable design is distinctly visible. In their fresh prime, these frescoes must have filled the room with the light and bloom of spring. No painter has caught the frolicsome grace of childhood more completely than Correggio. His children are not cherubs that have lost their way, in whose looks we trace a softened remembrance of their celestial home, but they are the most engaging creatures that ever romped upon a nursery floor, — with dimpled cheeks, and roguish eyes that seem equally loving and mischievous.

In the gallery are some of Correggio's finest easel pictures. Of these, the most celebrated is a Holy Family, commonly called the 'St. Jerome,' as the figure of this saint is a conspicuous object. This picture is open to the criticism, that its highest excellence is not found in its central and prominent parts. The Virgin is lovely but not divine, and there is a want of simplicity and repose in the child. But the Magdalen, who bends forward in an attitude full of tenderness and devotion, is one of the highest triumphs of art.

It is curious that almost nothing is known with certainty of the life and fortunes of Correggio. After all the researches of

modern zeal and curiosity, it seems yet an unsettled point whether he was rich or poor; sprung from an honorable or an obscure family. He is a mannerist in his style, and perhaps it is well for his fame that he has not left a greater number of works. The charm of his pictures, like the flavor of certain tropical fruits, might be impaired by frequency and repetition. No artist was ever born with a more exquisite organization, or a spirit more sensitive to the touch of beauty; but he wants dignity of sentiment and severity of taste. The same tendency to voluptuous excess which marks the poetry of Moore is perceptible in his finest works. He rarely falls into affectation, but he sometimes hovers very near the verge of it. His pictures charm and fascinate, but they do not lift us above the earth. He reproduces the light of female loveliness, the graceful movements of childhood, and the dewy freshness of foliage and flowers; but that mysterious depth of expression which plays around the brow, and looks through the eyes, of Raphael's cherubs, did not wait upon his pencil.

One of the most interesting places in Parma is the studio of the Cavaliere Toschi, one of the first engravers of the age. He has long been engaged in the important enterprise of engraving the frescoes of Correggio, on a large scale, and in the highest style of art.* This work, when completed, will make the merits of this great painter known as they never have before been known, and will mitigate the regret which one feels in seeing how fast the originals are disappearing.

THE ARCHDUCHESS MARIA LOUISA.

At Parma, I crossed a second time the path of the Archduchess Maria Louisa, for on the day that I was there she made her entrance, and was received by her subjects. The military were all paraded, and the weather was most propitious; but there was a sad lack of interest and enthusiasm. A colder reception could not be. It was like a theatrical pageant in which the actors performed what was set down for them, and nothing more. No man cried, 'God save her,' and even the children seemed to put on a perverse and most unnatural staidness. Her own bearing and expression were equally cold and indifferent The Archduchess has since died. A life like hers, unless it were elevated by a sense of duty, or sweetened by

* The Cavaliere Toschi has died since the date of my visit to Parma (1855.)

the gratitude and affection of her people, could have had but few satisfactions. A petty sovereignty, like that of Parma or Lucca, without any substantial power, must be the most stupid of burdens. To manœuvre a little plaything of an army, to regulate the duties upon a cask of wine or a cart-load of cheeses, to eat a solemn dinner in a large room, and to see always the same vapid faces, make up a dreary life, which the selectman of a New England village has no occasion to envy.

BOLOGNA — PICTURE GALLERY.

In Bologna alone, so far as my observation goes, can the genius of Guido be appreciated. That a man who could paint as he did should have painted as he did, can only be explained by his dissipated habits, and the needy condition in which they kept him. Entering the gallery with the expectation of meeting again the languid voluptuousness into which he so often declines, I was amazed at the power and grandeur which are here stamped upon his canvas.

The Victory of Samson is a noble work. The solitary figure in the foreground, it is true, is not so much a strong man as a seraph. There are no powerful muscles in the frame, and no evidence of exhaustion in the attitude. He has slain his foes by an effort of the will, and not by strength of arm. But the lightness, grace, and expression of the form, and the character of the distant landscape, touched with the rays of early morning, are most admirable.

The Crucifixion is a work of solemn and pathetic beauty. A dark landscape, a few figures struggling with love, adoration, and despair, are all the elements which art can use in dealing with such a subject, and Guido has here managed them with great power and great judgment. Of the numberless pictures of the Crucifixion, I should put this at the head, so far as my memory serves me, for dignity, pathos, and truth. No other artist gives to the scene such intense and overpowering reality.

The Massacre of the Innocents did not seem to me to quite deserve its great reputation. The kneeling mother in front is a beautiful and expressive figure, but the grasping of the hair by another is too violent an action, and the position of the lips, — the mouth being open for a shriek, — is revolting. The whole composition seems somewhat huddled and busy ; but the subject is so painful, that it is not easy to judge of the picture dispassionately.

The Madonna della Pietà is a noble picture, of some twenty

five or thirty feet high, nearly filling the end of the hall. It is in two parts. Below, are the patron saints of Bologna, and the city in the background; above, the Saviour is lying on a bier, partially draped, the Madonna standing on the farther side, facing the spectator; her face raised to heaven, and filled with the deepest grief and the most trusting resignation.

In this gallery are three pictures by Domenichino, the Martyrdom of St. Agnes, the Madonna del Rosario, and the Martyrdom of St. Peter, the Dominican — all admirable; full of power and dignity; characterized by elevation of sentiment and purity of feeling, and flowing apparently from a serious, earnest, and spiritual nature. I was much struck with a Deposition, by Tiarini, an artist of whom I had never heard before. There is also a beautiful work here by Perugino, the Madonna in Glory, with figures in the foreground; a little stiff in the attitudes and hard in the outlines, but full of sweetness, purity, and gentleness, with a wonderful light in the background. In the same pure and spiritual style are some very pleasing works by Francia, and Innocenzio da Imola. The St. Cicilia of Raphael, the great treasure of the gallery, did not seem to me to deserve the extravagant praises that have been bestowed upon it. Nor did I find in the works of the Caracci, which are numerous here, anything to tempt me away from those I have already named. From such examination as I gave them, they appeared to want vitality, to be faithful and conscientiously done, but rather manufactures than creations.

But the collection, as a whole, is one of the finest in Italy, or anywhere else. There are not only a great many good works, but, what is quite as important, there are very few that are not good. They are also in excellent condition, and have suffered little from the hand of time or of the restorer.

FOUNTAIN AND LEANING TOWERS.

The streets of Bologna are remarkable for their covered porticos, or arcades, a convenient shelter from an Italian sun. The fountain in the public square, of which the figures are by John of Bologna, did not satisfy the expectations raised by the praises of the seldom-praising Forsyth. The chief figure, — a Neptune, — appeared to me to want dignity and expression, and the whole work, to be deficient in simplicity. The leaning towers of brick, one of which furnished to Dante a most picturesque and characteristic illustration, impressed me the more, as I had never happened to hear of them, and they quite

startled me as I came upon them unawares. We read so much of the leaning tower of Pisa, that we feel something like a sense of injury at finding it does not incline more. These towers in Bologna are very ugly, and one half suspects them to have bent over on purpose to attract that attention which, in their normal state, they could not secure.

There are many interesting things at Bologna, but to see them would have required more days than I had hours at command. One of the first lessons a traveller must learn is renunciation, — the stern resolve not to seize more than can be grasped. The mind, like a trunk, can hold only a certain quantity; and as an overcrowded trunk cannot be shut, so an overtaxed mind falls short of its natural capacity of retention. The things seen should be proportioned to the time at command. Choose what seems most interesting, and let the rest go. Hurry as we will, we cannot make one hour do the work of two

THE UNIVERSITY.

No man, with any respect for learning and learned men, will leave Bologna without paying his respects to the shadows of departed greatness which still linger round the halls of her University, that once numbered ten thousand students, and diffused the light of cultivation all over Europe. Here the first dead body was dissected, and here the discovery of galvanism was made. This University has also had a peculiar honor in the number of its female professors. Here Novella d'Andrea, another Portia, lectured on the canon law, with a curtain before her face, lest the benefit of her teachings should be impaired by the intrusion of that 'doctrine,' which, as we read in Shakespeare, is derived from 'women's eyes.' Here, at various times, Greek, mathematics, and, strangest of all, anatomy, have been taught by female professors. The University of Bologna, though much declined, is still honorably maintained; and the names of Tommassini and Mezzofanti are proofs that medicine and philology have not been neglected in our times.

The University, as is the case with similar institutions generally in Italy, is nobly lodged, and enjoys the luxuries of ample spaces and 'magnificent distances.' Long galleries, stately halls, immense staircases, and lofty ceilings are proofs of how much more an architect can accomplish who is not compelled first of all, to guard against the cold. The necessity of furnishing artificial heat during two thirds of the year lays a

heavy restraint upon our Palladios and Sansovinos. I had only time to walk through a number of rooms, including a noble library, an anatomical museum, and a chapel. The walls of the court are covered with monuments and armorial bearings of the distinguished men who have been professors. This seems a judicious and praiseworthy plan. The energies of the living professors would naturally be quickened by the hope of earning this posthumous honor. They could hardly see these memorials without the thought,

'Forsitan et nostrum nomen miscebitur istis.'

The great difficulty would be to make the selection and draw the line of exclusion. It would be necessary, as the Romish Church does in canonizing its saints, to wait not less than fifty years after death, before the claims were passed upon.

PALACES.

In the Palazzo Bacciochi, the only palace I visited, there is one room full of interest and impressive teaching. It is a silent congregation of the Bonaparte family. There are full length statues of Napoleon and his mother, busts of his father, his two wives, his sisters, and their husbands. The bust of Pauline, by Canova, is an exquisite work of art. Several portraits, of no great merit, hang on the walls. From the evidence before us, the most bigoted legitimist must have confessed that the Bonapartes were born to an inheritance of regal beauty.

The palace of Rossini is one of the most conspicuous buildings in Bologna. It is thickly covered with Latin inscriptions, in large gilt letters, not always in the best taste. They are said to have been put on by the architect in Rossini's absence, and that he has allowed them to remain, either from indolence, or from the satisfaction which the absurdity of the thing gives him.

SNOW-STORM ON THE APENNINES.

From Bologna to Florence, I had the sharpest taste of winter that I have ever known, an experience for which we are hardly prepared in Italy. The distance is only about seventy miles; and yet I was three nights upon the road, detained by a snow-storm on the Apennines. From Pianoro, where I passed the

second night, to Pietra Mala, the snow was in many places five feet deep upon a level. The carriage, drawn by four supplementary oxen, reeled and plunged like a ship upon a stormy sea. The country people were at work, opening the road and clearing away the snow, but they made a great deal of noise, and accomplished very little. It was in striking contrast with the silent energy of our people. The inns along the road were dreary and uncomfortable, and in former times had a very bad reputation. One of them was the scene of a frightful series of robberies and murders, of which Forsyth gives a detailed account, quite as fearful, in its simple statement of facts, as the highly wrought horrors of the celebrated adventure in a forest, in Smollett's novel of Count Fathom. But the traveller will now meet nothing more formidable than damp sheets and indigestible suppers. There is as little danger upon this road as between Boston and New Bedford. The people are poor, but probably as honest as most men; and they certainly have sense enough to know that, in the long run, honesty is the best policy, and that, thronged as Italy now is with travellers, it is safer to fleece them all moderately in a lawful way, than to cut the throat of now and then a solitary victim, and thus kill the goose that lays the golden eggs.

The scenery of the Apennines is not very striking. There is none of the grandeur and sublimity of Swiss mountains. The outlines are not bold and marked, but drawn in gentle and unexpressive undulations. But in fine weather the valleys and deep gorges, thickly covered with trees, among which the oak predominates, must present many pleasing scenes. As I saw them, they wore a different expression, — of wild and gloomy desolation, — with snow, and brown, leafless woods, enclosed by dark-browed hills; above, a sullen canopy of leaden clouds, while near the horizon were strong gleams of brassy light falling in vivid masses upon the glens and kindling the distant summits. The landscape was stern and wild; and the region seemed to be the appropriate nurse of those manly qualities of strength, endurance, and fortitude, of which Italy has so much need.

CHAPTER V.

Florence — Florentine Architecture — The Cascine — Piazza del Gran' Duca — The Tribune — Statues in the Tribune — Pictures in the Tribune — Autograph Portraits of Painters — Busts of the Roman Emperors — Group of Niobe — Churches in Florence — The Cathedral, Campanile, and Baptistery — Works of Michael Angelo in San Lorenzo — The Medicean Chapel — Santa Croce — Santa Maria Novella — The Annunziata.

FLORENCE.

The beauty for which Florence is so celebrated is more in its situation and its environs than in itself. It occupies the central point of that longitudinal basin of the Arno which extends from Arezzo to Pisa. This valley of the Arno, which is only about one sixth of the whole extent of Tuscany, is a middle region between the mountains and the extensive plain of the Maremma which slopes in a south-westerly direction down to the sea; and it partakes of the character of both. Thus, Florence lies in the centre of an elevated plain or gently depressed valley, but the surface in the immediate neighborhood rises and swells in the most picturesque manner, and the Apennines, upon the north and west, interpose their brown and wooded crests. From any of the heights around, and especially from the hill of Fiesole, the view is enchanting. The eye encounters no unsightly blots in the landscape, nor is it wearied by any dreary monotony of forms. The earth itself here seems to be endued with something of the soft flexibility of water, so infinitely diversified are the outlines, and such various characters of grandeur, picturesqueness, and beauty, are assumed by the mountain peaks, the gently rounded hills, the long ridges of verdure, and the sloping plains. Florence itself is but the central point of interest in this delightful panorama. The whole region glitters with villages and country-houses, which crown the summits and nestle in the valleys, marking all the prominent features of the landscape with lines and points of light, and breathing into its inanimate forms the charm of a living expression. Through this smiling region

the Arno steals to the sea, a slender, thread-like stream, which has but little influence upon the landscape.

FLORENTINE ARCHITECTURE.

The streets of Florence are generally narrow, the fronts of the churches in many cases unfinished, and the prevalent architecture gloomy, massive, and frowning. The palaces carry back the mind to a period when a man's house was necessarily his castle, and was furnished with the means of resisting a sudden assault or a siege. The fronts of many of these edifices, however, are imposing from their simplicity, grandeur, and strength. A plain wall of dark stone, with hardly any embellishments or decorations, surmounted by a heavy but appropriate cornice, seems little calculated to awaken any suggestions or associations other than those of shelter or defence; yet, when under the shadow of these sombre structures, all the effect of the best architecture is produced upon the mind. We see that a certain form of beauty, even, is the result of careful adaptation of means to ends, and that as much of ornament has been bestowed as was consistent with the primary and essential idea of security. There are no graceful porticos, no projecting oriels, no 'coignes of vantage,' no colonnades, nothing to interrupt the lights and distribute the shadows; but, on the other hand, there are no incongruous decorations. The façade is not broken by capricious or irregular inequalities. It is severely simple, but not monotonous; and a deep cornice, the size of which is always proportioned to the height of the building, gives to the whole front an expressive meaning, similar to that which a commanding brow imparts to the human face.

THE CASCINE.

In Florence, beauty is always at hand and within call. Fiesole is within an hour's walk, and the nearer heights of Bello Sguardo and San Miniato, which are indeed just outside of the walls, command fine views; as do the elevated portions of the Boboli Gardens, which are attached to the Pitti Palace. Towards the west, along the banks of the Arno, at a distance convenient to very stout gentlemen or very fine ladies, lie the Cascine, an extensive tract of land belonging to the Grand Duke, and open to the public, who have the good taste to profit

largely by their privileges. Two carriage roads, a mile and a half long, run parallel to each other, one near the Arno, and the other at a considerable distance from it. These are bordered with hedges of laurel, myrtle, and laurestinus; and between them are plantations of wood, pastures for cattle, and game preserves, in which troops of quick-eyed pheasants are seen darting about with the security of barn-door fowls. A tract of level ground, extending along a stream which has no claim to be called beautiful, affords no great opportunity to the genius of landscape gardening; but it is laid out with good taste, and a person disposed to be pleased will find much to gratify that amiable trait, which is the best of travelling companions. If his choice be for woodland solitude, he can bury himself in the shadow of forest-trees, which, though planted by the hand of man, breathe the spirit of nature as fully as the oaks and chestnuts of the Apennines. He will hear no sound of human life; and, only from the smooth velvet turf and the many winding walks, which glide and turn and tempt the willing feet to explore recesses yet untrodden, and penetrate to browner shades, will he know that the hand of man has contrived this pure pleasure for him; and he will be grateful for the provident kindness which has thus brought the voices of the forest to refresh the ear and the spirit that are wearied with the din of humanity.

If, on the other hand, his tastes are for companionship and society, he will find the Cascine, during a portion of the day, a most agreeable place of resort. Here, in the afternoon, assemble all the gay world of Florence, native and foreign; some in carriages, some on horseback, and some on foot. Here may be seen the equipages and the manners of all Europe. An Italian prince drives four showy horses, for his own amusement and their exercise, in a sort of drag, looking like an omnibus with the roof taken off. Russia and France are also represented; but, as is the case all over the continent, the largest portion comes from England, that country which is loved by its people with such pugnacious patriotism, while they are always running away from its taxes, its dull climate, its sea-coal fires, and the grim exclusiveness of its society. Perhaps three quarters of the carriages are unmistakably English. They are known to be such by their air of finish and good taste, the excellent condition and sleek coats of the horses, the completeness of the harness and appointments, the modest reserve of the colors, the well-fed respectability of the coachmen, and the over-dressed women and haughty countenances inside. A wide circular space near the Arno is dedicated to the purposes

of a sort of social exchange. Here the carriages draw up, and the inmates descend or chat with their friends through the window The flirtations of the previous evening are resumed, or new ones are begun; smiles and greetings are interchanged, and even the solitary stranger cannot fail to catch something of that genial sunshine which is diffused over a company of well-dressed and well-mannered persons, speeding the lingering hours by hearing and saying pleasant things. This is the great resort of the flower-girls, so numerous in Florence; few of whom, however, commend their delicate wares by youth, good looks, or modest manners. Most of them are forward and intrusive, with features from which all expression, save that of hardy importunity, has been rubbed out by the grinding pressure of poverty. Woman is, herself, a flower, to whose bloom and sweetness the sheltered air of peace and security is essential. A losing struggle with life crushes the gentle and hardens the rebellious.

Among the crowd of heavy and substantial equipages which plodded along the Cascine while I was in Florence, was to be seen an airy fabric, whose slender body and gigantic wheels, giving it the likeness of an immense tarantula, proclaimed at once its transatlantic, or rather cisatlantic, origin. It was one of those New York wagons, if that be the respectful name, built mostly of hickory, which are as slight, wiry, and elastic as if made of steel rods, — the skeleton of a carriage disembodied of flesh and blood, looking as if it might be folded up after use and put into a great-coat pocket. The horses attached to it were in proportion. Instead of the heavy, burgomaster look and up-and-down tramp of their English cousins, their limbs were delicate, their heads and feet small, and their movements graceful. There was that about them which suggested at once the fire of youth and the wild freedom of the prairie. They darted to and fro among the other equipages as a swallow might frolic among a respectable flock of wild geese. The whole thing seemed emblematic of the country from which it had come; its flexibility, its youthful and unworn energies, and its go-ahead propensities.

The Cascine are themselves an unbroken plain, but on all sides the landscape is shut in by hills. The sunsets are seen here to peculiar advantage on that account. Towards the east, towers a range of the lower spurs of the Apennines, which, at the time of my visit, were often covered with snow. Upon these there lingered, long after the sun had set, those hues of purple and violet — a delicate veil of changing color — which, though not peculiar to Italy, are more often found there than

in any country which travellers are in the habit of visiting. The sunsets of Italy are not, on the whole, finer than those of our own land; but everywhere west of the Apennines there are either ranges of hills, or a solitary peak, on the eastern horizon, on which 'parting day lingers and plays' in evanescent hues, upon which the artist gazes with admiration and despair.

PIAZZA DE GRAN' DUCA.

One of the first places which a traveller visits in Florence is the Piazza del Gran' Duca, a place not imposing from its size, but interesting from its historical associations and the works of art which are here assembled. The prominent and central object is the Palazzo Vecchio, a massive and imposing structure, with enormous projecting battlements, and a lofty bell-tower stuck upon the walls in defiance of proportion, partly overhanging them, and disturbing the passers-by with a constant sense of insecurity.

After the attention has been withdrawn from this dizzy fabric, and the eye returns to the earth, it rests upon a variety of works of art, and finds no mean museum in the open air. The most prominent is the equestrian statue of Cosmo I., by John of Bologna, and one of his finest works. Near the Palazzo is the imposing Fountain of Neptune, by Ammanato, representing a colossal figure in a car drawn by horses, while nymphs, satyrs, and tritons sport around the margin of the basin, pleading by the grace and spirit of their attitudes, and not in vain, in behalf of the cold pedantry of the design. On either side of the doorway of the Palazzo is a work which holds a distinct place in the history of art. One is a group, Hercules slaying Cacus, by Bandinelli, in which connoisseurs profess to see some signs of the ferocity and haughtiness which characterized that artist, whose uncomfortable temper seems to have been at least equal to his genius. The other is a colossal figure of David, by Michael Angelo, which, unfortunately, I could not see, as for some reason or other it was shut up under a covering of wood, during the whole of my visit.

On the right hand, facing the Palazzo Vecchio, are three arcades, or porticos, entered by five or six broad steps, noble in size, harmonious in proportion, and tasteful in decoration. They were erected by Orgagna, in 1375, for the transaction of public business, and served at once as a town-hall and an exchange. Here the magistrates were inducted into office, and here the democracy of Florence were harangued by their

orators. Under the Medici, this spacious loggia was degraded into a lounging-place for the troop of mercenary Swiss and Germans which was raised by Cosmo I. to give splendor to his state and security to his power. These arcades now shelter a silent company of statues. Conspicuous among them is the Perseus of the fiery-hearted Cellini, not more from its own merits, than from the graphic account of its casting which the artist gives in those memoirs of his, which are written with as much fire and fervor as if he had dipped his pen in the melted bronze. The figure is erect, holding aloft the head of Medusa, and trampling on the misshapen monster at his feet. Some critics object to the form as too robust, and to the attitude as wanting in simplicity, but no one ever denied its animated life. Corresponding to this is a group in marble, by John of Bologna, a young man holding a maiden in his arms, with an old man at his feet, which, for want of a better name, is called the Rape of the Sabines. It is a daring and successful effort to put such a conception into marble, and shows at once the artist's powers, and his confidence in them ; but there is something strained, violent, and unnatural in the whole composition, and the eye grows weary in gazing at such overtasked muscles. Judith slaying Holofernes, a group in bronze by Donatello, suffers by its proximity. It is of the natural size, while its neighbors are colossal ; and it has more the air of an actress playing the part of Judith than of Judith herself.

Attractive, however, as this square is, few persons linger long in it, during the first days of their residence in Florence, for through it they pass to the celebrated gallery of pictures and statuary, occupying the upper story of a building called the Uffizii. Here, for the first time, the traveller from the North is made to feel the full power of art, for though Paris, Dresden, Munich, Vienna, Venice, and Bologna are rich in pictures, yet in sculpture there is comparatively little till we come to Florence. In the galleries and corridors of the Uffizii, we understand, as never before, what is meant by the antique, and see the Greek and Roman mind as it expressed itself in bronze and marble.

THE TRIBUNE.

At first, every one hurries to the Tribune, and probably no one ever opened the door of that world-renowned apartment, for the first time, without a quickened movement of the heart. The room is in shape an octagon, about twenty-five feet in

diameter. The floor is paved with rich marbles, now covered with a carpet, and the vaulted ceiling is inlaid with mother-of-pearl. It is lighted from above. Here are assembled some of the most remarkable works of art in the world. There are four statues, the Venus de Medici, the Knife-Grinder, the Dancing Fawn, the Apollino, and a group, the Wrestlers. On the walls are hung five pictures by Raphael, three by Titian, one by Michael Angelo, four by Correggio, and several others by artists of inferior name.

When the emotions of surprise, delight, and astonishment which seize upon the mind on first entering this room, and take captive the judging and reflecting faculties, have somewhat passed away, and reason resumes the throne from which she had been for a moment displaced, we are obliged to admit that objects too numerous and incongruous are forced upon the attention at once. First of all, it is not well to have the eye and the mind wooed at the same time by statues and pictures of the highest merit. The passionless and lunar beauty of sculpture has something that is in harmony with, but more that is alien from, the sunny glow of painting. In the natural day, moonlight and noonday are separated by a considerable interval of time and by soft gradations of changing light. Could we pass from one to the other in a moment, the shock would be nearly as great as is felt on stepping from air into water. And, in the second place, the pictures themselves are not congruous; at least, Titian's Venuses have no business to be in the same small room with Raphael's Madonnas. If we must have such works, let them not breathe the air of celestial purity which plays round those drooping brows and those serene lips.

STATUES IN THE TRIBUNE.

The Venus de Medici is the presiding genius of the place. She faces the door, and, from her central position, and the general inclination of her figure, seems extending a gracious welcome to all who enter. I hardly dare to set down the impressions which this celebrated statue made upon me. The courage with which Cobbett assails the supremacy of Shakespeare is a quality of doubtful value, and not to admire the Venus de Medici seems a solecism in taste nearly as singular. Perhaps my expectations were raised too high for any form hewn from marble to reach; at any rate, with a feeling like that of a single dissenting juryman in an exciting

case, I confess to a disappointment at first, which, though lessened by subsequent visits, never entirely disappeared. The statue is but four feet eleven inches in height, which gives a sort of doll-like character to the whole figure. The hands — a modern restoration — are unnecessarily bad: the head is small in proportion to the body; and there is a sort of vacant simper upon the face. There is certainly wonderful beauty in the undulating outline of the whole form. The lines flow into each other as softly and delicately as if the winds of summer had moulded the frame. But this seems hardly enough to call forth the raptures into which so many intellectual men have fallen over her. Admirable as is the workmanship, the expression has in it more of earth than of heaven. She is not a goddess, unconscious alike of her beauty and nakedness,— into whose bosom no ray of human passion or human weakness has ever darted,— but a lovely woman who knows her power and enjoys her triumphs.

If I was disappointed in the Venus de Medici, I found in the figure of the Knife-Grinder quite a new revelation of the power of art. As is well known, this statue is an enigma, to which no satisfactory solution has ever been offered. Indeed, whether he is whetting his knife seems somewhat doubtful. But as to its power there can be no doubt. The figure is unideal, and the face and head coarse, but every line glows with the fire of truth. It is a striking proof that a great artist may imitate commonplace nature without falling into vulgarity. The attitude is full of ease, and the face looks up with so penetrating a gleam of expression, that nothing can come between it and speech. This is perhaps not high art, but it is the living truth, and is well worth a wilderness of unexpressive wood-nymphs and round-cheeked Bacchuses. No artist could have achieved such a work, without long habits of observation, the most patient attention to details, and the greatest skill with the chisel. It seemed to me that a single look at this figure had given me a new insight into Roman life and manners; as if one of Terence's characters had been turned into marble for my benefit. The Wrestlers is a group of the same class, and of kindred excellence.

After the vivid truth and speaking nature of these two remarkable works, we are hardly prepared to do full justice to the soft, ideal beauty of the Apollino. It is like taking up the Phèdre of Racine, after laying down the first part of King Henry IV. The Dancing Fawn, a work full of spirit, and admirably restored by Michael Angelo, is a sort of connecting link between the two.

PICTURES IN THE TRIBUNE.

The pictures by Raphael, on the walls of the Tribune, are not ranked in the very first class of his works. Three of them are portraits; one is of an unknown Florentine lady, evidently an early work, not painted with a very confident touch, but full of delicacy and sweetness. Another is the head of Pope Julius II., that warlike and vigorous old man, whose active brain and fiery temper, untouched by the snows of seventy winters, are so familiar to those who are acquainted with the history of art during his time. It is an admirable picture, evidently painted with a pencil which took pleasure in its work, rich and deep-toned in color, and with so much expression and character, that we feel a perfect assurance of its being a faithful likeness. There is also a female portrait, which bears the name of La Fornarina, but is supposed by Passavant to be that of Beatrice Pio, an improvisatrice of that period. It is not an ideal head, but one of rich, glowing, and luxuriant beauty, suggesting perfect health, an impassioned temperament, and a pleasurable organization, — a face not made for solitude and contemplation, but for feasts, courts, and spectacles. The tone in coloring is Venetian; and, had I been asked to guess the painter's name, I should have said Giorgione.

Of ideal pictures there are two; a Holy Family, called the Madonna of the Goldfinch, from a bird held in the hand of the infant Saviour, — a picture of great sweetness, purity, and elevation, — and a St John preaching in the Desert.

These two pictures are not penetrated with that maturity and vigor which Raphael's genius subsequently attained, but they are full of those winning and engaging qualities which belonged to it in every stage of its development. Raphael is perhaps overpraised by those admirers of art who are not artists, and who judge of paintings not by their technical merits but by the effect which they produce; in other words, subjectively and not objectively. All the fine arts, poetry, painting, sculpture, and music, have something in common; something which all persons of sensibility feel, though such airy resemblances are not very patient of the chains of language. In the expression of this common element Raphael has no rival. Maternal love, purity of feeling, sweetness, refinement, and a certain soft ideal happiness breathe from his canvas like odor from a flower. No painter addresses so wide a circle of sympathies as he: no one speaks a language so intelligible to the common apprehension. There is something in his pictures at Florence which

recalls the early poetry of Milton. Like that, they flow from a mind into which none but forms of ideal beauty had ever intruded; like that, they are full of morning freshness, of the sense of unworn energies, of the most exquisite sensibility, and, like that, they glow with a light as pure as that which sparkled in the eyes of Beatrice in Paradise. Towards the painter, the dark cloud which overshadowed the closing hours of the poet was never turned. His life was a summer's day cut off before the noon. He is the Achilles of art, and his image is fixed in our minds as that of a youth, of immortal energies, ever aspiring, ever struggling, and ever conquering. Beautiful as are the works of Raphael, none surpass the perfect picture of his life. All contemporary testimony dwells with enthusiasm upon the gentle grace of his manners, the sweetness of his temper, his freedom from envy, and the readiness with which he communicated his knowledge to others. He breathed the atmosphere of love and admiration. In his behalf the common laws of man's imperfect moral nature were reversed. Before his transcendent genius, and the meekness with which its honors were borne, malice was silent and envy disarmed.

In Raphael's hands, art performs its highest, and indeed its only legitimate, function, because it helps to make us better men. There are many pictures extant, — some by eminent artists, to their disgrace be it spoken, — which degrade and sensualize the mind, filling it with impure suggestions, and giving strength to down-dragging impulses already too strong in most natures. There are others that are, morally speaking, neither good nor bad, that please for the time, and then leave us as they found us. They entertain us like a brilliant spectacle or clever pantomime, but they do not haunt the mind with images of remembered beauty. They do not float before us in our twilight walks, or paint themselves upon the wall, in visionary colors before our eyes, as we look up from our work. But the pictures of Raphael, and of every artist who combines genius with purity of feeling, are positively elevating and purifying influences. Nor is it necessary for the securing of these influences that the artist should have a distinct moral purpose in view; or should appeal directly to the sentiment of religion, as the early Italian painters do so exclusively. It is enough that the tone of his mind should be pure and elevated. Take, for instance, the Beatrice of Allston, — that admirable artist in whose soul the highest graces of painting, so long wandering and homeless, found a congenial abode. Here is merely the head of a beautiful young woman; but how full it is of the most persuasive moral power. The purity of soul expressed in

those gently drooping lids and softly closed lips derives fresh attractions from so perfect a representation of its moulding influence upon the clay in which it is enshrined. The mere sight of such a face is an argument in favor of a spotless life. Such influences are indeed momentary ; but of good influences how few there are that are not momentary, or at least evanescent? Temptation comes upon us suddenly and powerfully, like a tempest, but the virtue which resists it successfully has been slowly built up from a thousand nameless elements. Nothing is so small as to be despised ; nothing so trivial as to be rejected. The influence of works of this class is like the influence of nature. There is no necessary and inevitable relation between the beautiful scenes of the visible world, and moral well-being or well-doing, but it is certainly true, that just so far as a man cultivates a taste for nature, he cultivates a susceptibility to moral impressions. A lover of nature is not likely to be a bad man, because such a love preoccupies the mind so as to arm it against evil approaches. A vacant mind invites dangerous inmates, as a deserted mansion tempts wandering outcasts to enter and take up their abode in its desolate apartments.

There are three pictures in the Tribune which confirm, by contrast, what has been said both of the engaging qualities of Raphael's genius and of his purity of sentiment. These are the Holy Family, by Michael Angelo, and the Two Venuses, by Titian. The Holy Family is, obviously, a work of remarkable power, which an artist would examine with attention and improvement, but it is quite wanting in those graces which make the works of Raphael so attractive to those who are not artists. It is hard, cold, and rigid, and probably few persons ever look at it a second time. If we do more than justice to Raphael, we do less than justice to this picture of Michael Angelo. The great merit of Titian's paintings as works of art, and especially the magic of their coloring, no one can deny. The carnation hues of youth and beauty, and the soft undulating outlines of the female form, are painted as none but Titian could paint them ; and the effect is so dazzling and striking, that we can hardly persuade ourselves that it has not been produced by some process now lost to the pencil, or by the use of colors that modern chemistry cannot replace. But, as we look at them, we cannot help asking ourselves whether it would not have been better, on the whole, that they never had been painted. Is their excellence so transcendent, as to absorb the dangerous element involved in their subject? Is the unobjectionable range of art so limited, that, in order to secure all its

legitimate triumphs, it must wander into such slippery regions? These are questions which every one must decide as he feels: they belong less to the reason than to the primitive intuition. It is impossible to argue upon them, as they must be settled by the instinctive sense of fitness and propriety. It is not enough to say, that to the 'pure all things are pure.' The rule itself has its limitations, and, unhappily, all men are not pure; and for this, bad books and bad pictures are much to blame. An artist should never light his torch at the fires of sense. No subject should ever be painted which a man would hesitate to look at in the presence of his children, or of the woman that he loves, — and who will say this of a naked Venus?

Between these two pictures of Titian there hangs, in by no means a becoming proximity, a Holy Family, by Andrea del Sarto, a painter not of the very first class, but of great merit and who would have been a better painter, had he been a better man and not had a bad wife. The chief defects of his paintings arise from a want of elevated devotional feeling. The picture which hangs in the Tribune is esteemed the best of his oil paintings, and is full of sweetness, grace, and tenderness, — in short, of all the purely human qualities which belong to the subject.

I have no intention of writing a catalogue, and therefore pass over a number of pictures both in the Tribune, and the neighboring rooms, which are worthy of careful study, either from their own merits or their relation to the history of art. The Medusa's Head, by Leonardo da Vinci, is a very curious work, — elaborately painted, as all his pictures were, and attracting the gaze by a strange species of fascination. The hair is changed into serpents, and the contrast between the pale beauty of the lifeless countenance, and the hissing and undulating activity of the reptiles, renders it one of the most extraordinary pictures ever painted. What could have induced a man of such various and wonderful powers, with an organization so sensitive to beauty and all pleasurable sensations, to give so much time to a picture which we are afraid to look at steadily, lest it should start into life in our next troubled dream?

AUTOGRAPH PORTRAITS OF PAINTERS.

One of the most interesting parts of this collection is to be found in the rooms devoted to the portraits of painters, executed by their own hands. Here is that well known portrait of Raphael, which has been so often copied and engraved, that in the

minds of most persons the idea of Raphael always embodies itself in that form. There is an expression of melancholy in the countenance, which is more in unison with his early death than with the splendid success of his career. It is a face of feminine beauty, showing great delicacy of organization and refinement of feeling; but not, it seems to me, doing justice to the power, energy, and endurance which, in this great artist, were so remarkably combined with the finest attributes of genius. Dying before he had completed his thirty-seventh year, he is said to have left behind him two hundred and eighty-seven pictures and five hundred and seventy-six drawings and studies. To have done all this must have required not only unflagging industry, but a temperament of great activity and uncommon patience of labor, — qualities which do not shine through this sentimental and dreamy countenance. Not less interesting is the noble head and face of Leonardo da Vinci, calm and serene, showing a tranquil consciousness of superior power, and looking like a man who could do great things without an effort. Nor will the English or American visitor pass by, without an honoring pause of contemplation, the scholarly and gentlemanly countenance of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who has the good fortune to be remembered alike by his pencil and his pen, and whose discourses still remain the most sensible and judicious work on the principles of painting, in our language. The head of Vandyke, which looks at the visitor over the shoulder, has that air of refinement which we should naturally expect in one who was eminently the painter of high life. These, and a few others, will attract and reward attention, but the great mass of the collection is composed of names of very little note, — the illustrious obscure, who have died and made no sign; and if the beholder be of a moralizing mood, he will think of the vanity of human wishes and the uncertainty of human hopes. Of the many who start in the race, how few reach the goal! On what a broad table-land of mediocrity do Raphael and Correggio stand! Nature is prodigal of her germs, so that the life of every species may be prolonged, in spite of all sorts of exterminating influences: and, in the same spirit, she creates a swarm of inferior artists, so that we may pick out of the crowd, here and there, one whose works are worthy to live

BUSTS OF THE ROMAN EMPERORS.

The long corridors of the Uffizii are occupied with a great variety of works of art. Multitudes of paintings cover the

walls, most of them of little intrinsic value, though of interest to any one who would study the progress of painting. There is an immense collection of portraits, — rarely looked at except by some one in search of a particular countenance, — and numerous works in sculpture. Of these last, the most interesting is a series of busts of the Roman emperors. Most of them are curiously illustrative of the characters of the originals, as history has transmitted them to us; and furnish strong arguments in favor of the general truths of phrenology. In many of them we mark the square head, the short massive neck, the low narrow forehead, and the flat crown, which are the types of the animal nature, — the signs of gluttony, lust, intemperance, and cruelty. Such heads and faces throw light upon the pages of Suetonius. We observe also a progressive decline in the art of sculpture as the series goes on, the later busts being of inferior workmanship to the earlier. Mingled with these are many heads of the wives and daughters of the emperors, remarkable for the hideous style in which the hair is dressed. The taste which could have tolerated such deformities was so bad, that it could not have existed without the support of bad morals. A virtuous people would never have endured such disfigurements. Upon no part of the human frame has fashion laid such ruthless hands as the head; and we cannot be too thankful that we live in an age in which the hair is not defiled by powder and pomatum, or built up into those turreted and battlemented structures which provoked the wrath of Juvenal and the delicate satire of Addison.

THE GROUP OF NIOBE.

The group of Niobe has, very properly, a room to itself, for a work of such great excellence and such depth of feeling should be left to address the heart, unmixed with inferior or even different matter. Much has been written about this group, and much learning and ingenuity have been expended in conjectures upon its original disposition,* but all this curious

* Mr. Cockerell, an English architect, published in 1816 an essay, accompanied with a drawing, in which he maintained that the statues must have originally been placed in the tympanum of a temple. His arguments are ingenious and plausible, and his conclusions are generally adopted in England. M. Fulchiron, an intelligent and accomplished French traveller, however, dissents from this view, and reasons with much force in favor of the conjecture that they were arranged against a wall, at the height of the eye.

research is not necessary to a comprehension of its essential excellence. The statues are of various merit, and perhaps by different hands; but they are of a kindred style in art, and are conceived in the same spirit. They make at the first glance a strong impression of truth, earnestness, and sincerity. I should say, that the man or men who wrought these statues really believed in the legend commemorated. In drapery, attitude, and form, several of the figures are open to criticism, and have been admirably discussed by Mr. Bell; but I was well content not to observe these defects of detail. I seemed to be in the presence of a touching domestic tragedy, told in marble. The artist appeared to be swallowed up in his work. Nothing was done for mere display, or for the purpose of showing the skill of a practised hand. The majesty of the subject seemed to brood over the chisel and guide its edge. Judging ignorantly, and by the natural light alone, I should say, that they were the work of a period in which art was culminating, but had not reached its highest point of excellence. The grief of Niobe is feminine; deep, overwhelming, and hopeless, but not fierce or struggling. The dying youth is one of the most admirable figures in the world, full of expression, without distortion or extravagance; a serene image of death, at once mournful and soothing. This exquisite group is not very happily placed, the figures are arranged in the form of an oval, — the Niobe making the central point of interest, — a disposition which seems formal and unnatural; besides that it forces the attention upon the separate figures, and breaks up the unity of the whole, — which is directly contrary to the artist's design.

CHURCHES IN FLORENCE.

I was somewhat surprised to find so many of the churches of Florence unfinished. In nearly all the façade is wanting; and, instead of a rich covering of marble, wrought into graceful outline and dappled with light and shade, the eye is disheartened by a dead wall of brick or stucco, without form or color. Too much has been attempted, and the zeal of the builders has cooled, or their resources have fallen short, before the vision of beauty or grandeur has been completed. This disproportion between the aspiration and the performance may be a republican defect. To bring a vast design to its ripe completion requires perhaps the steady uniformity of monarchical institutions, and a political atmosphere undisturbed by the warring breath of popular faction.

THE CATHEDRAL, CAMPANILE, AND BAPTISTERY.

The Cathedral, a work which occupied a hundred and sixty years in building, owed its orgin to the devotional spirit of the people of Florence, while their liberties were yet in their own keeping. The decree of the Council, committing the enterprise to the charge of Arnolpho di Lapo, is framed in a strain of noble simplicity worthy of the best days of Rome.* Its crowning glory is the dome,—the bold conception of Brunelleschi,—the whole merit of which none but an architect can appreciate, though none but a common apprehension is needed to feel its overpowering effect. Rising from the smaller cupolas which cluster round its base, it appears to the eye the 'bright consummate flower' of architecture, encircled by its unexpanded buds. As some great men are properly judged only at a distance from their own times, so this dome is most imposing when seen from some one of the many heights in the neighborhood of Florence. There the grandeur of its bulk and the symmetry of its proportion disengage themselves from the objects around, and are felt in their full force. It seems a presiding presence over the whole city, and all inferior edifices pay homage to it, and recognise its higher claims.

The interior of the cathedral, imposing from its dim light and great extent, is full of that interest, so common to

* The following is the decree, as quoted by Valery:

'Atteso che la somma prudenza di un popolo grande, sia di procedere negli affari suoi di modo che dalle operazioni esteriori si riconosca non meno il savio, che magnanimo suo operare; si ordina ad Arnolpho capo maestro nel nostro comune, che faccia il modello o disegno della rinnovazione di Santa Reparata, con quella più alta e sontuosa magnificenza, che inventar non si possa, nè maggiore, nè più bella dall' industria e poter degli uomini; secondochè da più savi di questa città è stato detto e consigliato in pubblica e privata adunanza, non doversi intraprendere le cose del comune, se il concetto non è, di farle correspondenti ad un cuore, che vien fatto grandissimo, perchè composto dell' animo di più cittadini uniti insieme in un sol volere.'

'Whereas, the high wisdom of a people of noble origin demands that in the conduct of their affairs, they should proceed in such manner that their magnanimity, as well as their prudence, should be shown in all external works, it is ordered that Arnolpho, the chief artist of our borough, make a model or design for the restoration of Santa Reparata, in such fashion of exalted and sumptuous magnificence, that nothing greater or more beautiful can be contrived by the industry and power of man. And this is done in conformity with the resolution, publicly and privately expressed, of the wisest inhabitants of this city, that no works of common interest should be undertaken, unless there be a fixed purpose to do them in a manner corresponding to that great and general heart, which flows from the united minds of all the citizens, who, in this, have but one will.'

churches in Italy, derived from its being a mausoleum of greatness and a museum of art. Here reposes the dust of Giotto and Brunelleschi, in spots marked by commemorative busts; and the same honor is paid to the remains of Ficino, the great restorer of the Platonic philosophy. Upon the north wall is a portrait of Dante, of doubtful authenticity, representing him in a standing posture, in a robe of red, his head crowned with laurel, and holding an open book in his hand. The countenance is intellectual and melancholy, showing marks of pride, sensitiveness, and suffering; and whether an ideal head or a likeness, it is that which has been made familiar by Morghen's engraving and the outlines of Flaxman, and which rises up spontaneously before the mind's eye, whenever the name of Dante is mentioned.

The choir, an architectural structure of marble, is adorned with bas-reliefs by Bandinelli and his pupil, Giovanni della Opera, and behind the choir is an unfinished Pieta by Michael Angelo, whose fervid and impatient genius designed so much more than it could execute, in spite of industry, temperance, enthusiastic devotion to art, and a life of ninety years.

In the square where the cathedral stands, are the Baptistery and the Campanile, or Bell-Tower, structures which, so often in Italian towns, serve as architectural satellites to the principal church. The Campanile, the celebrated work of Giotto, rises to the height of nearly three hundred feet. It is Grecian, or rather it resembles the architecture of Greece by its regular outline, its uniform size, and its imposing cornice; but the lofty windows are Gothic in their ornaments. It is built of light-colored marble, adorned with statues and mosaics, and the whole execution is in the highest degree exquisite; but yet it seems to fail in the proper effect of architecture, and to be more admirable for the beauty of the details than for the imposingness of the whole. Its narrowness and regular outline give it an air of primness and monotony. Nor is uniformity of size in harmony with such loftiness of elevation. The Gothic cross, which narows as it soars, and ends in a point, is more satisfying to the eye. According to the original design of Giotto, a lofty spire was to have sprung from the top of the present structure; but the great expense of a work of such costly materials probably prevented its being executed.

The Baptistery is best known by its three bronzed doors, one by Andrea Pisano, and two by Ghiberti. Of the latter Michael Angelo said, that they were worthy to be the gates of Paradise. From this I had supposed them to be of large size, and my first impression was one of disappointment at finding them so

small. The execution is certainly marvellous. Skill, patience and genius are indubitably stamped upon the work; but, after all, they seem but an inadequate result of forty years of labor for that is the period Ghiberti was occupied upon them, according to Vasari. The figures are too small, the divisions are too numerous, and the bas-reliefs themselves have too large a share of the proper characteristics of painting. A gem, a mosaic, or a cameo may be examined with minuteness, but the patience becomes exhausted when the microscopic process is to be applied to so many compartments forming one surface. In such labors, the only compensation must be derived from the love of art itself; for the harvest of applause can bear no proportion to the laborer's toil.

WORKS OF MICHAEL ANGELO IN SAN LORENZO.

The church of Lan Lorenzo is interesting from its associations with the Medici family, and from the light shed upon it by the genius of Michael Angelo. In the sacristy, the traveller from the north first feels the peculiar power of this great artist. The room was designed by him, but it did not strike me as having much architectural merit. It has a formal, rectangular look, and too little shadow for a monumental chapel. Few persons, however, waste their attention upon the casket in which such treasures of art are enclosed. Here are two monuments in marble, by Michael Angelo; one to Lorenzo de Medici,* the grandson of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and the father of Catharine de Medici, and the other to Giuliano de Medici, the third son of Lorenzo the Magnificent. They are essentially similar in character and design: each consisting of a sarcophagus surmounted by a statue, and supported by two colossal reclining figures, one male and one female. Those on the monument of Giulano are called Day and Night, and those on that of Lorenzo, Morning and Evening; though there seems to be no reason why these appellations might not be interchanged.

These remarkable productions take deep hold of the mind, and supply materials for much reflection and some criticism. In the first place, we are inclined to ask, why did an artist of

* Madame de Staël confounds him with his grandfather, a mistake more natural and excusable than her unlucky blunder in supposing Leonardo Aretino, a most respectable scholar and writer, to have been Pietro Aretino, a licentious poet and worthless man; which is like confounding Sir Thomas Browne, the author of the 'Religio Medici' with Tom Brown of facetious memory.

such prodigious inventive power place two works, so similar in conception and design, so near each other? This fact can only be explained by the indolence, the impatience, the carelessness, or the preoccupation of mind, which pass sometimes like spots over the disk of the brightest genius. A similar solution must be applied to the use by Shakespeare, in 'Much Ado About Nothing,' of the same trick to melt the coldness of both Benedick and Beatrice. Again, what is the meaning and significance of the colossal figures? What have Day and Night, or Dawn and Evening, to do with sepulchral monuments in general, or with the lives and fortunes of Lorenzo and Giuliano de Medici? Did Michael Angelo mean to allegorize time and eternity, death and the resurrection, or the active and contemplative elements in the human soul, in these gigantic forms? He himself has left no interpretation of them, and his critics and biographers can only surmise and conjecture. And, lastly, the attitudes of these figures are harsh and constrained, for they seem to be kept in their places only by some violent muscular effort. A contagious weariness passes into the beholder's limbs from long looking at them. The forms, too, are exaggerated and redundant in muscle.

So much for criticism. But much more remains for admiration. If these monuments show the characteristic defects of Michael Angelo, they are stamped with all the grandeur and power of his original and unequalled genius. Here is nothing borrowed or derivative: no cold imitation of the antique, and none of the pipe-stem meagreness of mediæval art. A great artist has great ideas to express, and he uses marble for his medium; and the material becomes in his hands what the Italian language became in the hands of Dante.

The four colossal figures are of essentially the same character. Day is much unfinished, and probably none of them ever received the last touches of the chisel. But so strong is the expression of thought and intellectual power, that neither the colossal size, nor the want of perfect finish, lessens the authoritative grasp upon the mind of the observer.

But of a still higher order of art is the statue of Lorenzo. He is seated, and in armor, the face resting upon the hand. The figure is so full of character and expression, that all the details are unobserved. It has the dignity and repose of sculpture, and the individuality of a portrait. The mind is too much moved to stoop to the contemplation of a fold of drapery, or the position of a limb. The air of the figure is thoughtful and contemplative. It is that of a man meditating and absorbed by some great design, and not without a dash of the formidable.

There is something dangerous in that deep, solemn stillness and intense self-involution. Deadly will be the spring that follows the uncoiling of those folds. I recall no work in marble which leaves the same impression as this remarkable statue. Its power is like that of a magician's spell. Without losing the peculiarity of sculpture, it secures to itself some of the triumphs of painting. It is an entirely original work, and a distinct enlargement of the limits of the art: such a work as would have been pronounced impossible to be executed in marble, had it not been done.

In the same room is another work, also unfinished, by Michael Angelo, a Virgin and Child, a powerful work, and conceived in a reverential spirit, bu' not pleasing to the taste.

The first sight of these great works is a distinct epoch in the progress of one's training in art. Innumerable as are the antique statues which have come down to us, they have something in common, not easily described, but distinctly felt; just as the scholar perceives a kindred element in the history of Thucydides, the speeches of Demosthenes, and the tragedies of Sophocles. But these statutes of Michael Angelo take us into a new world of genius. He is the Columbus of sculpture He is

> the first that ever broke
> Into those silent seas.'

In his hands, form is subordinate to spirit, and is made to represent and express an idea. He awakens not serene or melancholy images of grace and beauty, but thoughts of life, death, and immortality. It is the Christian element speaking to us in marble, and claiming affinity with the Divina Commedia of Dante in poetry, and the Cologne Cathedral in architecture.

These great works are not happily placed. They are too near the eye, and thrown forward into too strong relief by the light-colored wall against which they are placed. Put them in a Gothic chapel, shroud them in becoming and monumental gloom, and remove them to the proper distance, and their whole power will be felt.

As I have before remarked, Michael Angelo, in spite of his long life and immense capacity of labor, left many unfinished works. In him, genius was tempered with sternness, impatience, irritability, and self-dissatisfaction. His conceptions seized upon him with a sort of demoniac possession, and became a presence not to be put by. He labored to escape from their overmastering tyranny, and flung himself upon the marble with that fervor and passion with which love embraces

and hatred grapples. But when the thirst of the soul began to be slaked, and the vision to be realized, — when he had torn from the block the form which was concealed in its mass, — the divine ardor relaxed, and the frost of indifference fell upon the mind and the hand. The short-coming of his labor — the chasm, which there always will be, in imaginative natures between the forms of things unknown, and the shapes into which they are converted — chilled and repelled him. He turned away in coldness from the block which had lost the morning beauty of hope and promise, to chase new visions, again to be disappointed.

THE MEDICEAN CHAPEL.

Appendant to this same church of San Lorenzo is the Medicean Chapel, a memorable monument of extravagance and bad, or, at least, questionable, taste. It is an octagonal room, crowned by a beautiful cupola, painted in fresco by Benvenuti, a modern Italian artist, of whom Valery remarks, with delicate consideration, that it is to be regretted that his talents were not adequate to the opportunity afforded him by so noble a dome. The walls of the chapel are encrusted with the richest marble and precious stones, — such as jasper, agate, and lapis lazuli, — and ornamented with the armorial bearings of the various cities in Tuscany, executed in Florentine mosaic. The cenotaphs of the Medicean family, which are ranged around the walls, sparkle with gems. Rubies, turquoises, and topazes are lavished upon them with a profusion which recalls our youthful visions of Aladdin's palace. No less than seventeen millions of dollars are said to have been expended upon this costly toy, which is still unfinished, and likely ever to remain so; and yet after all, the general effect is poor and unsatisfactory. This chapel confirms most impressively the lesson taught with inferior force, it is true, by the doors of the Baptistery and the Campanile of Giotto, as to the necessary limitations and restrictions of art. This principle may be expressed in an epigrammatic form by saying, that in art two and two do not always make four. The goldsmith and the jeweller accomplish their results by elaborate details and patient efforts, concentrated upon a small space. The effect which they leave upon the mind is the result of continued impressions. Not so with the architect: with him the first impression is everything. His art cannot endure a commentator. It must be its own interpreter, or else it cannot be understood. The natural use of gems is to embellish the

female form; to become a part of that beautiful whole, and to glow with the life which warms and colors the neck or the arm. For this reason we cut them into angles, so that the rays of light may be broken, and a new element of mobility and vivacity given to them. The price of diamonds, as is well known, increases in a geometrical ratio with the increase of size; but this is because the largest diamond is not bigger than an English walnut. Were they to be found as large as paving-stones, there would be no corresponding advance in price. A wall of diamond would be hardly more valued than a wall of glass; and a slab of pearl, not more than a slab of porcelain. The designer of the Medicean Chapel reasoned that if a Florentine mosaic of a few inches square be, as it unquestionably is, a beautiful thing, one of many square feet will be just as much more beautiful as it is bigger, and therefore he made the whole side of the room a mosaic. But therein he forgot the essential distinction between the jeweller and the architect. He lost the legitimate triumphs of the former, without gaining those of the latter.

SANTA CROCE.

I went to the church of Santa Croce in the expectation of seeing something externally imposing and beautiful. The Westminster Abbey of Florence I supposed would have something noble and majestic in its aspect, not unworthy of the illustrious dead who have been committed to its charge; but what was my disappointment when I saw a mere mountain of brick, with as little pretension to beauty or proportion as the gable of a barn,—an ugly, unfinished façade, more suggestive of a cotton factory than a church. The interior is venerable and imposing, dimly lighted by long and narrow Gothic windows of stained glass, and shrouded in the gloom which seems appropriate to a church of which the chief interest is in its tombs and its monuments. Here repose the remains of Michael Angelo, Machiavelli, Galileo, Leonardo Bruno, and Alfieri; and, though partially eclipsed by these greater names the visitor should not overlook those of Lanzi, the historian of painting, and Filicaja, the lyric poet: names not to be forgotten, so long as modest learning and poetical genius are honored among men.

'Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar!'

The people of Ravenna very properly refused to surrender to

the tardy justice of the Florentines the remains of the illustrious foreigner whose last sigh they had received; and Florence could only show her sensibility to the genius of her greatest writer, by the empty honors of a cenotaph.

Of the monuments in the church of Santa Croce, no one is in the highest style of art; and it is a little disconcerting to the stranger to find that the most magnificent of all is erected to the memory of a man of whom he probably never heard, the Chancellor Marsupini. Over all of them the genius of allegory has breathed from her lips of ice. Painting, sculpture, and architecture appear as mourners around the urn of Michael Angelo. Italy weeps over the dust of Alfieri. A figure, which may serve either for Political Science or History, crowns the monument of Machiavelli; and Poetry deplores the death of Dante. For a monument in a church, a mural tablet with an appropriate inscription, surmounted by a bust or a statute, is all that gratitude, sensibility, or good taste can require, and is always safe. The attempt to do more than this often leads to something tasteless and reprehensible, and when this danger is avoided, the value of a monument, as a memorial, is apt to be impaired by its positive excellence as a work of art.

SANTA MARIA NOVELLA.

The church of Santa Maria Novella is completed, a rare thing in Florence. The façade, an incongruous assemblage of Greek and Gothic forms, did not please me, but the interior, from its extent, its simplicity, and the happy disposition of its lights and shades, is very fine. Here is a famous picture by Cimabue, a Virgin and Child, larger than life, painted upon a gold ground. It is pleasant to read of the prodigious enthusiasm which this work excited when first exhibited, nearly six hundred years ago, for the gratification of Charles of Anjou, as he passed through Florence on his way to take possession of his kingdom of Naples; of the admiring throngs who rent the air with shouts of delight, and of the stately procession which bore it from the studio of the artist to its present place in the church. Much of this enthusinsm is to be ascribed to the fact, that the works of Cimabue were so much superior to those of his immediate predecessors, that painting in his hands seemed like the revival of a lost art. It was not merely that the sentiment of devotion and the sense of beauty were appealed to with a power unknown before, but that the national pride of

the people was gratified, and stirring hopes for the future awakened. As works of art multiply, they form the standard by which they themselves are tried. We judge, compare, and discriminate. Our admiration is more regulated and less ardent. It was just so with the first specimens of sun-painting. We had nothing to give but amazement and delight. But, now, we coolly measure the works of one man or one country with those of another, as we compare Titian with Raphael, or Morghen with Longhi. As for the work of Cimabue itself looking at it with the natural eye of this period, it seems stiff and grim,— more curious than beautiful; yet with an expression upon the countenance in which sweetness and dignity are blended.

But the most obvious and interesting associations with this church are secular, not to say profane. It is here that the opening scene of the Decameron is laid. Here Boccaccio represents himself as meeting that knot of graceful Florentine ladies, who, wearied with the universal dislocation of society occasioned by the ravages of the plague, resolved to retire awhile into a neighboring villa, and amuse themselves with innocent recreations. We read that these fair worshippers were shocked with the demoralizing effects of the pestilence which was raging around them, and yet we find them, as every reader of the Decameron knows, listening to stories which, in our times, it would be impossible for one gentleman to read aloud to another. In this respect we have made progress. It is mere paradox to say that vice has fled from the lips to the heart. Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaks. The purification of literature is a sign of a higher moral standard, and is mainly due to the better position and greater influence of woman.

THE ANNUNZIATA.

The church and conventual buildings of the Annunziata contain many interesting objects. The frescoes in the vestibule, or atrium, many of which are by Andrea del Sarto, are of high merit. The subjects of several of them are drawn from the life of an eminent saint, Filippo Benizzi. One of them is a curious instance of the power of religious bigotry to destroy the simplest elements of Christian morality. The saint is walking in the country. Some gay young men, playing at cards under a tree, laugh at his uncouth appearance whereupon, he prays to Heaven, and the young men are struck

with lightning. It is strange that the ecclesiastics who invent such stories, and cause them to be painted, do not reflect that nine men out of ten who read such legends, and look upon such representations, will keep one half the lesson and throw away the other, — will take the vengeance and reject the saintly life. Jesus of Nazareth, with lips convulsed with the agony of the cross, prayed that his murderers might be forgiven, but his disciples limit their forgiveness to sins which they themselves have committed.

In one of the cloisters of this church is the Madonna del Sacco of Andrea del Sarto, a fresco painting of great merit, not only in drawing and coloring, but from the simple originality of the design. It brings out more fully the human element than is usual in the treatment of this subject. It is a family — father, mother, and child — disposed in a natural group, not sitting for their portraits, but as if the artist had looked in upon them where they were unawares

CHAPTER VI.

Giotto's Portrait of Dante — Raphael's Fresco of the Last Supper — The Casa Buonarotti — The Pitti Palace — The Boboli Gardens — The Museum of Natural History — The Laurentian Library — The Academia delle belle Arti — Environs of Florence — Church and Convent of San Miniato — Galileo — Poggio Imperiale — Bello Sguardo — Fiesole.

GIOTTO'S PORTRAIT OF DANTE.

WITHIN the last ten years, two interesting discoveries have been made in Florence. One is the portrait of Dante in the Chapel of the Palazzo del Podestá, by Giotto. This Palazzo is a singular structure, built in a rambling and uncouth style; and now used as a prison. Upon the walls of the cortile are seen the armorial bearings of a long line of magistrates of Florence. The room in which the portrait was discovered had lost the aspect of a chapel, and had been used as a storehouse for the prison, or some similar office. Perhaps it is hardly correct to say, that the portrait was discovered, as there must always have been some persons who knew that this work and many others were there, and might be found if any one would take the trouble to remove the whitewash which had been daubed over them. Fond as the Italians are of whitewash, — a fact which the traveller soon finds out, to his cost, — it is quite inexplicable that the Florentines, with their reverence for Dante, should not have spared his portrait, or that any magistrate, or man in authority, should not have been deterred by a wholesome fear of public opinion, from committing or allowing such an act of sacrilege. But for many years — even generations — the portrait slept in its shroud of white, and there would have slept till the last syllable of recorded time, had its resurrection depended upon indigenous reverence, energy, and enterprise. A few English and American gentlemen — among whom, our distinguished countryman, the late Mr. R. H. Wilde, was conspicuous — resolved to make the attempt to uncover it, and after repeated applications, and all

sorts of aiding influence, the supineness or distrust of the government was so far overcome as to give these gentlemen a reluctant permission to remove the whitewash at their own expense.

The result answered to their hopes. After a coat of whitewash, in some places an inch thick, had been taken off, the portrait was found. It represents the great poet in the prime of life, before sorrow and struggle had sharpened and deepened the lines of his face, and made it that record of outraged pride and wounded sensibility which it became in his declining years. The brow is ample, the nose straight, and the features regular: a countenance at once intellectual and handsome. The dress is a long, flowing robe, and the head is covered with a sort of hood, or cap. Whatever merits as a work of art it may have had, have been sadly impaired by what it has been through; but no one will deny that it is a precious waif snatched from the wreck of time.

RAPHAEL'S FRESCO OF THE LAST SUPPER.

This fresco, by Raphael, is in what was once the refectory of the convent of St. Onofrio, used at the time of the discovery as a coach-maker's shop. It represents the Last Supper, and is an early work, painted before the great master had entirely thrown off the stiffness and hardness of the school in which he had been trained. Judas sits apart from the other apostles, as if already an outcast, or, at least, an object of suspicion. This is an obvious sacrifice of dramatic propriety to the imperative claims of the church. It will be remembered with what skill Leonardo da Vinci has met the two requisitions, and designated the traitor, as yet unknown, by his darkly-lowering countenance and the overturned salt. The fresco has the easily recognised quality of Raphael's genius, — its purity, elevation, and tenderness. The faces are full of character and expression. In the background is a landscape representing the agony in the garden. The room in which the fresco is painted has been cleaned, furnished with seats, and, with the liberality so general in Italy, thrown open to the public without charge.

THE CASA BUONAROTTI.

One of the most interesting objects in Florence is the Casa Buonarotti, the residence of Michael Angelo, and still occupied

by descendants of his family, who study to keep the house of their illustrious kinsman as nearly in the state in which he left it as possible. One of the rooms — the first into which the visitor is shown — is filled with paintings upon the walls and ceiling, illustrative of various events in the great artist's life. In the same room is a bas-relief, by Michael Angelo himself, representing a combat with Centaurs, and also an oil painting by him. In his study are several memorials of him: his sword and walking-stick, some arm-chairs, which, as we were told, belonged to his great-grandfather, and looking uncomfortable enough to justify any antiquity. The walls are hung with drawings from his hand. In another room is a bronze bust of him, by John of Bologna, hard and expressive; and a portrait taken a short time before his death. The arched ceiling of one of the rooms was designed by him, and has a very noble effect, showing that great space is not essential to produce the impression of grandeur. The rooms open into each other. Some of the original furniture is still sacredly preserved. It was rather odd to be conducted over the house of Michael Angelo, as I was, by an English maid-servant, who seemed to have rarely the privilege of using her own language, to judge by the extent to which she availed herself of the opportunity of my ears. The sensibility with which the Italians cherish the memory of their great men is a most honorable trait in the national character. The house in which Machiavelli lived is designated by a tablet, and nearly opposite to it is that of the historian, Guicciardini.

THE PITTI PALACE.

The Pitti Palace, a splendid structure, was commenced for himself, by Lucca Pitti, a vain, weak man, elevated to great power by a sudden turn of political fortune. It finally passed by purchase, and while yet unfinished, into the possession of the rival family of the Medici, and furnishes an instructive commentary upon the saying, that fools build houses and wise men buy them. Johnson might have found, in the varying fortunes of the founder of this palace, a vivid illustration of the vanity of human wishes. Machiavelli paints, in energetic language, his short-lived splendor and his sudden fall, not omitting one characteristic touch of selfishness and ingratitude, which strongly marks the powerless obscurity into which he had declined, that many articles of value which had been pressed upon him as presents, in the brief day of his elevation, were

reclaimed by the donors as loans, when the tide of fortune had turned.

Of all the royal residences which I have seen, the Pitti Palace is the most desirable to live in, particularly when the attractions of the gallery are taken into account. The architecture of the façade is heavy, massive, and sombre; but that of the cortile is rich and magnificent. The rooms are spacious and imposing, and the whole air of the palace truly regal. There is nothing that speaks of decay or neglect: no faded splendor and no mouldering magnificence. It is a house to live in, as well as a palace to look at. But, in visiting it, it is difficult to think of any thing but its treasures of art, as, in recalling it to the mind, little else returns. Here are nearly five hundred pictures, many of them of the highest merit, and very few that are not good. No other collection of paintings which I have seen approaches it in excellence, with the single exception of the Dresden Gallery; and between these two it would not be easy to award the palm of superiority. If a person could see but one, I should advise him, on the whole, to choose the Dresden Gallery, because it comprises a greater variety of artists and schools, and because of the unique Correggios and the incomparable Madonna di San Sisto, which are there; but if, after having seen them both, the privilege were offered of seeing one, and one only, a second time, the decision would be embarrassing, and probably quite as many would take the Pitti Palace as the Dresden Gallery. So far as arrangement and position are concerned, the advantage is decidedly with the Florentine collection. The pictures are well-disposed and hung in favorable lights; the walls are not crowded; there are no gloomy vaults of shade and cold, to chill the heart and strain the eye, but the sun streams in through spacious windows in rich and enlivening masses. The noble apartments are furnished with comfortable couches and chairs for the repose of weary limbs; and a traveller soon learns that there is no employment so exhausting as walking through a gallery and looking at its pictures. This splendid collection, with a liberality worthy of the highest praise, is thrown open to the public every day, without fee; and the humblest stranger who visits it is treated as if he were conferring, rather than receiving, a favor.

Here, as elsewhere, most visitors first seek out the Raphaels. The most celebrated of his pictures in this collection is the Madonna della Seggiola, so widely known by engravings. It is a work of great sweetness, purity, and tenderness, but not representing all the power of the artist's genius. Its chief charm, and the secret of its world-wide popularity, is its happy

blending of the divine and the human elements. Some painters treat this subject in such a way that the spectator sees only a mortal mother caressing her child; while, by others, the only ideas awakened are those of the Virgin and the Redeemer. But heaven and earth meet upon Raphael's canvas: the purity of heaven and the tenderness of earth. The round, infantile forms, the fond, clasping arms, the sweetness, and the grace belong to the world that is around us; but the faces — especially that of the infant Saviour, in whose eyes there is a mysterious depth of expression, which no engraving has ever fully caught — are touched with light from heaven, and suggest something to worship as well as to love.

In the same apartment, upon the opposite wall, is another work by the same inspired hand — the Madonna dell' Impannata (so called from a window closed by cloth instead of glass) which, though impaired by time and restoration, impressed me as superior in power and originality to the Madonna della Seggiola.

In another apartment is the Madonna del Baldachino (of the Canopy). The Virgin is seated upon a throne, raised upon three high steps, at the extremity of the temple. A canopy, suspended from the roof, hangs over the throne, and two angels draw aside the curtain, in order to show the Virgin. Four fathers of the church stand beside the throne, and two angels are reading a scroll at the bottom of the steps. This is one of Raphael's earlier works, and, from its resemblance to the style of Fra Bartolomeo, was doubtless painted under his first impressions of the power of that great artist.

There are also four portraits by Raphael. The finest is that of Pope Leo X. with two cardinals. The pope is seated before a table covered with a cloth. A richly sculptured bell is within reach, and he holds a reading glass in his hand. The features are strong, but not fine: the expression is that of a man who had always had his own way, and always meant to have it. It is evidently not a flattered likeness. The attendant cardinals are most speaking and characteristic faces. This is a grand picture, and the figures, being portraits, have all the interest of history.

This gallery is also rich in the productions of Andrea del Sarto, a very pleasing artist, who came very near being a great one. But he is a decided mannerist, which no man truly great in art ever was. His pictures have the strongest family likeness, and even the dresses of his Virgins seem all to have been cut from the same piece of cloth. His Holy Families, as compared with those of Raphael, are like Lalla Rookh to

Comus. Still, he is a delightful artist, and probably paints as well as a man can who never breaks loose from the passions and weaknesses of earth.

Among the other striking pictures of the collection, is a sublime St. Mark, by Fra Bartolomeo; the Three Fates, by Michael Angelo, hard, powerful, and impressive; the portrait of an unknown lady, very carefully painted, by Leonardo da Vinci,— the hands, especially, most elaborately and beautifully finished; the Conspiracy of Cataline, by Salvator Rosa, a picture of considerable power, but wanting in dignity and elevation; a beautiful St. Francis in meditation, by Cigoli, a Florentine artist of much merit, whose name I had never before heard. There are three works by Rubens here, all excellent in their kind. One is a group of portraits of himself, his brother, and the two philosophers, Lipsius and Grotius. The attitudes are easy and graceful, the coloring admirable, and the faces full of life and expression. The other two are landscapes, — not transcripts of a beautiful or picturesque country, but carefully painted, and with an attention to details quite remarkable in an artist of such fervid power and inexhaustible invention. The coloring is not showy, but honest and natural. These two pictures grew upon me at every visit, not certainly as works of the first class, and never to be named in comparison with some of the splendid productions around them, but rather as instructive illustrations of Rubens's views of art. Certainly, no man ever wielded a bolder and freer pencil, but here he sits down to paint a homely landscape, and does it in as patient and conscientious a way as if he were drawing from a camera lucida. Here are no pulpy rocks, no hills of canvas, and no velvety grass. The details are not slobbered over, nor is every thing sacrificed to the general effect. They are as true as a scene from the windows of a Flemish farm-house.

In the same apartment with the Madonna della Seggiola are two portraits, one of Cardinal Bentivoglio, by Vandyke, and one of an old man, sometimes called Cornaro, by Titian. Portrait painting can hardly go higher than it has done in these noble works. At first, the attention is more attracted to the portrait of Bentivoglio, the costume is so splendid, and the head is so full of intellect and refinement. The gentleman and the scholar are stamped upon every line of the countenance. The face of Titian's old man is not so elevated and intellectual, but with every look it draws the gaze more and more. Such truth, such power, such color! It is the perfection of portraiture. Between two such works, comparisons

are particularly odious; and it is an ungracious and ungrateful office to seek to exalt one at the expense of the other. They hang together like a young moon and the evening star in a summer sky. Neither loses, but each gains, by the other's presence.

A Magdalen, by Titian, has stamped itself upon my memory as deeply as any picture in the whole collection, and is quite characteristic of the manner in which that magnificent painter treated a subject. The Magdalen is a woman who has led a life of sin, and is now repentant. Hence, the idea of a Magdalen involves two elements, the previous sin and the present repentance. In the early painters, the dominant feeling was of repentance. The forms are meagre, the cheeks wasted, and the bloom and grace through which she fell are gone. But Titian was a man of such exuberant temperament, and so full of strong life, that the beauty and the passion were the predominant ideas in his mind when he formed a conception of the Magdalen, and they guided his pencil when he developed it upon the canvas. The picture beams with betraying and bewitching beauty. The luxuriant fulness of the figure, the rich, ripe cheek, the eyes whose passionate fire is not quenched by the tears which fill them, and the wealth of golden hair — such hair as none but Titian could paint — have more of earth than of heaven, and breathe an atmosphere of mortal enchantment, which fascinates and fixes the wandering gaze.

In the Hall of the Education of Jupiter (so called from the painting on the ceiling) is an anonymous female portrait, ascribed to Raphael. At any rate, it is a most excellent picture. The face is not one of rare beauty, nor is it in the earliest bloom of youth, but it is a winning and cordial face breathing gentleness, warmth of heart, and resolute firmness of purpose, were it needed. It is, too, a domestic countenance, suggesting a happy wife and mother, and a home brightened by an active spirit and a loving nature. There is so much character and such marked individuality in the countenance, that we cannot pass it by as a mere 'Portrait of a lady.' We are constrained to pause and speculate, and to say to ourselves, 'Who were you that look out of the canvas with that loving, sensible, animated face?' But we ask in vain. It is a fragment of the past, telling no story, and linked to no associations. Who she was — where and when she lived, with whom her fortunes and her affections were entwined — are left to conjecture. It is a face without a history.* Near it is a St. Andrew kneeling

*The portrait is generally said to represent a mistress of Raphael, and it may be so; but the expression of the countenance does not confirm the

before the Cross, by Carlo Dolce, a feeble and affected picture, as most of the works of this artist are. Carlo Dolce is a painter against whom one gets in time to feel a sort of personal spite. His red-bordered eyes, his affected attitudes, and his sickly sweetness soon disgust and weary. A gallery of his works would be as cloying as a dinner of sugar-candy.

Canova's statue of Venus finds a home in the Pitti Palace. She stands upon a pivot, and can be turned so as to be seen in various points of view. If I was a heretic before the Venus de Medici, I was a downright infidel before Canova's. It seemed to me that the artist had tried to produce something that should be more beautiful than beauty; as if a painter should try to paint a picture which should be bluer than blue, or redder than red. The true line of grace is thus overstepped, and prettiness and affectation are the result. There is a want of simplicity and repose in the whole figure. She is huddling her drapery about her, and, at the same time, an expression in her face seems to says, 'Am I not doing it becomingly?'— reminding one of a veteran belle who covers her face with her fan to hide the blush that should be there, and at the same time looks through the sticks to observe the effect. Canova's skill with the chisel was unrivalled, and the mechanical execution of this statue is exquisite; but this is small praise. If a statue does not speak to the mind and the heart, it is but a stone after all.

In one of the rooms is a picture of Judith and Holofernes, of no very high merit, and by an artist whose name I have forgotten, in which, however, contrary to the common practice of painters, the right moment is taken. This is a subject frequently painted, especially by Allori, one of whose repetitions is also in the gallery of the Pitti Palace; and another belongs to the Boston Athenæum. But how does he represent it? We see a woman of magnificent beauty, richly dressed, with a ghastly head in her hand, and attended by a servant; a picture powerfully colored, but with as little of sentiment or emotion in the figure, as if she were a butcher's wife carrying home a calf's head to a customer. The artist has chosen the wrong moment. The deed has been done. The glow and excitement have passed away, and the languor of exhaustion has succeeded. Every action or incident has its point of most intense interest, — its flowering moment, so to speak, — and this

conjecture, for it is pure and noble. It is a common trick of biographers and catalogue makers to give this appellation to every portrait of a young female which they cannot identify, and often with great injustice. Painters are not better than any other men, but certainly not worse.

the artist should select. In the case of Judith, that point is the instant when, her womanly weakness overcome by patriotism and devotion, she raises the sword to strike her sleeping victim. All before is preparation: all after is retrospect. This is the time chosen by the painter of the picture first mentioned.

The attractions of the Pitti Palace are not exhausted by the paintings that hang upon the walls. The ceilings are elaborately painted in fresco, — in several of the rooms, by Pietro da Cortona, — the subjects being all sorts of fantastical and unintelligible allegories; and if one is willing to forget the allegory, and wrench his neck off his shoulders in examining them, he will find much to admire in the grouping and coloring. There are also some twenty or thirty tables of Florentine mosaic, — in themselves works of art, representing fruits, flowers, animals, landscapes; and I remember one imitating a breakfast service in the natural disorder of a half-finished meal. These tables are so beautiful that it seems hardly fair to put them in the same room with pictures of such paramount attraction. They deserve to be examined without the intrusive proximity of superior claims. The grapes glow with the bloom and dew of life, and the flowers are as fresh as if they had just been brought in from the garden and laid upon the table. No mechanical manufacture produces such beautiful results as the Florentine mosaic. Of course, such tables are too fine for use, and can only be looked at; and when we are told that some of them have cost a sum of no less than eighty thousand dollars, it seems paying far too dearly for this pleasure of the eye, and the enjoyment of beauty is rebuked by the sense of disproportion.

THE BOBOLI GARDENS.

Behind the Pitti Palace are the Boboli gardens, which are laid out in that artificial style which in our country we know only from description. All is formal and regular. Trees are planted in rectangular rows, and their branches so trained and interlaced as to form long, cathedral aisles of foliage, as if a lateral shaft had been cut in a solid mass of fresh green. In these very gardens, Milton may have had suggested to him his image of the Indian herdsman,

> 'that tends his pasturing herds
> At loop-holes cut through thickest shade.'

The whole fashion of the place speaks of the luxury of shade, and of defences against a tyrannous and intrusive sun. For this end are reared those high, verdurous walls to refresh the eye, dazzled with the fervors of a summer's noon; for this, grottoes are hollowed out of the rock, and sun-proof roofs of foliage are woven where the freshness and coolness of the morning long lingers and slowly retires. At every turn, the stranger encounters statues, standing singly or in groups, — some colossal, some quaint, and some imposing, — some carved by hands no less illustrious than those of Michael Angelo, and others by John of Bologna. The ground is very irregular in its surface; and this inequality makes the formality of the style less offensive. From the heights in the rear of the palace, a fine view of Florence is obtained.

To me there was a great charm in these gardens. They are open to the public twice a week, and I never failed to visit them on those days. At noon, in that genial climate, the sun was warm enough to reconcile one to their peculiar character, and to aid the imagination in forming a picture of their summer fascinations. The rose still lingered about the walks in fearless beauty. At the end of the gardens is a fountain, or, more properly, a small circular basin of water, in which are three colossal statues, which claim to represent rivers. This sheet of water is enclosed by a thick belt of trees and evergreen shrubbery; but a broad, smooth margin of marble and turf is left between the two, which was the favorite sporting-place of the English children in Florence, whose mammas and nurses made this spot a sort of infant exchange. Here they were found of all ages and sizes, from the baby of two summers, that could do little more than crow and clap its hands, to the little damsel of ten or twelve, already beginning to draw herself up and look dignified. Their animated movements and happy voices gave life and music to a scene worthy of the pencil of a Correggio or Albano. There are no children so beautiful as English children. The good constitutions they are born with, the great care with which they are reared, their simple food, their abundant supply of fresh air, and their living and sleeping in cool rooms, not poisoned by the breath of furnaces, — give them a vigor, bloom, and energy of movement, easily distinguishing them from their continental contemporaries. I did not 'sigh for their sakes that they should ever grow older;' for the notion that mature life brings with it more of suffering than of satisfaction is a disparagement of the wisdom and goodness of God, who has made a world which men and women are to carry on, and which, as Paley says, 'is a happy

world, after all.' Yet there was a sigh called forth by the sight of these fairy creatures. It did not flow from recollections of blessings given and withdrawn, once bitter, but long since mellowed into softness and tenderness, but rather from that mysterious law in our nature which mingles a shade of sadness, or, at least, of pensiveness in our finest emotions.

'As frighted Porserpine let fall
Her flowers at the sight of Dis,
Even so the dark and bright will kiss .
The sunniest things throw brightest shade,
And there is even a happiness
That makes the heart afraid.'

THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

This noble institution, which is daily open to the public, occupies a building immediately adjoining the Pitti Palace. The collections in mineralogy, geology, and ornithology, are said to be good, and to be constantly increasing by the liberality of the Grand Duke. But to the casual visitor, at least, the most striking part of the collection are the models in wax, which are distributed through fifteen apartments. They comprise preparations of every possible variety, colored with the utmost fidelity, and elaborated with the most patient minuteness of detail. The arrangement, to my unscientific eye, seemed excellent; presenting the muscular system, the blood-vessels, the organs of sense, and, in short, all the details of the fearful and wonderful mechanism of the frame of man, in separate portions and in their natural succession. There are also several whole-length figures. The preparations are arranged in glass cases distributed around the walls, and over the cases are drawings corresponding to the models. One of the most interesting of the rooms contains a collection illustrative of comparative anatomy. Here are dissections of the leech and the lobster; a representation of the progress of incubation, from the egg to the chicken, and of the successive stages in the life of the silkworm.

The art of imitating the living form by wax was first used by Zumbo, or Zummo, a Sicilian, who came to Florence at the invitation of Cosimo the Third, one of the Medici family. His genius, like that of Rabelais and Swift, had a diseased fondness for revelling in those disgusting images from the contemplation of which most men instinctively recoil. The representations which he has left of the Plagues of Florence are doubtless

hideously and repulsively real; certainly, it is difficult to look at them a second time, and that, perhaps, is the best tribute to their fidelity. Indeed, were they of the size of life, they could not be looked at at all.

The value of such anatomical preparations is hardly commensurate with the great labor and expense requisite in their preparation. The surgeon can never learn his art by mere ocular inspection. He must dissect, and read with the knife in his hand. The unprofessional world, with other pursuits and alien tastes, will hardly expend many precious hours of a short life in a painful and minute study of details, which only become attractive in the light of a knowledge comprehensive enough to grasp and combine them into an harmonious whole. The laws of health cannot be too generally known and too carefully taught; but these are neither numerous nor complicated. The dyspeptic need not go to a dissecting room, or to an anatomical museum, to learn that mince-pie is injurious to him; and a conviction of the benefit of exercise may be imparted, without showing the manner in which the heart is stimulated, and the circulation quickened, by muscular effort. Besides, there is another class of considerations to be taken into account, when we propose to admit the universal public, young and old, behind the veil of nature. We know that we are fearfully and wonderfully made. We know that there is not a fibre or a process in the frame of man, which should not awaken reverent and solemn reflection; but we also know that such is not the result in all natures. Such revelations are to the giddy and thoughtless but trifling toys; while the coarse and vulgar extract from them only debasing and degrading associations. Things are now not quite so bad as they were in the days of Forsyth, when all the sacred mysteries of reproduction were laid open to the general gaze, without distinction of sex; but, perhaps, even now the privilege of access is too indiscriminately accorded.

THE LAURENTIAN LIBRARY.

The Laurentian Library is nobly lodged in a building designed by Michael Angelo, so rich and stately that it seems hardly respectful to entrust anything smaller than a folio to its keeping. Here are some of the most interesting manuscripts in Europe. As a lawyer, I gazed with reverence upon that world-renowned copy of the Pandects which is said to have been discovered at Amalfi in the twelfth century. The notion

long entertained, that, in consequence of this discovery, the study of the civil law was revived, and its influence extended throughout Europe, is now generally abandoned; but it is certain that the volumes were long regarded with a religious veneration accorded to no other relic of profane antiquity. They were transferred from Pisa to Florence by the fortune of war in 1406, and never shown but by the special permission of the magistrates, and by torch-light. Here is also a manuscript of Virgil, of the fifth century, in excellent preservation.

In Italian literature, the most interesting specimens are a copy of the Divina Commedia by Dante, transcribed by Filippo Villani, within twenty years after the poet's death; and a copy of the Decameron, made from the original autograph, by Francesco Mannelli, the godson of Boccaccio. The autograph of Petrarch appears in a copy of Horace, and a volume of Cicero's Epistles is said to have been written by his hand. This has been doubted. The handwriting is remarkably neat and regular. There are also some splendid missals.

THE ACADEMIA DELLE BELLE ARTI.

This institution is contained in a spacious building which was once a hospital. The gallery of paintings is particularly rich in specimens of early Tuscan art, and the progress of painting may be seen from the rigid stiffness of the Byzantine school, to the grace and freedom of the sixteenth century. Here the celestial genius of Fra Angelico fills the air with the spirit of devotion. There are also some very pleasing specimens of Pietro Perugino, and two admirable pictures of St. Francis, by Cigoli, in which the weakness of the worn-out man and the ecstatic fervor of the saint are most powerfully represented. When I visited this gallery, I had not read the works of Lord Lyndsay or Mr. Ruskin, nor Mrs. Jameson's Legends of the Monastic Orders (indeed the last had not been written), and hardly knew the worth and value of what was before me. I should see it with more profit now.

> 'Tis the taught already that profit by teaching.'

Here, too, the manufacture of Florentine mosaic is carried on at the public expense. The materials used in this beautiful art are gems and the half precious stones; and great taste and skill are shown in imitating the colors of fruits and flowers in the natural hues of the mineral kingdom. The process is very

tedious, and said not to be favorable to the health. One man whom I saw was at work upon a fragment of a table which was to occupy him for five years. Some of the specimens of the art which are shown to visitors are extremely beautiful. In a lower room was a porphyry sarcophagus, very elaborately carved, which was destined for a monument to the late Grand Duchess.

ENVIRONS OF FLORENCE.

The environs of Florence are all beautiful. Go where we will, we cannot go amiss. Out of whichever gate we pass, we come upon something attractive or interesting, either in nature or art. Everywhere the surface is broken into expressive irregularities, and the eye is never out of sight of a picturesque landscape. Churches, convents, neat villas, some of which are almost palaces in extent and architectural beauty, crown the heights and nestle in the hollows. The pine, the olive, and the vine blend their forms and foliage in soothing and animating eye-harmonies. The city is so compact, also, that a short walk will always bring one face to face with the tranquillizing aspect of nature, before a touch of fatigue has dimmed the sense of enjoyment. I believe that the Italians are not very sensitive to natural beauty. If this sensibility be wanting to the people of Florence, they lose a large amount of cheap and pure satisfactions.

CHURCH AND CONVENT OF SAN MINIATO.

A brisk walk of a few minutes out of the Porta San Miniato brings the traveller to the church and convent of that name, a mass of buildings conspicuous from their position and castellated appearance. The church, parts of which belong to the eleventh century, is an imposing structure, and is, to a considerable extent, built of the fragments of ancient Roman edifices, which, when we compare their original destination with their present position, remind us of a palimpsest manuscript from which a hymn to Apollo has been expunged, and a holy legend written in its place. It is well to have Christian churches rather than ruined temples, if the latter must be sacrificed to the former; but, in a country so abounding with accessible building materials as Italy, there is no excuse for the indolence or parsimony which destroys the monuments of

antiquity, in order to use their fragments for incongruous modern structures. Here are many curious and interesting works of art, especially by Luca della Robbia, who expended fine powers of invention and design upon the strange material of glazed blue and white terra cotta. The medallions by him in the Chapel of St. James are esteemed among the best of his works, but the material is so suggestive of soup tureens and tea drinking, that the legitimate effect of art is in a great measure lost. The remains of the fortifications raised around the convent by Michael Angelo, during the last unsuccessful struggles of the citizens of Florence to throw off the rule of the Medici family, may still be traced.*

GALILEO.

At a short distance from the convent is a tower, which was used by Galileo as an observatory, and near the tower is a villa in which the illustrious philosopher resided, and where Milton is said to have visited him. Milton's expression in relating this incident is, that he 'visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought.' He was never actually incarcerated in Florence, and Milton's words, probably, mean no more than that he had been directed to confine his movements to his own house and grounds, or that he preferred a voluntary seclusion on account of the annoying supervision with which his steps were followed. Could the inexorable past be made to yield up its spoils, with what delight should we read a record of the interview † between the aged philosopher and the youthful poet, — so unlike in mental organization, but so like in purity of life and manliness of soul, — the former, as we may imagine, grave, wise, didactic, and cautious, shadowed with sadness and touched with infirmity; the latter, in the bloom and flower of his manly beauty, radiant with his splendid genius, overflowing with life and hope and

* Was it from one of his expedients that Butler took the hint of his well-known couplet,

> 'feather-bed twixt castle-wall,
> And heavy brunt of cannon-ball'?

He hung heavy woollen cloths around the Campanile, by which the force of the cannon-shot was lessened, and the building saved.

† Landor has made this interview the subject of one of his 'Imaginary Conversations;' but it is not one of the most successful efforts of his uncertain genius.

power, as yet untouched by sorrow, disappointment, poverty, or blindness. That the poet listened with reverence to the words of the philosopher, we may feel assured; nor can we doubt that the wise old man was touched by the graceful deference of his accomplished guest, and moved by the power and eloquence of his discourse, so rich in learning, so vital with genius. His heart may have throbbed with that feeling with which Schiller represents Wallenstein as stirred, when he saw before him the morning purity of Max Piccolomini:

> 'He stood beside me like my youth,
> Transformed for me the real to a dream,
> Clothing the palpable and the familiar
> With golden exhalations of the dawn.'

An Italian biographer of Milton, with that sensitive regard to the honor of his country for which the literary men of Italy have always been distinguished, has supposed that he may have derived from his conversation with Galileo some astronomical hints, which were reproduced in the Paradise Lost; but of this there is no proof, nor is it even probable.

POGGIO IMPERIALE.

A short distance outside of the Porta Romana is the Poggio Imperiale, a country palace of the Grand Duke. The approach to it is by a noble avenue of cypresses, oaks, and larches, some half a mile in length. That man is fortunate who can call such an avenue his own. It matters little what is at the end of it, whether a palace, a villa, or a cottage. It includes in itself all the elements of a landscape. The restless play of light and shade, the majestic canopy of foliage, the wind-music that storms or whispers through it, the trunks, regular but not monotonous, and ever revealing fine accidents of perspective, are full of fresh suggestions and unworn exhilaration to a mind at all sensitive to natural beauty. The palace itself is an imposing building, containing a multitude of apartments, which are well furnished and neatly kept. From the windows of the upper story a noble landscape may be seen. In the cortile is a marble statue — the wounded Adonis — generally ascribed to Michael Angelo, and quite worthy of his chisel, for it is full of life, power, and originality. In the dining-room is a small statue of Apollo, by a Greek artist, and of great beauty; one of the finest relics of ancient art, and well worthy of a more conspicuous and accessible position.

A field near the Poggio Imperiale is the scene of Redi's wild dithyrambic of 'Bacchus in Tuscany,' a poem which foams and sparkles like newly poured champagne. Redi was a learned physician, and is said to have rarely indulged in the wines which he celebrates with such lyric fervor.

BELLO SGUARDO.

About half a mile from the Poggio Imperiale is the hill of Bello Sguardo, crowned by a villa in which the historian Guicciardini once resided. From this villa there is a very fine view of Florence. I was there at sunset, on the fourth day of December, but there was no breath of winter in the air, which was soft and balmy like that of an early October day in New England. In the garden, roses and camellias were blooming as boldly as if there were no such thing on earth as frost. The towers and domes of Florence burned in the rich light of the setting sun, and the Arno flowed like a river of gold; and I could hardly comprehend that a villa commanding so enchanting a prospect should be, as it was, unoccupied.

LA PETRAJA AND CASTELLO.

The Grand Duke of Tuscany is rich in dwelling-places, each so attractive that his difficulty must be to decide, not which he will use, but which he can stay away from. Within a short distance from Florence, driving out of the Porta al Prato, are two pleasant villas belonging to him, La Petraja and Castello, both well worth visiting. Attached to each are elaborate gardens, with terraces, fountains, and statues, formal walks of shrubbery and walls of verdure. The cypress, oak, and laurel blend with the more delicate forms of the orange, lemon, and myrtle. In the grounds of La Petraja is a beautiful fountain, in which the principal figure is a bronze Venus, by John of Bologna, who is represented as wringing the water from her hair. These villas and the grounds appurtenant to them, like everything belonging to the Grand Duke, were in good order and showed the results of generous expenditure and careful supervision.

FIESOLE.

Fiesole, the cradle of Florence, occupies the summit of a steep hill, which it takes an hour's brisk walking to reach

The latter part of the way is much like mounting a flight of steps, and is very trying to those that are 'fat and scant of breath.' Every foot of the road is interesting, either from the beauty which it reveals, or from the associations which it awakens. It passes near the Villa Palmieri, which was the scene of the Decameron of Boccaccio. Fiesole is a place of remote antiquity, as is attested by a piece of massive Etruscan wall, composed of immense stones, of irregular shape and various sizes. Old as this is, it bears its years well, and seems as likely to endure as any structure of man's hands now upon the earth.

In Fiesole, as in most Italian towns, there are churches and a convent, in which are doubtless many things worthy of being seen; but the traveller, unless he can spend much more time than I had at my disposal, will hardly linger under any roof, while so enchanting a prospect tempts him without. Language breaks down in the effort to fix upon paper the impressions awakened by a landscape of such beauty, such variety, and such extent. A genius like that of Byron, from which words flash with the sudden and illuminating power of lightning, or of Shelley, who paints with a pen dipped in the rainbow, can alone fasten the scene and arrest the emotions to which it gives birth.

CHAPTER VII.

La Certosa — The Brethren of the Misericordia — Society in Florence — Robert and Elizabeth Browning — Powers and Greenough — Departure from Florence — Pisa — The Leaning Tower, Cathedral, Campo Santo, and Baptistery — Beggars — Leghorn — Steamer to Civita Vecchia — Civita Vecchia — Arrival at Rome.

LA CERTOSA.

One of the pleasantest days of my residence in Florence was that devoted to a visit to the monastery of La Certosa, about four miles distant. It is beautifully situated, crowning a gentle elevation covered with olives and vines. The buildings are quite extensive, and there are gardens, courts, cloisters and chapels; in short, quite a little village. Here are several paintings in oil and fresco, some of them of considerable merit; and a small cloister glazed with beautiful stained glass from the designs of Giovano da Udine, illustrating events in the life of St. Bruno, showing great purity of feeling and delicacy of touch. In the refectory is an elaborately carved stone pulpit. But the most interesting part of the whole is a subterranean chapel, in which is the tomb of the founder Niccolo Acciajuolo, by Orgagna, a work of the fourteenth century. It is a canopy, resting on four twisted columns, and under it, the figure of the deceased in full armor. On the pavement are tablets to his father, sister, and brother; all with recumbent figures. These works are particularly interesting from the details of the costume, which are very faithfully rendered. In the same chapel is another monument, to a bishop, of the same family, by Donatello, an elaborate piece of sculpture in bas-relief, with a rich border of fruit and flowers. In the principal chapel there are some good pictures, and a beautiful floor of porphyry, jasper, and verd antique. The cells of the monks are small detached houses, spacious and comfortable, with trim gardens attached to them.

This extensive establishment is now occupied by only eighteen monks, and though every thing is kept in good

order, there was an obvious air of declining fortunes around the whole. A deep silence, like that of the grave, brooded over the scene. The only sound that was heard was the play of a fountain in the open space around which the cloisters ran, and there was a touch of melancholy, even in its murmur and movement. It was like the last child in a nursery, playing by itself. The monk who attended me was dressed in a flowing robe of white woollen. He was in the prime of life, but his face wore the expression of one to whom there was no future: and his speech and manner were those of one so long and so much accustomed to the gloom of solitude, that the light of society dazzled and confused him. The discipline is very strict. The only other monk whom I saw was kneeling at his devotions in the chapel, silent and motionless as the marble around him.

This visit to La Certosa made a strong impression upon me, and the muffled voice and subdued manner of my guide long dwelt in my thoughts. He was evidently one of those commonplace persons in whom the wrongs of the monastic system are most distinctly seen. Minds that can draw deeply, either from the fountains of genius, or the cisterns of learning, can endure solitude without sinking into torpor. A spirit sublimed into ecstasy by religious enthusiasm can bear it, for all absorbing passions sustain the mind which they consume. In both cases, interest and companionship are supplied from unfailing sources. But a man of an average understanding and a commonplace temperament, shut up in a monastic establishment, turns in time into a human vegetable. Light is not more essential to the eye than is the discipline of life to such men. They need occupation, the alternation of hope and fear, the glow of success, the sharpness of defeat, the attrition of chance and change; and, above all, the family affections, to train them up to their just stature. The wing of an eagle does not more presuppose the medium of the atmosphere to play in, than does the nature of man demand the relations of son, brother, friend, husband, and father. My poor monk seemed to me a wingless bird. Monastic institutions have had their day. They have done their work, and it was a good work in its season. It is now unseasonable, and therefore not good.

THE BRETHREN OF THE MISERICORDIA.

The stranger in Florence will soon encounter, in the course of his walks about the city, an uncouth figure enveloped in a

black robe — the face and head covered with a hood, in which are glass spaces for the eyes. He goes about soliciting alms never speaking, but inciting attention by rattling the box which he carries. The disguise is so perfect that a man would not detect his father under it. This person, who may be the wealthiest nobleman in Florence, perhaps the Grand Duke himself, is a member of the Brotherhood of Mercy, engaged in collecting charity; voluntarily, or imposed as a penance by his father confessor. This institution, which had its origin in the thirteenth century, and was then substantially what it is now, is one of the forms in which the spirit of religion mitigated the rigor of feudal distinctions and enforced the perfect equality of all men before God. It is an association composed, mainly, of the wealthy and prosperous classes, whose duty it is to nurse the sick, to aid those who have been injured by accident, and to secure decent burial to the poor and the friendless. They are summoned by the sound of a bell, and, when its warning voice is heard, the gay guest glides from the ball-room or dinner-party, slips on his black robe, and aids, perhaps, in carrying to the hospital some poor laborer who has broken his leg by a fall from a scaffold, and waits to assist the surgeon and nurses in their care of the patient. Such institutions, worthy of praise and imitation at all times, were invaluable at the period when they were founded; and they are always to be remembered to the credit of the Romish church, which so carefully guarded the principle of humanity against the encroachments of caste, during the middle ages, and thus helped to prevent the sparks of freedom from being trampled out by the iron heel of nobility.

SOCIETY IN FLORENCE.

There is quite an agreeable English society in Florence, and the little I saw of it made me regret that I could see no more. I went to a ball, one evening, given by an English lady of rank and fortune, where nearly all the guests were either English or American. All balls are much alike, but still they have their points of difference. With our small houses, we never think of a ball without thinking of a crowd, but Lady S ——, who lived in a palazzo, could give to her guests the first of luxuries, that of space. In an endless suite of capacious and lofty apartments, there was no squeezing, no crushing either of dresses or satin-slippered feet, no loud tumult of voices; and the dancers could dance as freely as peasant girls at a vintage. And then

the pleasure of breathing pure fresh air to the last, and of not seeing cheeks which were damask roses at nine become peonies at eleven! And let me also mention, with due encomium, another element of this ball, and that was the simplicity of the entertainment. I will not vindicate my Yankee birth by calculating how many, or rather how few, dollars the supper must have cost, but simply say, that it was tasteful, abundant, sufficient, and not expensive. It answered the legitimate purposes of such an entertainment, by serving to refresh those who had become weary with the exercise of dancing, or exhausted by the excitement of society; but there was nothing to tempt an epicure, or to attract any one to the ball for the sake of the supper. And this I hold to be becoming and worthy of imitation. When shall we learn that our luxurious and costly entertainments are not only opposed to the true ends of society, but are vulgar in their spirit? I use the word advisedly; for they are not only ostentatious displays of wealth, but they make the mind secondary to the body. It is Cicero, I believe, who adduces an argument in favor of the higher intellectual character of the Romans, as compared with the Greeks, from the fact that the Latin word *convivium* means 'a living together,' while the corresponding Greek term *symposium* means 'a drinking together.' Society is a living together, and not an eating or drinking together, and if we do eat and drink together, it is is only to make us live together more cordially.

At this ball there were many blooming English girls, with countenances giving assurance of good qualities that will last long and wear well. As a class, they are less lovely and delicate than their American cousins, but they have a more helpful look. They seem to have more of reserved power; more of that which will enable them hereafter to walk cheerful and erect under the burdens of life, if any should be laid upon them. For the honor of my country, I am glad to add, that the most beautiful woman at the ball was an American; a lady past the bloom of early youth, but with a face and form which time had as yet not only not despoiled, but enriched.

ROBERT AND ELIZABETH BROWNING.

It is well for the traveller to be chary of names. It is an ungrateful return for hospitable attentions, to print the conversation of your host, or describe his person, or give an inventory of his furniture, or proclaim how his wife and daughters were dressed. But I trust I may be pardoned if I state, that one of

my most delightful associations with Florence arises from the fact, that here I made the acquaintance of Robert and Elizabeth Browning. These are even more familiar names in America than in England, and their poetry is probably more read, and better understood, with us, than among their own countrymen. A happier home and a more perfect union than theirs it is not easy to imagine; and this completeness arises not only from the rare qualities which each possesses, but from their adaptation to each other. Browning's conversation is like the poetry of Chaucer, or like his own, simplified and made transparent. His countenance is so full of vigor, freshness, and refined power, that it seems impossible to think that he can ever grow old. His poetry is subtle, passionate, and profound; but he himself is simple, natural, and playful. He has the repose of a man who has lived much in the open air; with no nervous uneasiness and no unhealthy self-consciousness. Mrs. Browning is in many respects the correlative of her husband. As he is full of manly power, so she is a type of the most sensitive and delicate womanhood. She has been a great sufferer from ill health, and the marks of pain are stamped upon her person and manner. Her figure is slight, her countenance expressive of genius and sensibility, shaded by a veil of long, brown locks; and her tremulous voice often flutters over her words, like the flame of a dying candle over the wick. I have never seen a human frame which seemed so nearly a transparent veil for a celestial and immortal spirit. She is a soul of fire enclosed in a shell of pearl. Her rare and fine genius needs no setting forth at my hands. She is also, what is not so generally known, a woman of uncommon, nay, profound learning, even measured by a masculine standard. Nor is she more remarkable for genius and learning, than for sweetness of temper, tenderness of heart, depth of feeling, and purity of spirit. It is a privilege to know such beings singly and separately, but to see their powers quickened, and their happiness rounded, by the sacred tie of marriage, is a cause for peculiar and lasting gratitude A union so complete as theirs — in which the mind has nothing to crave nor the heart to sigh for — is cordial to behold and soothing to remember.

POWERS AND GREENOUGH.

No American went through Florence without visiting the studios of these distinguished sculptors, and no one could see their works without a glow of national pride. Powers is still

n Florence, reaping that harvest of success which his talents and industry have so fairly earned. Greenough, as I need hardly say, is no longer upon earth; having been called away, suddenly and mysteriously, just as a new career of distinction and usefulness was opening before him in his own country.

Powers enjoys a high reputation, and he deserves it, but I have seen nothing from him which gives proof of imagination or high invention. From one who has seen the swarms of naked nymphs and goddesses in the galleries of Rome, his Greek Slave will not receive the enthusiastic praise which has been lavished upon it in England and America. His Fisher Boy is beautiful, but not original; and I should pass the same judgment upon his Eve, from merely having seen the model in plaster. His great power resides in his imitative faculty, and the patient skill with which he manipulates the surface of the marble. No modern artist has succeeded so perfectly in giving to his statues the peculiar and indescribable look of flesh, equally removed from the roughness of stone and the glossy polish of porcelain. His elastic muscle seems as if it would yield to the touch. His busts cannot be too highly praised: none better have been made since the days of antiquity. He is, himself, attractive from the frankness and simplicity of his nature, which he has preserved unchanged through all his foreign life. His conversation on art is instructive, because he speaks from his own experience and observation, and never affects a faculty or knowledge which he does not possess. He is a shrewd observer of men and manners, with a keen perception of the ludicrous; and relates, with admirable humor, the odd traits of character and manner which are exposed to the glance of an artist through whose studio all the travelling stream of England and America passes.

As between Greenough and Powers, the former seemed superior to his works, but not so the latter. In Powers, the whole man appeared to have been passed out through the hand and the chisel. Humor excepted, there was nothing in him which was not in his marble. Greenough was a man of large powers and various accomplishments, in whom the practice of his art was but one mode of intellectual expression. His conversation was very instructive and entertaining. He had read and thought much upon art, and those laws of beauty which art interprets. His general cultivation was ripe and full, and his manners courteous and dignified. No one could meet him casually, without feeling that he was a superior man. The principal work in his studio, at the time of my visit, was the colossal group of the Western Settler struggling with an Indian,

destined for the capitol at Washington; in which, so far as could be judged from its unfinished state, the difficulties of the subject were most triumphantly met. There was also a bas-relief, of touching beauty and expression, representing a sculptor, in an attitude of dejection and discouragement before his work, while a hand from above pours oil into his dying lamp, an allegory illustrative of the struggles of genius and the relief which timely patronage may extend to it.*

The death of Greenough was a great shock to those who valued him; for his vigorous frame and unworn energies seemed to promise many years of successful action. It was also, humanly speaking, a public calamity; for, with his genius his reputation, his manliness of mind, his love of his profession, and his independent position, he could not have failed to exert a strong and favorable influence upon the growth of art in America. He did not die, like Masaccio and Giorgione, before his prime; but, like Vandyke and Raphael, in the full maturity of his powers: though from a comparison of his mind with his works, it is probable that, had he lived, he would have attained to a higher elevation in art than he had previously reached.

DEPARTURE FROM FLORENCE.

I entered Florence on the twenty-second of November and left it on the thirteenth of December, with many regrets and a countenance often reverted. Three weeks are far too short a time for a city so crowded with objects of the highest interest, and I left much unseen and undone; but let me be only grateful for what I did see and did do. I confess that what I was obliged to omit in Florence itself cost me fewer regrets than what I was constrained to leave unexplored out of it. While at the height of Fiesole, I turned with deep longing to the distant Apennines. There were Vallombrosa, — that word of music, — and Camaldoli, and La Verna. There were wild mountains crowned with the pine and the oak, savage solitudes, pastoral glens, and sheltered valleys populous with vines and olives. There were many spots which the genius of Dante had touched with idealizing light; and who would not gladly see even a rock or a fountain which had been embalmed in his immortal poem? There were the Val di Chiana,† in Dante's

*This bas-relief is now in the possession of Mr. George Ticknor, of Boston.

† Inferno, xxix. 47.

ame a pestilental swamp, but since made healthy by drainage; the mountain Falterona,* the well-head of that river Arno, whose name the poet suggests, but does not mention; the valley of Casentina,† for a draught of whose sparkling rills Adamo of Brescia so longed in his torment of hopeless thirst. I wished to penetrate into the heart of Tuscany — to trace the many-winding Arno to its parent source — to converse with that rural population which is unpolluted by the stream of foreign travel — to learn something of their way of life, and how shadow and sunshine were distributed among them. But for such an enterprise, time and another season of the year were necessary; and thus that sylvan region remained and still remains unexplored, save in dreams and visions.

Firenze la bella — Florence the beautiful — thus it is called by its inhabitants, and thus it dwells in my memory. I recall no place which I would sooner select for a residence, were I required to choose among European cities. Its clean, quiet streets, its lovely environs, its incomparable Cascine, its treasures of art, so near at hand and so accessible, its ample libraries, its agreeable society, and — pardon the bathos — its cheapness, present an aggregate of attractions hardly to be met with elsewhere.

The climate of Florence, I believe, is capricious. It was my good fortune to bask in its smiles. The weather, with the exception of two days of rain, was absolutely perfect; cool enough in the morning and evening to make a fire pleasant, and invite to a long brisk walk; but, at noon, warm enough to sit under a tree, or by an open window, and dream of summer and the song of vintagers. Under the rich sunshine which rained from the clear blue sky, the world without was so inviting that it required all the attractions of Raphael and Titian to keep me within doors. The sun made pictures everywhere, for everywhere there were picturesque forms, waiting to be waked into life by the touch of his 'fiery-rod.' I have never seen anywhere in such perfection as in my walks from Fiesole, that 'peculiar tint of yellow-green' upon the western sky at the hour of sunset, of which the fine-eyed Coleridge speaks.

PISA — THE LEANING TOWER — CATHEDRAL — CAMPO SANTO — BAPTISTERY.

I left Florence at noon in the diligence for Empoli, and arrived there at about three, having passed through a country appa

* Inferno, xxx. 64. † Purgat, xiv. 17.

rently well cultivated, and which must be very pretty in spring, summer, or early autumn. At Empoli, the familiar presence of a railway station greeted me, and taking a seat in the cars, I arrived at Pisa at half-past five. At the table d'hote dinner of the hotel where I lodged, there were ten persons seated ; and of these, five were Americans and five were English. Such is the state of Pisa, once so powerful and prosperous ; and, indeed, of a large part of the whole country to which it belongs. In Italy, strangers seem to be at home, and the natives to be exiles. The former amuse themselves with the imposing monuments of past greatness, as with the curiosities of a museum, but the Italians must look upon these, much as the representative of a decayed and impoverished family looks upon the portraits of his ancestors who were powerful and rich. Indifferent eyes may value them as works of art, but to him they have another meaning, and address other feelings. They are not pictures, but symbols ; not forms, but memorials.

At Pisa, all that the traveller need see is comprised within a few acres, and is embraced with one glance of the eye. Here are those four buildings, 'so fortunate,' as Forsyth has well remarked, 'in their solitude and their society' — the Cathedral, the Campo Santo, the Baptistery, and the Leaning Tower.

The Leaning Tower, as it rose before me on a bright sunny morning, seemed at once a new vision and a familiar face. This piece of architectural eccentricity was, and I suppose is, one of the commonplaces of geography, and is put into the same educational state-room with the Wall of China, the Great Tun of Heidelberg, and the Natural Bridge of Virginia. I cannot recall the time when its name was not known to me ; and now, here it was, bodily before me ; no dream, no illusion ; but a very decided fact, with a most undeniable inclination on one side ; so much so, that a nervous person would not sleep soundly in the house that stands under its lee, on a windy night.

This singular structure is simply a campanile or bell-tower, appurtenant to the cathedral, as is the general custom in Italy. It is not merely quaint, but beautiful ; that is, take away the quaintness and the beauty will remain. It is built of white marble, wonderfully fresh and pure, when we remember that nearly seven centuries have swept over it. I will not describe it, nor give its dimensions, for these may be found in every guide-book, and nearly every book of travels ; nor will I condense the arguments which have been called forth by the question, whether the inclination be accidental or designed. To one who has been on the spot, and observed the spongy nature of

the soil, as evidenced by the slight subsidence of portions of the cathedral, there is really no room for argument or doubt.*

The ascent is very easy and gradual. The summit is secured by double rails, and the inclination is less perceptible when on the top than from the ground. There is no peculiar sense of danger to interfere with the full enjoyment of the beauty of the view, which embraces mountain and plain, land and sea; a combination at once varied, extensive, and picturesque. This was my first sight of the Mediterranean, whose blue waters blended in the distant horizon with the blue of the sky. To the eye, it was but common water reflecting the universal sky, but a man must be very insensible, not to recognise peculiar elements in his first view of that many-nationed sea, upon whose shores so much of the poetry and history of the world has grown.

The cathedral is one of those buildings, so common in Italy, rich with the spoils of centuries, which would justify, and indeed requires, in order to be comprehended, a study of many days. The façade of five stories is rich and imposing, and the stately bronze doors are of admirable workmanship. The general effect of the interior is noble and impressive, from its great extent, the grace and originality of the architecture, and the dim light diffused through painted windows. The columns of the nave, transept, and aisles, are seventy-four in number. They are not uniform in style, and are evidently the spoils and fragments of other edifices. The ceiling of the nave and choir, of carved and gilded wood, seems to be rebuked by the rich magnificence of the pavement, which is of marble, white and yellow. The works of art here are numerous and interesting. If the visitor be limited for time, I advise him to devote himself to the bronze statues by John of Bologna, to the pulpit the master-piece of John of Pisa, to the pictures of Andrea del Sarto, and the wood-work of the stalls.

The Campo Santo is a cemetery, enclosed by cloisters, opening into the contained space by Gothic arches, with a roof supported by open-work of timber. It is a parallelogram in form, being about four hundred and fifteen feet in length, and one hundred and thirty-seven in breadth. The earth with which the interior is filled was brought from the Holy Land, in the days of the great Saladin, and was long supposed to have some peculiar power of rapidly decomposing the bodies which were depos-

* M. Fulchiron, however, the intelligent French traveller, whom I have before cited, maintains that the inclination was the result of design and not of accident.

ited within it. Burials rarely take place here now, and only by the special permission of the Grand Duke.

The cloisters form an interesting museum of art, Greek, Roman, mediæval, and modern. The collection of sepulchral monuments is curious and extensive; among them, sarcophagi of Greek workmanship, some very fine. Among the works of modern artists is a female figure by Bartolini, called L'Inconsolabile, but looking more sulky than inconsolable. There is also a bas-relief, by Thorwaldsen, to the memory of the distinguished physician Vacca. Algarotti and Pignotti are buried here, and both have monuments; that of the former having been erected by Frederick the Great of Prussia, as the inscription shows. It has been said, that the thrifty monarch omitted the ceremony of paying for the work which he had ordered. A lawyer of some note in his time, Filippo Decio, reposes here. He caused his own monument to be erected before his death. Perhaps his professional experience had given him distrust, and taught him how soon the dead are forgotten by their heirs, and lawyers by their clients.

The frescoes on the walls of the Campo Santo are of much importance in the history of art, and are now much studied and deservedly valued. They are so well described in Kugler and Murray that any account of them here would be superfluous; to say nothing of the presumption of undertaking to give any details upon so extensive a series of works from a single hurried visit. I was most struck with the 'Triumph of Death,' by Andrea Orgagna, a set of allegories, strange and uncouth, but full of dramatic power and a certain intense reality. A group of youth and maidens amusing themselves in a garden, with the angel of death hovering over them with a scythe, is overflowing with the expression of light-hearted mirth and joyous unconcern; and, with equal power, the artist has represented a company of the maimed, blind, and diseased, vainly entreating the grim presence to end their sufferings. The whole composition reminds one of the mysteries, or miracle-plays, of the middle ages.

The Baptistery is a circular building of white marble, about a hundred feet in diameter. The exterior presents a singular combination of Grecian and Gothic elements. There are two orders of Corinthian columns, the lower being twenty in number and engaged in the wall, and the upper, sixty; all supporting semi-circular arches. But above the arches of the upper order, the Grecian character of the structure, thus far resembling that of the campanile, ceases, and we have a row of pinnacles and pediments, with figures inscribed in the latter, in the Gothic

style. Above the pediments, surmounting the second order of columns, the circular figure ends, 'and the building becomes a polygon of twenty sides, each of which terminates with a pediment between two clusters of pinnacles, which conceal the base of the dome.'

From this discrepancy in the style, it has been conjectured that the building was the work of different architects, and erected at different periods. However opposed such a combination may be to the unities of architecture, its general effect is animated and pleasing to an uninstructed eye.

The interior, with its double row of inexpressive arches, is by no means equal in effect to the exterior. Here is one of the earliest examples of a double dome, afterwards introduced by Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's Church. Both domes are of brick; the interior shaped like an ugly funnel. In the centre is a font formerly used for baptism by immersion, fourteen feet in diameter. It is octangular in form, composed of a variety of marbles, and embellished with sculpture and mosaics. The great ornament of the interior is the pulpit, by Nicola da Pisa. It is hexagonal in form, supported by seven columns, one at each angle, and one in the centre. The central column rests upon the back of a man in a crouching posture, with an eagle in his right hand. The columns at the angles are supported by animals — lions, tigers, or griffins. The capitals of these columns are highly carved, with a very sharp and delicate chisel. Over the columns is a cornice which runs round the pulpit, and at each angle above are three small columns, between which are panels, decorated with bas-reliefs admirably executed. One, especially, representing the Last Judgment, is a miracle of patience and skill.

Forsyth, whose strictures upon this group of buildings in Pisa are too harsh, and show the bias of a mind too deeply tinged with Greek ideas to be just to mediæval art, says of this building, 'Who could ever suppose that such a structure and such dimensions were intended for a christening? The purpose of an edifice should appear in the very architecture.' Without pausing to inquire how a building could be so contrived, as to reveal by its architecture that it was intended for the baptism of children, a moment's reflection will show, that a circular building, with a font in the centre, is the best adapted for such a ceremony as a christening, because it affords the greatest possible space to the spectators who might be desirous of witnessing it.

It was my fortune to see this ceremony performed upon a very young pilgrim on the path of life. It lasted some ten or fifteen minutes, and was done in a very awkward manner; and

once or twice I thought the child would have slipped from the priest's clumsy grasp and fallen into the water. He was evi dently not accustomed to the care of children. The infant behaved extremely well, and uttered no cry of remonstrance.*

BEGGARS.

These buildings at Pisa were haunted by a swarm of most importunate and intrusive beggars. They were of all ages and both sexes; some suffering from infirmities, and all with those hard, gaunt faces, which speak of a desperate and losing battle with life. They darted out from every hiding-place which the structures furnished, and seemed to rise up from the very earth itself. These beggars are the dark shadows which haunt all the bright points in Italy, and are not only a teasing annoyance at the moment, but (with those who have means) awakening perplexing conflicts of duty as to denying or giving. This is a question not quite settled by the iron edicts of political economy or social ethics, which bid the axe fall though the naked heart be under it. The effect of the 'everlasting No,' upon one's own nature is not to be overlooked. To see suffering which we are determined not to relieve, or which presents itself in such formidable masses as to render all thought of relief hopeless, petrifies the feeling. The heart that is not moved by the aspect of wretchedness has lost its finest grace; and, unhappily, .n this as in all things, familiarity blunts the sense, and the poor, blind beggar is in time passed by as if he were no more than an unsightly weed by the roadside. Happy is the man who, with a willingness to succor, approaches suffering in manageable forms — not so huge as to paralyze benevolent effort and turn the stimulus into a narcotic, but with 'hope's perpetual breath,' to fan the flame of charity. He has within his reach the best influences for the growth of the character, and the most soothing anodyne for the pain of a wounded spirit.

LEGHORN.

I passed three days at Leghorn, in a very comfortable hotel kept by one of the ubiquitous family of Smith, a man whose

* There is a story in one of the French Ana, of a priest who was called upon to perform the ceremony of baptism, when in rather too genial a condition, and finding himself much embarrassed in his task, exclaimed 'Bless me, this is a very hard child to baptize!' The little Pisan, if it had been endowed with the gifts of observation and speech, might well have remarked, 'This is a very hard priest to be baptized by.'

gentlemanly and amiable deportment would commend an inferior house. The cause of this detention was the failure of the steamer from Genoa. I was comforted by the assurance, that such an interval of delay never had happened before and never would happen again. But the days did not pass heavily by. The weather was delicious, and a man must be unreasonable not to find contentment under such a sky and such a sun; and although Leghorn is uninteresting as compared with other Italian cities, it is by no means barren. The most attractive object is the English chapel and the adjacent burying-ground. The latter is crowded with marble tombs and monuments. The hope and flower of many an English family lies buried here, borne to Italy in search of health, but finding only a grave. Valery remarks with justice upon the good taste, the simplicity, and the religious tone of the inscriptions. Smollett is buried here, and a plain monument is erected to his memory, with an inscription in Latin (not of the first quality) which should have been English. Here, too, reposes a calmer and purer spirit — Francis Horner — one of the most admirable public characters of his time, whose serene career of duty contrasts with the wayward course of the irritable and undisciplined Smollett, as the light of the stars with that of the meteor which shoots across their field. His monument is a marble tablet, with a bas-relief likeness by Chantry, of the size of life; a head, at once, amiable, dignified, and intellectual.

There is one striking work of art in Leghorn, a colossal statue of Ferdinand I., in an open space by the harbor. At the four corners of the pedestal are four Turkish slaves in bronze, modelled from captives taken in the battle of Lepanto. Their hands are chained behind them, and their countenances are stamped with the most touching expression of melancholy and despair. The merit of this noble group is enhanced by comparison with two or three modern statues in marble in other parts of the city, which are very indifferent.

Leghorn is a mosaic of races and creeds. Its growth and prosperity spring, mainly, from the wise and liberal policy of Cosmo I. and Ferdinand I., Grand Dukes of the Medici family, and are arguments in favor of religious toleration and unfettered commerce. Leghorn, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, was a general city of refuge to the persecuted and oppressed of all climes. Here fled the Jews in great numbers, chased from every part of the Spanish empire by the pitiless bigotry of its counsels. At this day, nowhere on the continent of Europe do the Jews hold up their heads so high as at Leghorn. They form about a fourth of its population, and com-

prise more than a fourth part of its intelligence and activity Here, too, came many families from France, driven out by religious persecutions or civil wars. Many inhabitants of Corsica, impatient of the Genoese yoke, took refuge in Leghorn Cosmo II. attempted to establish here the last remnants of the Moorish conquerors of Spain, who were driven out of that country by Philip III.; but the African blood proved too fiery and unmanageable for the success of the experiment, and they were transported to the land from which their ancestors had originally come.

Leghorn has a general air of business and progress. The shops are full of goods from every part of the world, and the manufactures of England and France may be bought there as cheaply as in those countries themselves. Coral and alabaster are wrought with much taste. Houses were building in many places; a thing to be seen in no other part of Italy. I had the curiosity to go into one of them which was nearly completed. It was of moderate dimensions, but combined taste with convenience; a modification of English with Italian notions. It would rent, as I was told, for about half of what would be paid for similar accommodations in Boston.

Commerce, which formerly enriched Florence and Pisa, has long since deserted those cities and transferred its fickle smiles to Leghorn. From my own observation, I should say that the ancient and honorable character of Tuscan commerce was well sustained in its present home. At the house of a Leghorn merchant, I found generous hospitality commended by cultivation and refinement, and the pursuits of commerce dignified by various knowledge and literary taste.

In Leghorn, also, I renewed my acquaintance with an English gentleman, who had been a fellow-passenger in the steamer from Boston. He occupied a pretty villa in the outskirts of the city, to which was attached a spacious garden, under good cultivation. His wife was the daughter of an English gentleman long settled in Leghorn. She and her sisters spoke Italian and English with equal facility, and, from my experience of their discourse in Italian, I should say that the sweetest of all tongues was 'la lingua Toscana in bocca Inglese.' Good conversational voices are rare in Italy, and the music of its language is never so well apprehended as when conveyed in the low and gentle tones of refined English women.

In my walks about Leghorn, I noticed large piles of massive oak timber; a product which I had not associated with the soil of Italy. I was told that it was exported in considerable quantities mainly for the use of the British navy, and that large

contracts were in force for the supply of a material which the progress of industrial civilization is rendering more and more scarce. The trees are felled in the Apennines. Would that there was more of the oak and less of the myrtle in the character of the Italians themselves!

In Leghorn a most painful spectacle is presented by the gangs of convicts which are every where encountered in the streets. They are employed in various ways upon the public works, making excavations, and sweeping the streets. Their dress varies according to the crimes for which they have been condemned. There were some hideous faces among them. The wolf and the tiger glared from them, but nothing of the man. Compared with these, the convicts in the State prison at Charlestown look like reputable members of society. It is singular that this way of disposing of criminals should be retained in a country so (comparatively) well governed as Tuscany. The aspect of such a mass of crime, living and moving before the eye, cannot but have a demoralizing influence, especially upon the young. What parent among us would not think, with the liveliest alarm, of having so foul a spectacle daily before the pure eyes of his children?

An incident occurred while I was at Leghorn, which brought home to me a lively sense of the blessings we enjoy in living in a land at once of liberty and law. One night, about twelve o'clock, I was awakened by the entrance of a number of men into my room. It proved to be my host, attended by three armed officers. The latter approached the bed, examined my features attentively by the light of a lamp, and, remarking that I was not the person they were in search of, left me with a cool apology for the disturbance; which, however, was no substitute for either sleep or patience. It seems that they went through the whole house in the same way, and entered every apartment 'without distinction of sex.' They exhibited no warrant, except that which they wore by their sides; and gave no intimation of the name or condition of the person for whom they were in search

STEAMER TO CIVITA VECCHIA.

The steamer at last arrived, and on the evening of December 18th I went on board. From the long delay, there was an unusually large number of passengers: many more than the small boat could accommodate. Among them were about a dozen Americans. The weather had been threatening during

the day, and dull gray clouds were mustering their forces in the air. As soon as we got out of the harbor it began to blow heavily and knock up an angry sea; and the overladen boat plunged and pitched in the most distressing way. Nearly every body yielded to the despotic power of the roused waters; and, though myself in a very solemn frame of spirit, I had some compassion to spare for my neighbors. Nobody can measure all the horrors of sea-sickness who has not seen Italians under its power. They do not believe in 'silent griefs,' but are accustomed to give vent and breath to every emotion. Some wept, some groaned, and some almost shrieked aloud. But over a night of much suffering and some danger, a veil of oblivion may well be drawn.

By morning, the wind had lulled under the influence of a heavy rain. A more pallid and woe-begone set of faces were never seen, than those that greeted the welcome light. We reached Civita Vecchia about eleven, but were not allowed to land till an hour after.

CIVITA VECCHIA.

Nowhere is the temper of mortal and imperfect man put to severer proof than at Civita Vecchia; and nowhere is there more scolding and swearing done. It is merely a gate of entrance to Rome; and the inhabitants depend mostly on what they can fleece from the traveller during the brief space of his sojourn. The various devices under which money is obtained furnish a striking illustration of the inventive powers of the human mind. The force of extortion can no farther go. He pays the porter who carries his luggage to the custom-house; he pays for two examinations, one by the custom-house officers, and one by the police; he pays another porter for putting his trunks upon the diligence; he pays for a visa to his passport: he pays an unreasonable bill at the inn; and, finally, when he draws a long breath of relief and thinks that this generation of horse-leeches has at last sucked their fill, he is stopped at the gates and obliged to pay for liberty to quit the town, — a liberty worth gaining at almost any price. Imagine a testy and impatient Englishman, with little French and no Italian, going through this ordeal, and the words with which he will piece out his imperfect vocabulary are easily supplied. The author of Murray's Hand-book, after recounting the above extortions adds in a very mild way: 'It will hardly, therefore, be a matter of surprise, that in many instances the recollections of

Civita Vecchia are not of the most agreeable kind.' I am afraid that if the town were sacked and destroyed, and the inhabitants carried into captivity, the news would be received by every traveller who has landed there, with a certain savage satisfaction.

The great lion of Civita Vecchia is the bandit Gasperoni, who is confined in prison here. This wretch, who owns to thirty murders, receives visits and even presents in money from travellers: a diseased curiosity quite inexplicable in men of any moral thoughtfulness. And yet among his visitors was that enthusiastic philanthropist, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, who has recorded the incident in his diary, in a paragraph which I never can read without amazement.

ARRIVAL AT ROME.

The friends who were with me being equally impatient with myself to quit Civita Vecchia, we took a carriage and started for Rome, though it was late in the afternoon before we could get off. Nothing is lost, however, by travelling over this road by night, as a subsequent journey by day revealed. A more monotonous, dreary, and uninteresting country cannot be imagined. There are neither striking scenery nor inhabitants. The marshes between Boston and Lynn are not more unattractive.

We reached Rome at midnight, entering it by the Porta Cavalleggieri, in the immediate neighborhood of St. Peter's. The night was dark and stormy, and just before reaching the gate the clouds gathered for a storm of thunder and lightning, which lasted for a considerable time. As we drove by St. Peter's, the dome and colonnade were revealed by gleams of lightning and then shrouded in gloom, and the dash of its fountains was heard mingled with the pattering of the heavy rain-drops. Amid this war of the elements, we passed by the Castle of St. Angelo, over the bridge, and through the narrow streets that lead to the Piazza di Spagna; and I felt that it was under no inappropriate conditions that I was first brought face to face with the grandeur and mystery of the Eternal City

CHAPTER VIII.

First Impressions of Rome — St. Peter's — The Piazza, Obelisk, and Fountains — Façade and Vestibule — Interior — Monuments — Ascent to the Dome — General Character of the Building — Christmas in St. Peter's.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ROME.

To the traveller who enters Rome with any sort of preparation, — who has any thing like a due perception of its multitudinous claims upon the attention, — the first few days of his residence there will usually be passed in a sort of bewildering indecision, endeavoring to fix upon some plan by which he may comprehend the mighty maze of interests that lies before him. Will he follow the stream of chronology, and, beginning with the morning twilight of history, come down through the kingly period, the republic, the empire, the night of the dark ages, the new dawn of power and influence in more recent times, and trace this last to its present lengthening shadows of decline, — studying each period in its monuments, binding the present to the past, and observing how each age is the parent of its successor? Or will he divide Rome into subjects, and take up painting, sculpture, architecture, separately, and resolutely exclude every thing but the matter in hand? Will he cut it up territorially, and exhaust one section before he approaches another? Will he make the circuit of the walls, and get the general contour and leading features stamped upon the mind, before he descends to particulars? While thus deliberating, accident or indolence or caprice will probably determine for him, and, in the impatience of doubt, all plans will be abandoned, and the impulse of the moment be his guide.

It may be stated, as a general rule, that in proportion to the stranger's susceptibility to all that is characteristic and peculiar in Rome will be his disappointment at first. Most persons enter Rome by the Porta del Popolo, which opens upon the spacious Piazza del Popolo, an irregular area, in which there is no very striking object, except the obelisk in the centre.

In front, two twin churches, of moderate size, and no great architectural merit, divide the three streets which diverge from the piazza, like three outstretched fingers from the palm of the hand. The traveller will probably be driven only a few steps further, to one of the hotels in the Piazza di Spagna. He will find himself surrounded with shops, coffee-houses and lodging-houses. In fine weather, he will see stout gentlemen in drab gaiters, and fair-complexioned ladies with parasols, and superfluous flounces on their gowns. He will hear English spoken all around him. He will say to himself, 'All this is well, but it is not Rome; it is London or Paris or any other metropolis. The majestic shadow of the past is not here. It is modern, comfortable, and business-like. This is what I left at home, not what I came here to see.'

Nor will these unexpected impressions be dissipated by the first exploring expeditions which he will make in search of the ideal. The greater part of inhabited Rome is, comparatively, a modern city, occupying the once open spaces of the Campus Martius; and the most thickly-peopled part of the ancient city is now inhabited only by ruins and memories. The streets of modern Rome are narrow, dark, and gloomy; without sidewalks; frequently crooked; and rarely presenting fine continuous façades of architecture. They are not kept clean; and, in wet weather, it requires no common resolution to walk in them. An indescribable air of mouldiness and decay haunts a large proportion of them. They seem withered and wrinkled by time. The passenger, too, must keep all his wits about him, to avoid being run over; for the Roman Jehu thinks he has done his duty, if he gives notice of his approach by a sort of warning yell, and that, afterwards, the responsibility is yours and not his.

Nor does the first aspect of most of the ruins in Rome satisfy the longings of the heart. In all probability, the visitor will have formed some notion of these, or, at, least, the most prominent of them, from engravings, and these are rarely true. To lie like an engraving would be as good a proverbial expression as to lie like a bulletin. Not that the size, dimensions, and character of the object delineated are falsified; but liberties are taken with all that is in immediate proximity to it. Many of the Roman ruins are thrust into unsightly neighborhoods: they are shouldered and elbowed by commonplace structures, or start out, like excrescences, from mean and inexpressive walls. They are surrounded by decay which has no dignity, and by offensive objects which are like discordant notes in a strain of music. All these are swept away by the

engravers; and the effect upon the particular object is idealizing and untrue. Everything is smoothed, rounded, and polished · holes are filled up, inequalities are removed, backgrounds and foregrounds are created, the crooked made straight, and all deformity erased. Hence, though there is truth enough to suggest the resemblance, there is untruth enough to excite vexatious disappointment. The image of the beautiful seems ever to be flitting before the traveller's weary steps. The light fades as he draws near, and the 'shining trails' which he has followed go out in darkness.

But let him bide his time. The Rome of the mind is not built in a day. His hour will surely come. Not suddenly, not by stormy and vehement movements, but by gentle gradations and soft approaches, the spirit of the place will descend upon him. The unsightly and common-place appendages will disappear, and only the beautiful and the tragic will remain. And, when his mind and heart are in unison with the scene around him, a thousand happy accidents and cordial surprises lie in wait for him. Upon the Pincian Hill, on the summit of the Baths of Caracalla, under the arches of the Claudian Aqueduct, beneath the whispering pines of the Villa Pamphili-Doria, influences will drop into his soul, not merely soothing and refreshing, but elevating and tranquillizing, — pictures will be stamped upon the memory, which will ever shed around them the serene light of undecaying beauty, never dimmed by the disappointments, the burdens, the torpid commonplaces and the dreary drudgeries of future years.

But this supposes a fitting frame of mind in the traveller himself. As Rome cannot be comprehended without previous preparation, so it cannot be felt without a certain congeniality of temperament. Something of the imaginative principle; the power of going out of one's self, and forgetting the actual in the ideal, and the present in the past; the capacity to sympathize with the dreamer, if not to dream; a willingness to be acted upon, and not to act, — these must be wrought into the being of him who would catch all the inspiration of the place. The traveller must leave all his notions of progress and reform at the gates, or he will be kept in a constant state of protest and rebellion; as unfit to receive the impressions which are around him as a lake ruffled by the storm, to reflect the heavens. He must try to forget such things as a representative government, town-meetings, public schools, railways, and steam-engines. He must learn to look upon pope, cardinal, and monk, not with a puritan scowl, but as parts of an imposing pageant, which he may contemplate without self-reproach, though without approv-

ing; as the man of peace may be innocently amused with the splendid evolutions of a review. He whose spirit is so restless and evanescent as to forbid repose, whose zeal for progress admits neither compromise nor delay, — who sees, not the landscape, but the monastery which blots it, not the church, but the beggar on its steps, — who, in the kneeling peasant, finds all idolatry and no devotion, — may have many good and great qualities, but he is out of his place in Rome. He is an exotic, and will only languish and pine in its uncongenial soil.

ST. PETER'S.

When Rome is viewed from a distance, the dome of St. Peter's is the central point of observation, and seems to be gathering the rest of the city under its enormous wings. It is so with thoughts and associations. St. Peter's is the first object of interest, around which all others group themselves. Here the traveller hurries as soon as the dust of the journey is shaken from his feet; and here he comes, at the last moment, as the spot from which he is most reluctant to part.

A work so vast and various must be approached in the spirit of knowledge and docility. Most buildings have an unity of plan; and their different parts, and the successive changes in structure and detail, are like variations upon one musical theme. Not so with St. Peter's. It awakens no ideas of unity or simplicity. It is a great representative structure, which gathers within itself the convergent rays of innumerable lights. It is a temple, a museum, a gallery of art, and a mausoleum. If a fanciful comparison may be pardoned, other churches are gardens but St. Peter's is a landscape. Its growth and history embrace nearly three hundred and fifty years, from the time of Nicholas V., who began it in 1450, to that of Pius VI., who built the sacristy in 1780; and it expresses, not only the will of different popes, the tastes of successive architects, but the changes and revolutions of time itself. Its foundation was nearly coeval with the invention of printing: before the sacristy was completed, the splendid researches of Watt had been crowned with success; and, in the interval, had occurred the discovery of America and the Reformation. Religion, politics, literature, art, and manners had gone through whole cycles of mutation, and the web of society had been unravelled and rewoven. All these considerations should be borne in mind by him who would form a true judgment of this unique building

It should be examined in that historical spirit in which we study the Roman law or the English constitution.

As early as the fourth century, a church had been erected by Constantine the Great, upon the site of the Circus of Nero, to commemorate the spot which had been hallowed to the Christian world, as the burial-place of St. Peter, and the scene of many of the early martyrdoms. This church having fallen into decay in the course of eleven centuries, Nicholas V. resolved to erect another in its place, which should rival the glories of Solomon's temple. The plan adopted by him, which was that of the Roman basilica, was changed by Bramante, in the early part of the sixteenth century, who first conceived the sublime idea of a cupola, in conjunction with a Latin cross. Between his death, in 1514, and the appointment of Michael Angelo, as architect, in 1542, the plan of a Latin cross had been abandoned, and returned to by successive architects. Michael Angelo adopted the Greek cross, and designed the dome, the tribune, and the transepts, substantially as they now are; and, down to the beginning of the seventeenth century, the spirit of this great man presided over the work, and ruled it from his tomb. Afterwards, Carlo Maderno returned to Bramante's plan of the Latin cross, and by him, the façade was also built. The colonnades were added by Bernini, who is responsible for many of the details of the interior.

The distance from the Piazza di Spagna to St. Peter's is about a mile. There are two ways of reaching it on foot. One is through a succession of narrow and unsightly streets, and over the bridge by the Castle of St. Angelo, ending in front of it. The other is by crossing the Tiber, in the ferry-boat, from the Via Ripetta, and proceeding across the fields and entering the Porta Angelica, by which the building is approached on the side. The latter, in fine weather is the more agreeable walk; but the effect of the building is much more imposing when seen from the front, and this should always be the visitor's first view.

THE PIAZZA, OBELISK, AND FOUNTAINS.

The site of the building is not in all respects happy. It is near the base of a gently sloping elevation, and, thus, has the disadvantage of a rising background. When first seen, however, the attention is drawn to, and almost absorbed, by, its accessories, rather than itself; by the piazza, the obelisk, the fountains, and the colonnades. It is impossible, by any state

ment of numbers, extent, or dimensions, to convey any notion of the sublime effect of this combination of objects. Let the reader imagine himself in the centre of a spacious ellipse, of which the longer diameter is about eight hundred feet. On either hand, semicircular colonnades, supported by four rows of columns, enclose space enough between the two inner rows for the passage of two carriages abreast. One extremity of each semicircle is united to the ends of the façade of the church by covered galleries, similar in construction to the porticos themselves. The galleries and porticos, together, are not unlike in form to sickles, of which the galleries make the handles. The galleries are not exactly parallel, but they converge as they recede from the façade. All these structures are of the most colossal size. The porticos are sixty-four feet high, and the holy army of saints which crown the entablature, nearly two hundred in number, are eleven feet. But so harmonious are the proportions, that, when seen from the centre of the piazza, the whole effect is light, airy, and graceful. Nothing could have been devised more calculated to add dignity and expression to the front of the church, or to screen from the view of the spectator the buildings on either side which would have been an incongruous element in the scene. The galleries and porticos seem like all-embracing arms of invitation extended by the church to the whole Christian world, summoning it to come and worship under the roof of the most majestic temple ever made with hands. The combination of the straight line of the galleries with the circle of the colonnades — of the entablature with the statues above and the columns below — meets all that the mind requires, both of unity and variety. The eye slides delightedly along the majestic curves and lines, — nowhere wearied with monotony, nowhere disturbed with incongruity, — till it rests upon the façade to which it is so gracefully drawn. I have seen this incomparable piazza under all conditions; in the blaze of an Italian noon; at the silence of midnight; swarming with carriages and foot-passengers; occupied by soldiers at their drill; and, under all, it retained the same aspect and character. It never seemed crowded: it never seemed desolate. Men and women however numerous, never appeared but as fringes and embellishments. Its contents never were commensurate with itself. They stood in the same relation to it as vessels to the harbor in which they ride.*

* Many buildings were destroyed to make space for this colonnade; among them, the house which Raphael built for himself in the Borgo

After having contemplated the scene as a whole, the traveller may pause, for a moment, to examine those details which, at first, were hardly observed. He will not fail to commend the taste which marked the central point of the piazza by an obelisk. This form, heathen in its origin, has been appropriately adopted by Christianity; for it expresses that element of aspiration, which, natural to the heart of man, finds solution and repose only in the Christian faith. It is a solid mass of red granite, eighty-three feet high, without hieroglyphics, resting on a pedestal, or base, of about fifty feet. Its removal from its former position,* and its erection on its present site was, as

Nuovo, which belonged to the Priory of Malta at the time of its destruction. The expense of the colonnade and galleries was eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars; not including the pavement, which cost eighty-eight thousand dollars.

* This obelisk formerly stood on the Circus of Caligula, near the site of the present sacristy of St. Peter's. It remained standing during fifteen centuries, and is the only obelisk in Rome that was never thrown down. The exact position it occupied is marked by a square stone, in the passage leading from the church to the sacristy, with the inscription, 'Sito del obelisco fino all' anno MDLXXXVI.' The plan of removing it had occurred to several popes, but was only accomplished through the energy of Sixtus V., aided by the genius of Fontana. A commission appointed by the pope invited proposals and plans from all Europe, and upwards of five hundred were sent in. These comprised, of course, a great variety of opinions and suggestions. The great point of difference was, whether the obelisk should be removed in an upright position as it then stood, or whether it should first be lifted from the pedestal and laid upon the ground. Most of the plans were in favor of the former method; but Fontana zealously maintained the expediency of the latter. The pope required him to make an experiment of his scheme of transportation, upon a small obelisk formerly belonging to the mausoleum of Augustus. This proved entirely successful, and the execution of the enterprise was entrusted to him by a papal edict, dated October 5, 1585.

The great difficulty in the removal arose from the enormous weight of the obelisk, which was nearly a million of pounds. On the 30th of April, 1586, this immense mass was slowly and successfully lifted two feet above its pedestal, by the strength of nine hundred men, aided by thirty-five windlasses. It remained thus suspended in the air till the 7th May, when, by the same agency, the still more difficult task of swinging it sideways out of its perpendicular position, and laying it upon rollers placed on the ground to receive it, was also happily executed. Between the 7th of May and the 10th of September, the obelisk had been transported on rollers to its present site; and the greatest feat of all — that of elevating it and placing it upon its pedestal — remained to be done. Eight hundred men, one hundred and fifty horses, and forty-six windlasses were employed. The work began at early dawn; and at an hour before sunset the obelisk was securely resting in its present position. The gratitude of the pope was in proportion to the greatness of the enterprise and its splendid success. He caused two medals to be struck in honor of the event, made Fontana a knight of the golden spur, gave him five thousand crowns in

is well known, a miracle of engineering skill, triumphing over incredible mechanical difficulties; but it is not easy to imagine it when on the spot. It springs from its basin and pierces the blue air with its slender spire, as if from a spiritual and natural impulse, as lightly as a palm-tree rises from the soil. It points to the heavens with silent finger, lifting up the eye and the thoughts, as if to teach us that the beauty and grandeur around us are unworthily enjoyed, if they do not elevate our contemplations above the earth. On either side of the obelisk, between it and the semicircular portico, but nearer the latter than the former, are the fountains. Among the many fountains in Rome, these are remarkable for the simplicity of their construction. The jet of water, which rises sixty feet above the pavement, is received into a basin of oriental granite, and, flowing over its sides, falls in a silvery sheet into a larger one below. The basins supply form, and the water, drapery; art thus performing its legitimate function, in multiplying the surfaces over which water may glide or break. Nothing can be more impressive than the contrast between the restless play of these fountains, and the monumental repose of the obelisk The former expresses the undecided struggle between aspirations and passions, — stern resolves bending under the weight of temptation, — the central strength of virtue, and the yielding weakness of temperament; while the latter is like a noble life on which death has set the final seal of excellence, and which is forever rescued from the grasp of chance and change.

FAÇADE AND VESTIBULE.

When the visitor, after pausing to contemplate these imposing objects, passes on to the church itself, he will gather, from the time it takes him to reach the portico, an impression of the size of the piazza which the eye alone fails to communicate.

money, and settled upon him and his heirs a pension of two thousand crowns a year. He also gave him all the ropes, timber, and other materials which had been used; which produced the sum of twenty thousand crowns.

The story so commonly told — that the enterprise had nearly failed through the stretching of the ropes under the enormous weight, and that a voice from the crowd called out 'water,' and that the ropes were drenched from the fountains near at hand, and thus, by the shrinking produced by the wetting, enabled to perform their office — is not found in any contemporary author. It is, as Platner remarks, probably one of those inventions which spring from a wish to disparage the triumphs of genius, and to lower its claims in comparison with those of the common mind

As he draws nearer, he will notice the two prominent defects of the plan; the lengthening of the nave consequent upon the adoption of the form of a Latin cross, and the very inferior architecture of the façade.

By the lengthening of the nave, the base of the dome is cut off from the eye; and thus there is no point in the piazza, from which the whole of its sublime proportions can be seen. In this respect, the common prints of St. Peter's are deceptive; the point of sight being always above the plane of the eye, more of the dome is represented in them, than is really visible to any one of mortal stature. The façade is hopelessly and irredeemably bad; ill-adapted to its position, as being palatial rather than ecclesiastical in its style, and of no essential merit independent of its unfitness. By the multiplication and intersection of the pilasters, windows, bands, and cornices, an air of crowded uniformity has been given to the whole front, making it resemble an enormous chequer-board. There is no boldness in the projection of the portico and pediment; and nowhere a chance for the light to be broken into massive shadows. The whole is deficient in dignity, simplicity, and expression. The lengthened nave, and the façade, are both due to Carlo Maderno, 'a wretched plasterer from Como,' as Forsyth indignantly calls him; and for both he has been severely, perhaps too severely, censured. For the former he may plead in justification the wishes of the Pope, Paul V., who determined to include within the new building, the whole space occupied by the old basilica. For the defects of the façade he may urge in extenuation the necessity of a balcony, from which the papal benediction may be given; but, surely, that might have been gained, and not so much lost. The balcony might have been made the central object around which all the rest should be disposed; or it might have been blended with the other details of the front, without too much prominence, and without impairing the general effect.

The vestibule is a noble and spacious building, in itself. Standing in the middle, an architectural vista of more than two hundred feet, on either hand, is opened to the eye; terminated on the right by an equestrian statue of Constantine, and on the left by a similar one of Charlemagne; neither worthy of the splendid position it enjoys. Nor will more than a rapid glance be vouchsafed to the celebrated mosaic of St. Peter walking on the sea, which is over the central entrance of the vestibule, — a work hallowed by the name of Giotto, though little of his handy-work is left in it.

INTERIOR.

We are now about to enter the church itself. He must be of a singularly insensible temperament who can move aside the heavy leathern curtains of the entrance, without a quickened beating of the heart. When the visitor has passed into the interior, and so far recovered from the first rush of tumultuous sensations which crowd upon him as to be able to look about him, he will be struck with, and, if not forewarned, disappointed at, the apparent want of magnitude. This, deemed by some a defect, and by others a merit, is, strictly speaking, neither the one nor the other; but the inevitable result of the style of architecture in which St. Peter's is built. This structure, like every work of art, should be judged with reference to its aim and purpose. It is not in the form of a basilica, and we violate an elementary canon of criticism, when we apply to it the rules by which the excellence of a basilica is tried. In this, we demand unity and simplicity; but, in the style of St. Peter's, harmony, variety, and proportion are the graces aimed at. There is certainly something very effective in the severe purity of the basilica. How airy and graceful are the columns of the nave! how, like a musical accompaniment, the side-aisles flow along! how naturally the walls rest on the arches of the colonnade! and how fitly the roof crowns and binds the whole! The first impression satisfies and elevates the mind. The elastic glance leaps, at a bound, from the pavement to the roof, and follows the unbroken line of the perspective without a pause of discontent. Some persons have regretted that a form of ecclesiastical architecture, so hallowed by the traditions of the church, was not adopted in this greatest of Christian temples. But, besides that the magnitude of the building, and the immense weight of the superincumbent mass, required the support of piers and arches, it would have been impossible to procure the requisite number of monolith columns for a basilica of the first class. The majestic porticoes and temples of antiquity had been plundered of their pillars of granite and marble to decorate earlier churches; and there were no more left for either rapacity or devotion to seize upon. Nor could the crowning glory of the dome have been combined with such a plan. Thus, in entering St. Peter's, we must leave behind us the prepossessions derived either from a Gothic cathedral or a Roman basilica. In a Gothic cathedral, for instance, the statues are of the size of life; because, by the natural standard they furnish to the eye, the apparent height of the roof

and the shafts is enhanced ; but, in St. Peter's, the statues are all on a colossal scale. The cherubs which support a vase of holy water, near the door, are of seemingly infantile proportions ; but they are really upwards of six feet high. Not only is harmony of proportion an essential attribute of a building like St. Peter's, but its immense size makes it unnecessary to enlarge its apparent dimensions.

It is true, that so far as the first impression is concerned, which is so important in architecture, a building like the Milan cathedral, or the church of Santa Maria Maggiore, has the advantage of St. Peter's. But in the former, successive visits do little more than renew and deepen the first image ; in St. Peter's, the visible objects seem to grow and expand as we gaze. It is a mighty volume, in which every day we read a new page. The eye becomes the pupil of the mind ; and the proportioned bulk and harmonious grandeur unfold themselves by gradual and successive steps. A cathedral breaks upon us with the sudden splendor of a meteor ; but St. Peter's gains upon the mind by gradations like those which mark the approach of day in temperate latitudes.

An objection which has been made to the nave of St. Peter's — that it contains too great a multiplicity of details — cannot be so satisfactorily met. The roof shadowed with sunken coffers and shining with gilded ornaments ; the enormous piers, with their Corinthian pilasters, their niches, and their statues ; the lateral and longitudinal arches ; the recumbent figures in stucco ; the medallions ; the innumerable ornaments in marble — confuse the mind with their number and mass. Had there been less profusion, and a severer taste in embellishment, the general effect would have been increased.

As we leave the entrance, and walk towards the dome, the eye is caught by the row of lamps, one hundred and twelve in number, which are grouped, in branches of three, upon a circular balustrade of marble. At a distance, their faint, tremulous gleams, struggling through the eclipsing light of day, present an impressive picture, and recall Shelley's fanciful image of 'a swarm of golden bees ;' but their effect lessens as we draw near, and the lamps are revealed. From the balustrade, a double flight of steps leads down to the most sacred spot in the church, the tomb of the apostle to whom it is dedicated. At the bottom of the steps, in a kneeling attitude before the tomb, is a marble statue of Pius VI. by Canova ; the only statue which I recall as being in a situation to be looked down upon by the spectator. It is a work of great beauty and expression, and its position is a source both of wonder and regret

of wonder, because not even the truly amiable and respectable character of Pius VI. would seem to entitle him to occupy a spot of such peculiar sacredness; and of regret, because its merits, as a work of art, are very much lost.

On the right side of the nave is the bronze statue of St. Peter, the foot of which has been reverently kissed by so many generations of devout Catholics. It is a story, often repeated by Protestant writers, that this identical statue is a work of antiquity; a representation of Jupiter, baptized anew in those transition ages, 'when Pan to Moses lent his pagan horn.' But in this statement there is more of Protestant zeal than of knowledge in art; for not only it has not that character of the head and arrangement of the hair always found in statues of Jupiter; but its inferior workmanship, the stiffness of the attitude, and the hardness of the outline, prove it to be of a later date than the classical periods of art. It is probably the recast of an antique statue.

The huge, uncouth structure, reared over the high altar awakens, both from its ugliness and inappropriateness, a double effusion of iconoclastic zeal. It is a baldachino, or canopy, of bronze, ninety-three feet high, and resting on four twisted columns of the same material; the whole elaborately ornamented and richly gilded. It is difficult to imagine on what ground, or for what purpose, this costly fabric was placed here. It has neither beauty nor grandeur; and resembles nothing so much as a colossal four-post bedstead without the curtains. Its size is so immense that it cannot be avoided, either by the eye or the mind. It is a pursuing and intrusive presence. Stand where we may — look where we will — it thrusts itself upon the attention. We wish it any where but where it is — under the dome, rearing its tawdry commonplace into that majestic space, and scrawling upon the air its feeble and affected lines of spiral.

The bronze of which this baldachino is constructed is said to have been taken by Urban VIII. from the Pantheon, — a fact that gives a fresh coating to the dislike which the mere sight of it awakens.

The pilgrim is now beneath the dome. The spirit of criticism, which has hitherto attended him with whispers of doubt and suggestions of improvement, goes no further. Astonishment and admiration break upon the mind and carry it away. To say that the dome of St. Peter's is sublime is a cold commonplace. In sublimity, it is so much beyond all other architectural creations that it demands epithets of its own. There is no work of man's hands that is similar or second to it Vast

as it is, it rests upon its supporting piers, in such serene tranquillity, that it seems to have been lifted and expanded by the elastic force of the air which it clasps. Under its majestic vault, the soul dilates. To act like the hero — to endure like the martyr — seems no more than the natural state of man.

Under the dome, with the tribune before us, and the transept on either hand, we are face to face with the sublime genius of Michael Angelo. These are his conceptions, carried out by his successors in a spirit of becoming reverence. His mind was never in its element, unless when grappling with majestic designs and moving in wide spaces. As men like Cromwell and Bonaparte are turbulent and impatient when in an inferior sphere, but tranquil when they have risen to the heights of power; so the crowded and restless energies of Michael Angelo, which chafed and fretted in the narrow precinct of a single statue, or an oil picture, found repose in such gigantic tasks as the dome of St. Peter's and the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel.

The arts of painting and sculpture can offer no parallel to the dome of St. Peter's. Their range, so far as the sublime is concerned, is necessarily limited; and beyond that limit they degenerate into the monstrous or the grotesque. Music is too sensuous, too stirring, too passionate — too much felt in the blood to lift the mind into regions so lofty and so pure. Poetry, alone, can awaken such emotions, and call up such shapes of grandeur. Michael Angelo has been often compared to Dante, whose works he is known to have studied and admired; but Dante's is not the name which the dome of St. Peter's first suggests. He is sublime; but that is not his greatest power. His leading characteristics are picturesqueness and intensity. The genius of Milton presents the most obvious parallel to that which reared this majestic dome. The first book of the Paradise Lost is in poetry what that is in architecture. Both are marked by the same imaginative sublimity and the same creative power. Both raise the mind to the same exalted heights, and both by the same means.

MONUMENTS.

St. Peter's is a world of art; but the specimens, with a few exceptions, are by no means of the first class. The period at which the building was so far completed as to admit of interior decorations, was the Alexandrian age of art. Bernini was to Michael Angelo what Lycophron was to Homer. The monuments to deceased popes erected here are all of them costly, and many magnificent. Some separate figures and portions

of them are of great excellence, but few soar to the dignity, simplicity, and feeling of high monumental art. Most of them are framed upon a uniform model. They are pyramidal in their general outline: the statue of the deceased pope, kneeling, sitting, or standing, being the central and crowning figure. Below, is a sarcophagus, ornamented with bas-reliefs, flanked or supported by statues, in which all the resources of allegory are exhausted. Prudence, Justice, Charity, and Religion lean, sprawl, or recline; and all endeavor, with more or less of ill-success, to do what marble never can do.

The finest of these monuments is that erected by Canova to Clement XIII. at the end of the right transept. The pope is represented in an attitude of prayer: a figure full of expression. He kneels upon a cushion, and his tiara is on the space before him. Below, on the left, is the figure of Religion, a female holding a cross taller than herself. This statue, though admirably executed, is not of the highest merit. The general character of the form is too sturdy and masculine, and the attitude too rigid. The golden rays which encircle the head are a most unfortunate embellishment. In passing suddenly from the flowing outlines of the figure to a circle of radiating spikes, the eye experiences a painful shock; nor does the material harmonize with the purity of the marble. On the left, is the genius of Death, sitting with his torch reversed: the countenance and attitude beautifully expressive of the gentleness of grief. This is an admirable work of art; not original in its design, but such a statue as would have been admired in Greece, in the best days of Grecian art. The delicate symmetry of the limbs, the grace of the position, and the air of soft melancholy thrown over the whole figure, are stamped with the impress of Canova's genius in its best days, before he had fallen into the prettiness and affectation observable in some of his later works.

The lower part of the monument represents the door of a chapel. This is guarded by two lions; that on the left is represented as waking, and that on the right as sleeping. The latter is an incomparable creature, — as noble a combination of strength and repose as art has ever created, — a work to be praised only by superlatives and without qualification. We wonder, in looking at it, why Canova did not do more in the same style; why an artist so capable of representing the sublime should have dwelt so habitually within the limits of the beautiful. Is it because the animal sublime, if such an expression may be allowed, differs from the human sublime, in kind as well as degree: the former being the result of material form, the latter, of intellectual expression?

Admirable as these lions are, one is tempted to question their appropriateness as embellishments to the monument of a peaceful ecclesiastic. We ask what is their meaning, and what ideas do they represent? Pistolesi, the author of the great work upon the Vatican and St. Peter's, tells us that they typify the firmness of mind ('la fortezza dell' anima') which distinguished the deceased pontiff. On the other hand, M. de Stendhal, a clever French writer, says that they express grief in its different aspects of rebellion and submission.

The great name of Thorwaldsen will naturally attract attention to the monument of Pius VII.; but it is hardly worthy the genius of this illustrious artist. The figures are good, but, as a whole, the design is formal and rectangular, and leaves an impression on the mind that the sculptor had not put his heart into his work.

In the monument to Urban VIII., which is in the tribune, the genius of Bernini is seen in its most favorable aspect. The figure of the pope is in bronze, and full of expression; and the statues of Prudence and Justice, which are in marble, are fine specimens of cleverness and skill. They are not beautiful; still less, sublime. They want repose and dignity, but they are full of animation and spirit. They are somewhat exaggerated and redundant in their forms, like the pictures of Rubens; but they have the same vital energy.

In the same tribune, — as if to give us the extreme points to which the genius of Bernini could rise and fall, — is the most glaring offence against good taste in all St. Peter's; a fabric of bronze, in which is enclosed the identical chair in which St. Peter and his immediate successors officiated; that is, we are told to believe so. Four fathers of the church hold up the bronze covering with their hands, but in their attitude and position, they resemble dancing-masters rather than saints and theologians. Above, there is a pictorial representation of the Holy Ghost, a confused hubbub of clouds, gilding, rays and cherubs; the whole design from top to bottom being nothing less than detestable.

To those who speak the English tongue, the most interesting of the monuments in St. Peter's is that erected by Canova to the last three of the Stuart family, James the Third, Charles the Third, and Henry the Ninth, as they are designated in the inscription. It is a marble structure, in form resembling a truncated obelisk. The lower part represents the door of a mausoleum, guarded on either side by winged figures identical in design. The whole monument seems feeble and commonplace but its interest is independent of its merit as a work of art.

Here repose the last of a memorable race, — a family remarkable, not for great virtues or great capacity, but for great misfortunes. Misfortunes have their dignity and their redeming power.

'Sunt lacrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt.'

No family ever underwent a more righteous retribution, or more distinctly sowed the harvest of sorrow which they reaped. But here is the end of a great historical chapter: nothing new remains but compassion. Over the dust which here reposes neither puritan nor republican would cherish the remembrance of crimes committed or wrongs endured.

ASCENT TO THE DOME.

The visitor to St. Peter's should not fail to ascend to the dome; a long journey, but involving no danger and not a great amount of fatigue. From the church to the roof the passage is by an inclined plane of pavement, with so gradual an ascent that loaded mules pass up without difficulty. In stepping out upon the roof, it is difficult to believe that we are more than one hundred and fifty feet from the ground, or that so extensive an architectural surface could have been reared in air by the patient labor of men's hands. It rather seems as if a little village had been lifted up by some geological convulsion. Here are wide spaces to walk about in, houses for human habitation, a fountain playing, and all the signs of life. The views are every where fine, and one can fancy that the air is purer and the sky more blue than to those left below. The dome soars high above the eye, and a new sense of its magnitude seizes upon the mind. The two cupolas which flank the façade are upwards of one hundred feet high, and the five smaller ones which crown the chapels are of great size; but here they seem like dwarfs clinging about a giant's knee.

The dome of St. Peter's, as is well known, is double; and between the outer and inner wall is a series of winding passages and staircases, by which the ascent is made to the top. The length of these passages and staircases, their number, and the time it takes to traverse them, are a new revelation of the size of this stupendous structure. We begin to comprehend the genius and courage which planned and executed a work so novel and so bold. From the galleries inside, the view of the interior below is most striking. It looks as the earth may look from a balloon. The men moving upon the pavement appear like that

'small infantry warred on by cranes;' and even the baldacchino hardly swells beyond the dimensions of a candelabrum.

At the base of the ball, a railing, unseen from below, enables the visitor whose nerves are tolerably good to enjoy an extensive and beautiful prospect, embracing a region interesting not merely to the eye but to the mind: the cradle of that mighty Roman race which here began its ever-widening circle of conquest and annexation. It comprises the Campagna, the Tiber, the distant Mediterranean, the Apennines, the Alban and Sabine hills, and the isolated bulk of Soracte. From no point on earth can the eye rest upon so many spots on which the undying light of human interest lingers.

From this place the ascent is made to the interior of the ball itself, into which most travellers climb, probably more for the sake of saying that they have been there than anything else. Though the ball looks like a mere point from below, it is nearly eight feet in diameter; and the interior will hold a dozen persons without inconvenience. Although I visited it on a winter's day, the atmosphere was extremely hot and uncomfortable, from the effect of the sun's rays upon the gilded bronze. By means of an exterior ladder, it is possible to climb to the foot of the cross; a feat which few landsmen would have the nerve to undertake.

Enormous as is the mass of the dome, and high as it is raised in the air, there have been for a long time no indications of insecurity; and it seems to be as firm as the hills themselves. But it is fearful to think of what an earthquake might do; and in the volcanic soil of Italy, earthquakes are not very rare or very unlikely occurrences.*

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE BUILDING.

Every great architectural structure has its peculiar character and power, which is independent of the particular parts which compose it; resembling the expression of a countenance, or the air of a figure. Some buildings are gay, some are grave, some are impressive, some are simple, some are affected. St. Peter's is so vast, and it contains so much, that it has no one prominent characteristic. It cannot be defined by a single epithet. It is among buildings what Shakespeare is among poets: both are

* There is a story told of two Spanish monks having been in the ball of St. Peter's in 1730, when a slight shock of earthquake was felt, and that one of them was so affected with terror that he died upon the spot

characterized by universality. In consequence of the immense extent of the interior, and the thickness of the walls, the temperature is nearly the same during the whole year. Thus, we always experience an agreeable change in entering it. In winter, we leave behind the dampness and the cold, and pass into a dry atmosphere of vernal softness, which refreshes the frame and soothes the spirit. In summer, we escape from the fiery heat and dazzling sunshine, and breathe, with a sense of luxury, the cool airs which are stored up in those capacious caverns. The windows of the church are never opened. It has its own atmosphere, and needs no supply from the world without. The most zealous professor of ventilation would admit that there was no work for him to do here. Our notions of a future life are never quite purged of material grossness. We imagine our senses as passing with us beyond the grave. When we dream of the climate of heaven, we make it warmth without heat, and coolness without cold, like that of St. Peter's.

SUNDAY EVENING VESPERS.

My most delightful recollections of St. Peter's are connected with the Sunday evening vespers, which I never failed to attend. They were performed in one of the side-chapels, and lasted about an hour. Most of the time was taken up by the singing of a choir of male voices to the accompaniment of an organ. The music was of a peculiar kind, such as can hardly be heard out of Rome; not sombre and monotonous, like that which we usually hear in Protestant churches, nor yet resembling those 'brisk and giddy-paced airs,' sometimes introduced to quicken the inexpressive drone of psalmody; but music which was at once elaborate, expressive, and sacred; weaving solemn airs into a complicated tissue of harmony, such as tasked both the voice and the mind to unwind. The voices were not of the first class, but they were admirably trained; and the performers sang with the unconscious ease with which common men talk. Without pretending to understand and interpret all the language which music speaks to a trained ear, I felt that its highest charm was there, and that the strains were in unison with the scene and the day. Before the close of the services, in the shortest days of winter, the shades of evening began to settle upon the church. The distant arches were shrouded with the gray veil of twilight. A silence deep, palpable, and overpowering, came down upon the scene the moment the voices had ceased. The power of such moments and such influences

can be felt but not described. What we see is blended with what we hope or what we mourn. The gloom is peopled with airy shapes, and visionary voices are mingled with the sounds which die along the arches. As forms grow dim and shadowy, the shadows become substantial. The imagination pieces out what the eye cannot complete. The living and the lifeless change places. The kneeling monk becomes a statue, and some wandering ray of light, falling upon the fluttering drapery of a female saint, gives to the marble a momentary touch of life.

CHRISTMAS IN ST. PETER'S.

The services in St. Peter's on Christmas day, in 1847, were attended by an immense concourse of people. Rome was at that time thronged by strangers from all parts of the world, and the zeal and interest of the native population were awakened anew by the universal enthusiasm inspired by Pius IX., at that time at the height of his short-lived popularity. It was indeed rather idolatry than popularity; and the wild hopes which he made to blossom in the susceptible hearts of his people were such as neither the highest capacity, nor the most favorable opportunities could have ripened into fruit. At an early hour on that day I found the church already occupied by a great crowd. A double row of soldiers stretched from the entrance to the altar, around which the pope's guards, in their fantastic uniform, looking like the knaves in a pack of cards, were stationed; while a series of seats on either side were filled by ladies dressed in black and wearing veils. The foreign ambassadors were in a place appropriated to them in the tribune. Among the spectators were several in military uniforms. A handsome young Englishman, in a rich hussar dress, of scarlet and gold, attracted much attention. In a recess, above one of the great piers of the dome, a choir of male singers was stationed, whose voices, without any instrumental accompaniment, blended into complete harmony, and gave the most perfect expression to that difficult and complicated music which the church of Rome has consecrated to the use of its high festivals. We waited some time for the advent of the pope, but, with such objects around us, were content to wait. The whole spectacle was one of animated interest and peculiar beauty. The very defects of the church — its gay, secular, and somewhat theatrical character — were, in this instance, embellishments which enhanced the splendor of the scene. The various uniforms,

the rich dresses, the polished arms of the soldiery, were in unison with the marble, the stucco, the bronze, and the gilding The impression left upon the mind was not that of sacredness; that is, not upon a mind that had been formed under protestant and puritan influences; but rather of a gorgeous ceremonial belonging to some 'gay religion, full of pomp and gold.' But we travel to little purpose if we carry with us the standard which is formed at home, and expect the religious sentiment to manifest itself at all times, and in all places, in the same manner. The Scotch Covenanter upon the hillside, the New England Methodist at a camp-meeting, worship God in spirit and in truth; but shall we presume to say that the Italian is a formalist and a hypocrite, because his devotion requires the aid of music, painting, and sculpture, and, without visible symbols, goes out like a flame without air?

In due season the pope appeared, seated in the 'sedia gestatoria,' a sort of capacious arm-chair, borne upon men's shoulders, flanked on either side by the enormous fan of white peacock feathers. He was carried up the whole length of the nave, distributing his blessing with a peculiar motion of the hand upon the kneeling congregation. It seemed by no means a comfortable mode of transportation, and the expression of his countenance was that of a man ill at ease, and sensible of the awkwardness and want of dignity of his position. His dress was of white satin, richly embroidered with gold; a costume too gaudy for daylight, and by no means so becoming as that of the cardinals, whose flowing robes of crimson and white produced the finest and richest effect. The chamberlains of the pope, who attended on this occasion in considerable numbers, wear the dress of England in the time of Charles I., so well known in the portraits of Vandyke. It looks better in pictures than in the life, and shows so much of the person that it requires an imposing figure to carry it off. A commonplace man, in such a costume, looks like a knavish valet who has stolen his master's clothes.

High mass was said by the pope in person, and the responses were sung by the choir. He performed the service with an air and manner expressive of true devotion; and, though I felt that there was a chasm between me and the rite which I witnessed, I followed his movements in the spirit of respect, and not of criticism. But one impressive and overpowering moment will never be forgotten. When the tinkling of the bell announced the elevation of the Host, the whole of the vast assemblage knelt or bowed their faces. The pavement was suddenly strewn with prostrate forms. A silence like that of

death fell upon the church — as if some celestial vision had passed before the living eyes, and hushed into stillness every pulse of human feeling. After the pause of a few seconds, during which every man could have heard the beating of his own heart, a band of wind instruments near the entrance, of whose presence I had not been aware, poured forth a few sweet and solemn strains, which floated up the nave and overflowed the whole interior. The effect of this invisible music was beyond anything I have ever heard or ever expect to hear. The air seemed stirred with the trembling of angelic wings; or, as if the gates of heaven had been opened, and a 'wandering breath' from the songs of seraphs had been borne to the earth. How fearfully and wonderfully are we made! A few sounds, which, under ordinary circumstances, would have been merely a passing luxury to the ear, heard at this moment, and beneath this dome, were like a purifying wave, which, for an instant, swept over the soul, bearing away with it all the soil and stains of earth, and leaving it pure as infancy. There was, it is true, a refluent tide; and the world displaced by the solemn strain came back with the echo; but though we 'cannot keep the heights we are competent to gain,' we are the better for the too brief exaltation.

I noticed on this occasion another peculiarity of St. Peter's There was an immense concourse of persons present, but there was no impression of a crowd. The church was not thronged — not even full: there still seemed room for a nation to come in. In ordinary buildings, when they are filled to their utmost capacity, the architecture disappears, and the mind and eye are occupied only with the men and women. But St. Peter's can never be thus put down. Fill it full of human life, it would still be something greater than its contents. Men, however numerous they might be, would be but appendages to its mountainous bulk. As the sky is more than the stars, and the wooded valley more than the trees, so is St. Peter's more than any amount of humanity that can be gathered within its arms.*

* The whole cost of the building of St. Peter's from the foundation by Nicholas V. in 1450, to the completion of the sacristy by Pius VI. in 1780, is estimated to have been about forty-seven millions of dollars; a sum, representing, however, two or three times that amount in exchangeable value, at the present moment. This does not include any of the monuments or works of art. The annual expense of keeping the building in repair is about thirty thousand dollars.

CHAPTER IX.

The Vatican — The Cortile of the Belvedere — Nuovo Braccio — Museo Pio-Clementino — Extent and Character of the Collections in Sculpture — Gallery of Pictures — Frescoes of the Sistine Chapel — The Stanze of Raphael — The Tapestries — The Loggie — The Library of the Vatican.

THE VATICAN.

The palace of the Vatican bears the same relation to other palaces that St. Peter's does to other churches. It is, indeed, not a palace, but a congress of palaces. One of the stories with which every traveller in Rome is amused is, that the Vatican with its gardens, and St. Peter's, occupy as much space as the city of Turin; and, as it has never been contradicted, it is probably true. The Vatican comprises a papal palace, a library, and a museum; and is said to contain between four and five thousand apartments.

As a museum of art, it is the first in the world. In sculpture, it not only surpasses any other collection, but all other collections put together. The whole of Europe could furnish nothing to rival the Vatican. It also comprises the highest triumphs of painting, in the frescoes of Raphael and Michael Angelo. He who has seen the Vatican has seen the utmost point reached by the human mind and hand in these two arts. The world is no more likely to witness any thing beyond wha is here visible than to have a nobler epic than the Iliad, or a greater dramatist than Shakespeare.

Such an assemblage of buildings is no proper subject of architectural criticism. Built at different periods, by various architects and for many purposes, it has no unity of plan and no uniformity of character. But no edifice presents so many fine architectural pictures; for such they may indeed be called, so wide are the spaces, so lofty the heights, so boundless the perspectives. Walking through the Vatican is like walking about a city: we learn here how noble is the effect produced by mere space. There is a perfect relation between the Vatican and its contents. The statues it contains mount to

several thousands, and in any smaller building they would be crowded; but here they have ample verge, and seem only appropriate furniture and decoration to the galleries and apartments in which they are placed.

The first few visits to the Vatican leave the mind of the traveller in a state of whirl and confusion, producing at last entire exhaustion. He is like the shepherd in the 'Rambler' who asked to have the river Euphrates flow through his grounds, and was taken off his feet and borne away by the stream. He naturally wishes to make a general survey of the whole, before descending to study the several details. He walks with resolute purpose right onward, hardly glancing at the innumerable objects of attraction around him, which are all postponed to a more convenient season; but, long before the great circuit is completed, his knees knock together with fatigue, and his worn brain refuses to receive any new impressions. But time and patience, which conquer all things, conquer the Vatican. At each visit something is gained, and larger accessions made to that great assemblage of objects which need not be seen a second time; until, at length, the field of observation is narrowed to those few noble specimens which have come down to us radiant with the accumulated admiration of successive generations — each sight of them revealing new beauties and awakening fresh enthusiasm.

THE CORTILE OF THE BELVEDERE.

This is an octagonal space, surrounded by an open portico, with a fountain playing in the centre, and four small cabinets opening from it. These cabinets contain the most celebrated, if not the finest, statues in the whole collection. In one is the Apollo Belvedere; in another, the Laocoon; in a third, the Belvedere Antinous; and the fourth is appropriated to three statues by Canova.

The Apollo Belvedere provokes criticism, because it appears to defy it. It seems to me to bear the same relation to the works of the school of Phidias, that Euripides does to Sophocles. Beauty is beginning to be divorced from simplicity. There is — shall I speak the word? — a little of the fine gentleman about the Apollo; and in the expression there seems to be a gleam of satisfaction reflected from the admiration which his beauty awakens. There is not enough of the serene unconsciousness of the immortal Gods. The disdain and triumph of the countenance are those of a mortal who had doubted his

aim, and was surprised at his success. The glory of the statue is its airy movement. The chest seems to dilate, and the figure to grow tall, before the spectator's eyes. The admirable lightness and elasticity of the form are, in a great measure, lost in casts. There are, doubtless, finer statues in the world than the Apollo, — works proceeding from a deeper vein of sentiment, and breathing a more simple grandeur, — but there are none more fascinating. In this statue, more than in any other work in marble, we recognize the grace and animation of a living form; a sympathetic charm which every one can feel. The Apollo Belvedere, as compared with the Theseus in the British Museum, — perhaps the best work now left to us of the best period of Grecian art, — is like Dryden's Alexander's Feast as compared with Milton's Ode on the Nativity. The latter is the production of the greater genius, but nine readers out of ten will prefer the former.

The group of Laocoon and his sons — so justly denominated by Michael Angelo, at the time of its discovery, the miracle of art, 'il portento dell' arte' — is one of those productions which would have been pronounced impossible had they never been executed. It stands upon the very line by which the art of sculpture is divided from poetry and painting. There is no other work of Greek art, of high rank at least, which resembles it. It has two elements peculiar to itself — violent action, and the expression of physical suffering: neither of which, as a general rule, did the Greeks admit within the legitimate province of plastic art. The subject, viewed by itself, can never be pronounced proper for marble or canvas. Imagine the group to be a father and his sons who, in a tropical forest, during their noonday repose, are seized and destroyed by two enormous serpents, and what is there but shuddering horror and physical disgust? There is no poetry, and nothing that exalts the fear and suffering into tragic grandeur. Such a work would be but little higher in the scale of art than the well-known picture of the Anaconda destroying a horse and his rider, — a hideous image of brutal force and animal pain, not much more worthy of being painted than a butcher slaying an ox. But the Greek saw in this group the record of an awful mythological event. The serpents were not to him mere earth-born reptiles, but creatures divinely commissioned to punish an impious mortal. The form of Laocoon himself is invested with a dignity borrowed from courageous daring and a terrible retribution. He was of consequence enough, in the eyes of the offended god, to be made the victim of a signal and conspicuous doom. It is easy to see how entirely these ideas must have

modified the impressions made by this extraordinary group, and how the mere physical horror must have been swallowed up in higher emotions.*

In execution, — in the successful overcoming of mechanical and material difficulties, — this group is beyond any thing that antiquity has transmitted to us. The history of its conception in the mind of the artist, and of its embodiment in marble, would be an extremely interesting chapter in the literature of art. We must remember that the sculptor could not have had the aid of any model in representing the convulsive agony and terror of his figures, but must have relied exclusively upon a profound knowledge of anatomical development and a powerful imagination. The proportions are not correct; for the sons, judged by their apparent age, are on a smaller scale than the father; but this violation of proportion was common among the ancient artists, deliberately adopted in order to give prominence to the central figure in a group, or to increase the dignity of the human form when brought into proximity with animals. The surface of the marble is not polished, but finished with the chisel merely; by which the peculiar expression required in the flesh and muscles is enhanced.

There is something about the Laocoon which reminds one of Bernini; or of Bernini as he would have been had he been born a Greek. Phidias would have pronounced such a subject unsuitable for art, and given but faint praise to the adventurous skill which had wandered so far and brought back such spoils. It would be interesting to know what other works were produced by so daring a genius and so skilful a hand; whether he ever pushed the tragic element further than in the Laocoon, and never fell into extravagance and caricature.

The Belvedere Antinous is an exquisite image of blooming youth. For soft and delicate beauty, — beauty which, like that of the vernal rose, the sunset cloud, and the breaking wave, is suggestive of brief continuance and early decay, — this statue has no superior, hardly an equal. The busts and statues of Antinous all have a certain expression of melancholy. Their beauty seems 'too ripe for earth.' We feel that the next step in the progress of change will be to impair what is now so perfect. In this statue, the softness of the limbs just stops short of languid effeminacy. It is beauty, not like that of the

* These remarks may be also applied to many of the subjects which the painters have selected — such as The Massacre of the Innocents, and the various repulsive forms of martyrdom which they have represented. These delineations of physical pain are idealized in the eyes of the devout Catholic by the faith which they sealed. The horror is lost in the victory

Apollo, in action, but in repose; filled to the brim with sweet sensations; neither restless from desire, nor cloyed with enjoyment.

In the fourth compartment are three statues by Canova · the Perseus and the Two Boxers. The modest genius of the artist is said to have been opposed to an arrangement which brought his works into such direct competition with the masterpieces of antiquity. During the absence of the Apollo in Paris, under the rule of Napoleon, the Perseus was placed on its pedestal; an honor of which it was hardly worthy, as it is rather a fine, than a beautiful, statue, and is deficient in sentiment and expression. The Two Boxers are carefully executed in anatomical details, but they are wanting in refinement. This word is not misplaced, even when applied to such subjects as these. Nothing more marks the superiority of Greek sculptors than their treatment of such themes. A Greek sculptor, in executing a statue of an athlete, would have made him first, a man, and, secondly, an athlete. The human element would have been recognized, as well as the professional. But in Canova's boxers we see only an accurate transcript of brute, animal force. We applaud the exactness of the imitation, but regret that such powers should, in this age of the world, have been wasted upon such a subject, and feel that sculpture is degraded when it stoops to represent a brawny prize-fighter.

MUSEO CHIARAMONTI.

Here are some seven hundred pieces of sculpture — all worthy of examination, many of them curious, and some of them of great merit. The bust of the young Augustus is one of the most beautiful things in Rome. It represents him about sixteen or eighteen years old. The face is of delicate and dreamy beauty. The brow is intellectual and thoughtful, but the chief charm of the work is in the exquisite refinement of the mouth. The maiden in the fairy tale, who spoke pearls and diamonds, must have had such lips. It is the face of a poet, and not of a statesman. The expression is that of one dwelling in a soft, ideal world. It looks as Virgil might have looked when the genius of Latin poetry met him on the banks of the Mincius and threw her inspiring mantle over him.

NUOVO BRACCIO.

This noble hall is upwards of two hundred feet in length, and admirably lighted from a roof supported by Corinthian columns. It is impossible for works of sculpture to be better disposed, and, out of seventy-two busts and forty-three statues which are here, there is hardly one which is not excellent.

The Minerva Pudicitia is a statue of great merit. The attitude is not easy, and the position of the feet hardly consistent with the disposition of the figure; but the drapery is admirable, and a marked expression of purity and delicacy pervades the whole. There is also another statue of Minerva here, called Minerva Medica, famous for its drapery and the dignity of its look. The breadth of the shoulders and the narrowness of the hips give the form a masculine character.

A statue of Domitian exemplifies the ingenuity of the artist in modifying the personal defects of his imperial sitter. The emperor was short and fat, but the sculptor has contrived to give an air of lightness to the figure by the most elaborate and deeply cut drapery; showing a very patient and a very skilful chisel.

Here is a statue of Demosthenes, one of the noblest works of antiquity. The attitude is easy and dignified, the air of the head noble and intellectual, and the drapery absolutely perfect. With every visit this statue gains upon us. We persuade ourselves that it is a likeness, and thus find it doubly attractive. At any rate, it satisfies our imaginings of the great orator and statesman, and there is nothing he did and spoke that is beyond the serene majesty of this marble image.

The colossal group of the Nile is one of the most striking objects of this part of the museum. The principal figure is in a reclining posture, and represents a man in the ripe autumn of life, with a flowing beard and a grave expression, while around him sixteen children are sporting in every possible variety of attitude; some climbing on his knees; some clasping his neck; some nestling in his lap; some bestriding his arms; and some playing with his feet. Most of these little creatures are restorations, but they are very cleverly executed. They seem to be really enjoying the fun; and the 'fine, old gentleman' with whom they are frolicking appears like an indulgent grandpapa surrendering himself to a game of romps with his grandchildren. The number sixteen is said to be in allusion to the sixteen cubits at which the rise of the river begins to irrigate the land.

MUSEO PIO-CLEMENTINO.

This is by far the most extensive collection in the Vatican. Besides the Cortile of the Belvidere, already mentioned, it comprises the Hall of Animals, the Gallery of the Muses, the Circular Hall, the Hall of the Greek Cross, the Hall of the Biga, and the Grand Staircase. In point of architecture, these are the most splendid portions of the whole Vatican; and the visitor knows not which most to admire, the innumerable works of art which solicit his attention, or the spacious courts and the noble apartments around and in which they are distributed.

In a square vestibule at the entrance is the celebrated torso of Hercules, known as well by the admiration of Michael Angelo as by its own merits. The great excellence of a work crowned by the commendation of so many great names must be taken on trust by those who do not see it for themselves; but as some poetry seems written exclusively for poets, so this colossal fragment addresses itself to the trained eye of the artist. To represent with perfect accuracy the swellings and hollows of a finely developed muscular frame; to give to marble the peculiar roundness of flesh, and to create an image of heroic strength without the alloy of brutality, and in so small a portion of the human body, —is unquestionably an effort of genius as well as skill: and they who have learned how hard the task is will give a generous tribute to the result which they cannot imitate. The mere amateur, who has never had a chisel in his hand, cannot appreciate an excellence so purely technical, and will miss sentiment and expression. I confess that I should hardly have looked at this torso a second time, had I not with the mind's eye always seen the shadowy brow of Michael Angelo bending over it with studious and admiring glances.

In the same room with this torso is one of the most interesting objects in Rome, — the sarcophagus of gray stone found in the tomb of the Scipios, the shape of which is so well known by the many copies which have been spread over the world. The works of the republic are not numerous in Rome; and this venerable monument attracts us as well by its antiquity, as by its association with the illustrious family whose name it bears. Impressive as it is, it seemed out of place in this modern and airy room, so richly lighted and commanding so living a landscape. It was an exotic torn from its native soil. Half of its significance and meaning is lost by its being thrust upon the eye in the broad glare of noon, and surrounded by such different and exciting objects. How much better would it have been

had it been left in the gloom and silence of the vaulted niche for which it was prepared! How much more impressive would the simple inscription have been, if we had been compelled to spell it out, in sepulchral darkness, by the flickering light of a torch! Then, all would have been in harmony, — the sombre walls of the tomb; the ashen gray of the sarcophagus; the partial and struggling illumination; the heavy air; the palpable silence.

The Hall of Animals is a fresh revelation of the resources of Greek sculpture. Here is a motionless menagerie in marble; horses, dogs, centaurs, crocodiles, wild boars, lions, bulls, and serpents. In some cases, the colors of life are attempted in marbles of various hues; and in others, the material is wholly porphyry or basalt. In many of these specimens, — especially of the nobler animals, — the proportions are not correct. They had not been studied with the accurate eye of modern science. But the observation of the ancients, as far as it went, was admirable; and thus the general character of each type is given with nice descrimination. Their animals are always alive.

In the Gallery of Statues, so called, is one of the finest works of antiquity, the recumbent statue of Ariadne. The attitude is easy, graceful, and refined; the limbs have the languid flow of sleep; the head rests on the back of the left hand, while the right arm is thrown over the head and falls down behind in an easy curve. Although the size is colossal, the delicacy and grace of the female figure are not impaired. But it is especially admirable for the drapery, which hangs in the most natural folds, revealing the fine outline of the limbs which it veils, but managed with great refinement. How much superior to her bold-browed namesake at Frankfort, who comes flaunting forth in the eye of day, like a Godiva shorn alike of her modesty and her tresses!

This statue, the Demosthenes, and the Minerva Medica in the Nuovo Braccio, are worthy of peculiar attention to the modern artist, as showing what may be done by a skilful management of drapery. What call is there for this perpetual reproduction of the nude? Why persist in a path of art in which the ancients can never be approached? With them, undraped figures were significant and becoming: they were in unison with all their ideas of life, education, and religion. But we have changed all this. With the Grecks, the body was a fact; with us, it is a symbol. The problem presented to the modern sculptor is so to deal with drapery as to make it enhance the characteristic expression of a face or form. In the solution of

this, the highest triumphs of his art will be achieved. It is easy, comparatively, to make a naked nymph or Grace of a certain degree of excellence. All that is wanted are good models and mechanical skill : but to deal with drapery so that it shall reveal and not overlay the figure ; to make it expressive, and yet not so elaborate as to attract attention to itself ; to make it heroic, dignified, or graceful, according to the character of the form which it shrouds, — this requires skill, invention, and delicate creative power, — qualities, in short, which distinguish the artist from the mechanic.

In this gallery are also two noble statues, both seated, and having some general points of resemblance , one called by the name of Posidippus, and the other, by that of Menander. They are evidently portrait statues, and are at once real and ideal, natural and yet heroic. They are to works in sculpture what the portraits of Titian are to works in painting ; combining the dignity and permanent interest of history with the truth of portraiture.

Whoever would seek for the luxury of architecture in its highest perfection will find it in the Hall of the Greek Cross. The finest materials are used to embellish the noblest proportions. The architect has not scrupled to call to his aid the sister art of painting ; and all the best effects of color are produced by the variety of tints offered to the eye. A superb doorway is flanked on either side by two colossal statues, in the Egyptian style, of red granite : the pavement is composed of rich, parti-colored mosaics : the compartments of the roof are gilded or painted. Shafts of gray or red granite are crowned by cornices and capitals of white marble or bronze. Statues, bust, vases, sarcophagi, and candelabra of marble and porphyry, are distributed around the hall with unerring taste. Everything is rich, airy, and exhilarating. The style is daring, but perfectly successful. It would not suit a northern latitude or a weeping climate, and seems to demand blue skies, vivid sunshine, and a year of flowers. On entering this hall upon a bright, warm day, the effect was that of a joyous strain of music or a vernal landscape.

The prominent objects among the contents of this hall are two enormous sarcophagi of porphyry, covered with bas-reliefs of excellent workmanship. Considering the hardness of the material, it must have been a work of immense labor to execute these reliefs. The material being of a rich red color and highly polished, the general effect though they are monumental structures, is cheerful, not to say gay, rather than sombre or

funereal. They are very happily placed, being in perfect unison with the character of the hall.

The Hall of the Biga is a circular chamber, in which is preserved a representation in white marble of an ancient biga, or chariot, with two wheels. Very little of the original work remains, but it has been restored with great taste and skill, and forms a curious and interesting object. Such a vehicle must always have been a more agreeable thing to look at than to ride in. Indeed, a farmer's cart of the rudest description is probably a more comfortable mode of conveyance than the stables of Augustus or Nero could furnish. The body of the ancient carriages, without the intervention of anything like a spring, rested upon a heavy axle; and the jolting and clattering must have been enough to drive a man of sensitive nerves frantic in the course of a day's journey. It is not to be wondered that the litter, or sedan, was so generally resorted to as a mode of conveyance by the rich and luxurious. The modern carriage, gratifying as it does both the indolence and impatience of man's spirit, is one of the finest results of the union of invention, science and experiment, applied to the arts of convenience and utility, — a department in which the moderns are far more superior to the ancients, than the latter were to the former in those which ministered to the sense of beauty.

EXTENT AND CHARACTER OF THE COLLECTIONS IN SCULPTURE.

While travelling in Europe, I chanced to fall in with one of my countrymen who had a trunk full of miscellaneous objects, accumulated as memorials of the various places he had visited. He had been in Constantinople when the Church of St. Sophia was undergoing repairs, in the course of which some of its mosaics were destroyed; and he had brought away a handful or two of the fragments. I mention this simply as an illustration. In looking over what I have written of the museum of the Vatician, it seems to me to convey about as just an impression of its treasures of art, as these bits of colored and gilded porcelain, of the venerable mosaics of St. Sophia. But, in a collection in which the separate objects are numbered by thousands, there must be a principle of selection. Many things must be forgotten, in order that a few may be remembered. The taste and temperament of the visitor will lead him into certain paths of observation rather than others.

When we consider that this immense collection is but a waif saved from the wreck of Rome, — fragments, only, snatched

from the relentless powers of time and war, the consuming grasp of fire, and every form of pillage and rapacity, — what an impression does it give us of the treasures of sculpture which were accumulated in Rome in the days of the empire! Rome was for many generations the capital of the world. It was to the rest of the earth what Paris now is to France. Talent of all kinds was attracted to this central heart; and every aspiring artist felt that his reputation was provincial, until it had received the imperial stamp of Rome. Here, too, flowed the wealth of the world; and the immense revenues of the patricians were expended in the luxuries of architecture and horticulture, in sculpture and painting. The gold which had been wrung from the African, the Gaul, or the Briton, stimulated the chisel of the artist whose early taste had been formed by the frieze of the Parthenon.

By whatever hands the works in the Vatican may have been wrought, the spirit of the collection is Greek. Indeed, until the time of Michael Angelo all sculpture was essentially Greek: in art, the Romans had no Lucretius and no Juvenal. We see various degrees of merit, but the merit is all of one class. Other things being equal, he who is most familiar with Greek literature is best prepared to profit by a visit to the galleries of the Vatican. The books and the statues illustrate each other. Greek literature is sculpturesque. Their poetry and their sculpture were alike rooted in the national heart, and drew from the same soil the same element of vital power.

GALLERY OF PICTURES.

The oil pictures in the gallery of the Vatican are not more than fifty in number, and, although we can hardly assent to the remark in Murray's Guide-book, that, 'It has more real treasures of art than any other collection in the world,' it has unquestionably many works of the greatest merit and of peculiar interest.

Foremost among them, and placed by general consent at the head of all the oil-paintings in the world, is the Transfiguration, by Raphael. As is well known, it was the last work of the artist, and not entirely completed at the time of his death. No one will venture to approach such a picture in the spirit of criticism; and this not only from deference to the consenting judgments of more than three hundred years, but on account of the touching interest thrown over it from the fact that these were the last lines traced by that immortal hand. Vasari

describes with simplicity and feeling the scene which took place at his funeral, — when this picture, with the colors yet wet upon the canvas, was hung upon the wall over his lifeless remains, — and how his friends broke into tears and lamentations when they contrasted those forms of breathing life with the silent lips and motionless hands beneath. Many will recall the graceful lines in which Rogers has commemorated this incident in his 'Italy,' and the exquisite sketch by Turner which accompanies them. This sketch had been familiar to me long before I saw the original; and I never looked upon the picture without filling out, in the mind's eye, the design which I bore in my memory, and seeing below it a shadowy bier, a lifeless and graceful form covered with a painter's cloak, and troops of kneeling and weeping friends.

The picture has been criticized for its twofold action, which, it is said, makes of it, in reality, two pictures instead of one. But the subject necessarily involves two elements, the divine and the human, in order to give it completeness. The spectacle of the transfiguration would have been no more than a splendid vision, but for the connection thus established between the Saviour's glorified state, and the sufferings of humanity which were in him to find healing and relief. The contrasts afforded by such a subject — calling forth the two principles of worship and sympathy — were peculiarly suited to Raphael's genius, which was reverential, tender, and sensitive; and it is evident that he never threw more of his own individuality into any of his works than into this, and that no one is on the whole more characteristic.

The lower part of the picture is full of animation and expression, without any taint of bustle or caricature. In point of drawing, grouping, and dramatic power, in clearness of purpose and distinctness of self-interpretation, it is of the highest excellence. The heads of the apostles have a general air of dignity; and yet are stamped with the traits of individual character. The kneeling female in attendance upon the demoniac boy is a figure full of grace and feeling; and the natural contrast between her self-possession and the violent action of the demoniac is one of those fine dramatic points which Raphael makes with so much taste and skill, and with such temperance of touch, always stopping short of extravagance and exaggeration. The difference in the expression of the two females also distinguishes, with admirable discrimination, the relations of mother and sister. The attitude and countenance of the latter are glowing with an earnest appeal to the apostles in behalf of her afflicted charge, mingled

with indignant contempt at their inability to relieve him; but the former is wholly absorbed by maternal suffering and sympathy, which leave no room in her heart for anger or remonstrance. In the upper part of the picture, the figure and head of the Saviour, in point of coloring, drawing, and expression, are among the very highest achievements of the art of painting. The dignity and serenity with which the form reposes on the air are a distinct expression of Divine power; and the light with which it is penetrated is also celestial. A painter like Correggio, a great master of light and shade, would have been tempted to make this element too prominent, and thus have impaired the sentiment of the picture by a sort of theatrical contrast, involving wonders of technical skill. But Raphael's unerring judgment is here detected in making the figure luminous, but not overpoweringly so; and, thus, the sentiment and expression are not made subordinate to a trick of coloring.

The kneeling figures at the extremity of the mountain, which are supposed to be portraits of the father and uncle of Cardinal de Medici, by whom the picture was commissioned, are a blot in this magnificent work; and can only be excused by the custom of the times, and the deference which an artist naturally pays to the wishes of a powerful patron.

In the same room hangs another work by Raphael, the Madonna di Foligno, which is also an illustration of his power of blending things celestial and things terrestrial in such a way as to disarm criticism by the reconciling power of genius. Below are St. Jerome, St. Francis, St. John, and, with them, Sigismondo Conti, by whom the painting was commissioned. The latter is an admirable portrait; and the figures of the saints, especially the kneeling St. Francis, are most characteristic and expressive. The Mother and Child, throned on clouds in the upper part of the picture, towards whom the countenances of the saints are turned, and the lovely child-angel who stands in the centre of the foreground, with a tablet in his hand, are painted as Raphael only could paint. This picture combines three great excellences; beauty of composition, delicacy of sentiment, and powerful expression of character.

Opposite to the Transfiguration hangs the Communion of St. Jerome, by Domenichino; a picture which is sometimes ranked as next in merit to the Transfiguration, of all the pictures in the world. Any attempt to classify paintings in this way, ranking them as first, second, and third, is nothing less than absurd. No two persons will agree in such an estimate;

and there is no common standard to appeal to for a decision between conflicting judgments. Such scales of excellence are usually first propounded by some presumptuous critic, and then echoed and repeated merely on the strength of his name without reflection or hesitation. Disputes about the comparative merit of pictures are like disputes about the taste of wines, or the flavor of fruits: certain distinctions are universally recognized, but individual preferences, from simple variety of temperament, are capriciously entertained, and often rest upon no other reason than that they are felt.

This picture by Domenichino is a remarkable instance of what may be accomplished without great natural genius; for this excellent painter was not born to that inheritance. I have always regarded the harsh language in which the author of the 'Modern Painters' speaks of Domenichino as very unjust, and as showing an eccentricity of taste (to say the least) beyond any thing else contained in that daring and suggestive book. Ruskin sets so high value upon imagination in art, that he is not fair to unimaginative artists; and of all eminent painters Domenichino is, perhaps, the least imaginative. Conscientious, laborious, self-distrustful, of simple and retired tastes and mild temper, he made himself a painter by study, observation, and experiment. The fire of genius never burns along his lines: but skill, taste, correctness, judgment, and decorum always wait upon his pencil. The Communion of St. Jerome is not an ideal work: it is remarkable, more than any thing else, for its truth and powerful reality. The emaciated form of the dying saint is painted with a painful fidelity to nature. Everything is accurately delineated; costume, attitude, expression, and drapery. The unity of the subject is carefully preserved, and all the accessories are made subordinate to the simplicity of the main action. The composition is careful and natural, and the coloring rich and true. It is not a picture which moves us deeply by its pathos, or charms us by visions of celestial beauty; but we pay it a tribute of admiration which is increased by successive visits. We feel it to be the work of a truly conscientious artist, who did nothing carelessly, and, by his thoroughness and fidelity, accomplished all that can be accomplished in art without genius and invention.

In the same room with these three pictures are two others ascribed to Raphael, and, perhaps, in part, executed by him both representing the Coronation of the Virgin. They are remarkable for delicacy of sentiment and purity of feeling; but in point of execution their merit is not conspicuous enough to bear the rivalry of the great works which are near them.

There are three other rooms devoted to oil paintings, and among the artists are some great names, — Titian, Correggio, Perugino, Fra Angelico, — but the attractions of the Vatican in sculpture and fresco painting are so manifold and so absorbing, that I never found the time or the will to give to the contents of these three rooms anything more than that cursory examination which stamps no lasting images on the memory. Indeed, it already seemed to me that this collection of oil paintings was not happily placed for the full appreciation of its claims. There is already too much in the Vatican; and before we can reach the gallery, — unless we are led blindfolded, like the bearers of a flag of truce through the lines of a hostile army, — the fine edge of attention is dulled by the variety of objects which have been presented to it. Such pictures are fairly entitled to be seen and examined without the rivalry and disturbing influence of such various and powerful attractions.

FRESCOES OF THE SISTINE CHAPEL.

The religious character of this chapel, in the view of Protestants at least, is quite lost in the admiration awakened for that immortal artist who has led here such wonderful monuments of his genius. It seems really dedicated to Michael Angelo, and he is the presiding divinity of the place. The popes who employed him here for so many years could hardly have anticipated such a result. That was not an age of hero-worship, and art yet continued to draw its life-blood from the spirit of religion.

The end of the chapel opposite the entrance and over the altar is occupied by the great fresco of the Last Judgment, filling a space sixty feet high and thirty broad. The colors have been much impaired by the lapse of time, by dampness, and by the smoke of candles and incense; but the drawing, design, and expression remain, and are likely to be preserved and transmitted by engravings and copies, whatever be the fate of the original. The first impression which this work makes upon the mind is more overpowering than anything which painting has ever accomplished. In this respect, it is like the dome of St. Peter's in architecture. 'I have seen Michael Angelo,' said a French sculptor, 'and he is terrible.' He is indeed terrible here, and the power which he has put forth is something superhuman. The predominance of this element of power suggests an obvious criticism upon the general character of the work. It is too hard too stern, too severe, too

pitiless. The attention is naturally first turned to the principal figure, — that of the Saviour, — and in what character does he appear? Not in that of the Consoler, the Redeemer, the Reconciler, but in that of the Judge; and not merely so, but an iron-hearted, almost a vindictive, judge, a Minos or a Rhadamanthus rather than Jesus of Nazareth. His arm is lifted as if to strike a blow. The figure, too, is brawny and coarse; and the attitude, which is neither sitting nor standing upright, wants both dignity and grace. On the other hand, the Virgin, who stands next to him, is a figure highly expressive of tenderness, sympathy, and compassion, and is admirably drawn.

Another objection to this great work is the want of unity. The Saviour does not form the central point of interest around which all others are grouped. There is no convergence towards him; and the greater part of the personages seem to be unconscious of his presence. The composition is broken up into detached masses, like the scattered squadrons of a defeated and disordered army.

As is well known, strong objections were urged against this fresco, even before it was completed, on account of the nudity of so many of the figures; and these objections must ever remain unanswered and unanswerable. Michael Angelo's reply to Paul IV. — that if he would reform the morals of the world the picture would be reformed of itself — does not meet the difficulty; for no one ever dreamed that any line of his pencil could minister to an evil impulse; but the question is one of decorum and propriety, and not of right and wrong. The sight of so many undraped forms gives to the whole scene a certain coarse and animal expression, wholly at variance with our conceptions of its solemn and spiritual character. We are reminded of a school of gladiators in training, rather than of an assemblage of the just and unjust, summoned to receive sentence according to deeds done in the body.

The lower part of the composition, in which the sufferings of the condemned are delineated, is that in which we find the least to object to; for there the tremendous power which is stamped upon the whole work finds its appropriate sphere and legitimate expression. Forms and faces more trembling and convulsed with despair were never embodied or conceived. It makes the heart sink to look upon them. No touch of pity hung upon the artist's hand. The justice of God and the sinfulness of sin were the only thoughts that his mind would admit. In the upper part, where saints, patriarchs, and martyrs are ranged upon the right hand and left of the Saviour, we miss the 'light from heaven.' Depth and tenderness of feeling, the

purity of celestial love, the serene triumph of faith, the soft calm of inward peace, do not shed their gentle influences upon the scene. We look in vain for the rapt brows of Angelico, the ideal heads and finely-flowing draperies of Raphael, the worn but ecstatic forms of Cigoli, and those cherub faces of Correggio which beam like embodied smiles.

In looking at this fresco of the Last Judgment, no one can fail to observe how strongly Michael Angelo's mind was imbued with the spirit of Dante, and especially with the descriptions in the 'Inferno.' We see in both the overlaying of the spiritual by the material. In the time of the poet as well as of the painter, Christianity was invested with the terrors of the old dispensation, and yet darkened with the shadows of Paganism. Charon's boat was not deemed an incongruous element, and the fancy was allowed to run riot in all sorts of physical horrors, in delineating the punishments of the guilty.

It is somewhat to be regretted that Michael Angelo should have devoted so many years of his life to a subject of this class, which must lose its expression and significance as religious ideas grow more and more spiritual. A pictorial representation of the Last Judgment degrades a mental conception into a visible scene. When we bring to the aid of art the analogies drawn from earthly courts of justice; when we express immortal power by mortal frowns and gestures; when we spread over the canvas a world of muscular and struggling limbs, — with exulting fiends and angels blowing trumpets, with distended cheeks, — we may have done something for painting, but, certainly, nothing for religion or spiritual elevation. Granting, for a moment, that the judgment to be passed upon all deeds done in the body may assume the character of a visible and contemporaneous transaction, it is only dwarfed and debased by the efforts of art to embody it. What canvas, what wall, can reproduce the ideas of boundless space, countless numbers, dazzling light and inconceiveable motion, which dart into the mind when we open it to such visions? Such paintings were conceived and executed in the spirit of reverence; and we feel that faith and fear trace the lines and lay on the colors; but it is an unenlightened reverence, which is caught in the letter which killeth and does not soar to the spirit which maketh alive.

We appreciate the greatness of this fresco when we forget its subject. It is a work painted for artists; and the greater artist a man is, the more will he appreciate the difficulties which have been overcome and the excellences which have been reached. As a study of the human figure, nothing is

pictorial art approaches it; and all the capacities of drawing are absolutely exhausted in it. Every line is expressive, and not a movement of the pencil has been wasted. The young artist cannot copy from it a hand or a foot without gaining something in art.

If we look upon the fresco of the Last Judgment with doubt and misgiving, we are conscious of no such feelings when we turn away from it and raise our eyes to the ceiling. Here nothing is called forth but wonder, admiration, and delight. Here the genius of Michael Angelo, always grand, is seen in its most engaging aspect; its sternness softened, and its power tempered, by gentler influences.

The ceiling of the Sistine Chapel is flat in the centre and curved at the sides. The flat central portion is occupied by four large and five small subjects, from the events commemorated in the Old Testament between the creation and the deluge. The curved portion of the ceiling is divided into triangular compartments, in which are twelve sitting figures, seven being prophets, and five, sibyls, placed alternately. In the recesses between these figures, and in the arches over the windows, are groups of the ancestors of the Virgin. These are all connected together by a painted architectural framework, so that each figure is inclosed in a setting of its own, giving it support, distinctness, and relief, and at the same time linking it with the rest of the composition. To this architectural framework are appended a great variety of figures, mostly youthful or infantile, in every possible attitude, which embellish and give an air of life to it, as the flowers of a creeping vine to the support around which it twines. In the angles of the ceiling are representations of four events in the history of the Jews, which have a typical relation to the mission of the Redeemer.

This combination of subjects is not fanciful or arbitrary, but is founded upon the religious impressions of the artist's age, sanctioned by the traditions and authority of the Church. The pictorial decorations of the Sistine Chapel were intended to present a visible history of the ways of God to man; beginning with the creation, and ending with the advent of the Redeemer and the revelation of Christianity. As the commencement of this series, it was the purpose of Michael Angelo to paint on the wall, opposite the Last Judgment, a representation of the fall of Lucifer, — the latter forming the initial chapter in the history of humanity, from its connection with the fall of man, and the former, its final close, — but this intention was never carried into effect. When he began his labors on the ceiling of the Chapel, the upper part of the walls between the windows

was already occupied by a series of frescoes, twelve in number, six on either side, representing passages in the life of Moses and of Christ, the purpose of which was to bring the old law into relation and contrast with the new. The lower part of the walls, now painted with representations of hangings, was intended to be occupied with the tapestries executed from the cartoons of Raphael. The sibyls are interspersed with the prophets, from the fact that they were supposed to have predicted the birth of the Saviour; and, in this view, they were at an early period clothed by the church with a sort of sacred authority; and that this impression might be confirmed, interpolations are understood to have been made in the received collections of their writings. These explanations of the decorations of the Sistine Chapel, — for which I am mainly indebted to Kugler's Hand-book of Italian painting and the notes of the English editor, — are necessary to a full comprehension of their purpose and spirit. The paintings were symbolical as well as actual. They were founded upon recognized ideas; spoke an intelligible language; and communicated religious notions by powerful impressions made upon the senses. Art was secondary to religion; and this is the secret of its power and vitality. In an age when few could read, it was proposed to paint to the eye the great events recorded in the Scriptures, and print a Bible in forms and colors. The change of feeling which has taken place in the course of three centuries, by which religious reverence has been lowered into artistic admiration, and the homage has been diverted from that which inspired the genius of the artist to the genius itself, has been before adverted to. Will the line of progress ever turn round and move in an opposite direction? Will men once more come into the Sistine Chapel and look upon its frescoes in that mood in which they were viewed by those who first beheld them, and make their shapes of beauty and grandeur the steps of a ladder on which the soul may rise to a nearer and clearer contemplation of God?

Looking at these works merely in a critical point of view, it is not possible to give them too high praise. There is hardly any excellence of which the art of painting is capable which may not be found here in the highest perfection: drawing, composition, expression, dignity of sentiment, depth of feeling, and grace of movement. The creation of Adam is a miracle of art: his recumbent figure, waked into sudden life by the touch of the Almighty's hand, could never have been painted by any one but Michael Angelo. For power of drawing, it is probably the highest achievement of the pencil. The figure of

Eve, in the compartment representing her creation, is full of a beauty which is persuasive but not voluptuous, — dignified but not austere, — such as befits the mother of mankind. The prophets and sibyls are all admirable. The inspiration common to them all is expressed with unbounded fertility of invention; and the forms, attitudes, and draperies are in the highest degree noble and characteristic. Some of the sibyls are youthful and some are aged; but they all burn with the fire of prophecy, which in some takes the form of an impassioned flame, and in others that of a fervid glow. Of the prophets a similar remark may be made. They are all noble figures, with intellectual heads stamped with the grandeur of supernatural knowledge; but no one is copied from or suggested by another. The element common to all is found in combination with passion, with contemplation, with melancholy, and with dignity.

So far we see Michael Angelo's genius moving in its natural and legitimate path of power and sublimity, without extravagance or exaggeration, guided by taste and controlled by judgment. But when we turn to the domestic groups between the prophets and the sibyls, and in the arches over the windows and especially to the various infantile figures which support and adorn the architectural portions of the design, we see that softer and gentler aspect which is so rarely assumed, that but for these very compositions we should hardly have supposed him capable of putting it on. Here he is tender, airy, and sportive. The Graces wait upon his pencil, and he condescends to lay his invincible locks upon the lap of beauty.

The ceiling of the Sistine Chapel was finished in the year 1512, Michael Angelo being then thirty-eight years old. The fresco of the Last Judgment was completed in 1541, when he was sixty-seven. The difference between the two works — the unrelieved sternness in the latter; the severity unmitigated by any gleams of tenderness or compassion; the unsmiling terror which frowns upon us from every part of the composition — may have been in some measure the result of that change in temper and character which age so frequently brings with it. The life of Michael Angelo was shaped by the spirit of sculpture; it was cold, stern, self-withdrawn, self-dependent, and lofty. He was too proud to conciliate and yet too irritable to be silent. His relations with the various popes who filled the chair of St. Peter's during his time gave him ample opportunities of observing the weaknesses and infirmities of humanity. They brought him into contact with the brood of venal aspirants that crawl about the anti-chambers of greatness, full of ravenous wants, and devoid of honor and truth. It is not un

likely, that in the interval between the two works a sense of the baser elements of humanity may have sunk deep into his heart; that the iron of envy, selfishness, and ingratitude, may have been driven into his soul; and that he may have felt a stern satisfaction in painting these terrible scenes of judgment and retribution, with all the energy that wounded sensibility and just indignation could supply. We may trace a similar change in the mind of Shakespeare between the 'Midsummer's Night Dream' and 'Timon of Athens;' and in that of Milton between the morning freshness of 'Comus' and the twilight gloom of 'Samson Agonistes.' The temperament of genius is ever prone to exaggeration, and rarely succeeds in weighing in an impartial balance the good and the evil that are blended in the nature and life of man.

THE STANZE OF RAPHAEL.

In these Stanze we have the imperishable monuments of a gentler and finer, though not a greater, genius. The frescoes here contained were the chief occupation of Raphael during the last ten or twelve years of his life. To these he dedicated the maturity of his powers and the ripened fulness of his mind. Whatever he had learned by practice, by observation, by a study of nature and the works of others, by a perception of his own defects, and by the rapid development of his genius, is here stamped in immortal lines and colors. These frescoes form the perfection of painting. It has soared to no loftier heights, and gained no more brilliant or enduring victories. The interval between the hard outlines, stiff attitudes, and somewhat languid beauty of Raphael's earliest works, and the ease, freedom, breadth, fulness, and variety of these frescoes, is amazing; and shows that his industry and self-vigilance must have been equal to his genius.

A detailed account of these frescoes is unnecessary, because engravings, outlines, and descriptions have made them familiar to all who are sufficiently interested in art to take any pleasure in the treatment of such themes.

The School of Athens and the Scourging of Heliodorus, not only represent the culminating point of Raphael's genius, but they are the highest triumphs which painting has achieved or is likely to achieve. In Michael Angelo, we recognize more vigorous drawing; in Titian, a richer tone of color; in Correggio, more magical effects of light and shade; but in these frescoes, while none of the above excellences are wanting, we

find the highest attributes of painting in their utmost perfection, — invention, composition, sentiment, and expression.

The School of Athens is marked by dignity and grandeur. Of the fifty-two figures which compose it, no one seems to be in another's way, and no one appears in a studied attitude. The charm of animation is blended with the charm of repose. In the perfect art of the composition, nothing artificial is left to offend. The Scourging of Heliodorus is full of energy, power and movement. The horse and his rider are irresistible, and the scourging youths, terrible as embodied lightning: mortal weapons and mortal muscles are powerless as infancy before such supernatural energies. Like flax before the flame, — like leaves before the storm, — the strong man and his attendants are consumed and borne away. These two works of Raphael — had all the rest perished — would have vindicated his claim to the title of prince of painters. It may, indeed, well be doubted whether he would ever have surpassed these works, had he lived longer. His rapid progress and early maturity in art seemed to necessitate a brief career. So exquisite an organization must have felt, before its time, the touch of natural decay. If life be estimated by what is done, suffered, and felt, neither Raphael, Mozart, Burns, nor Byron, can be said to have died young, though no one of them lived to see his thirty-eighth birthday.

In the Parnassus, — so called from its being a representation of the mountain of that name, with Apollo, the Nine Muses, and a company of the Greek, Latin, and Italian Poets, — the central figure, Apollo, is playing upon a violin; a curious circumstance, as showing the different associations connected in those days with that instrument from those awakened by it at the present time. It is not uncommon in Italy to see angels, in pictures, playing upon violins, but an artist would now as soon think of painting an angel with an umbrella in his hand. How does it happen that an instrument of such capacity, with such boundless variety of expression, upon which such triumphs of execution have been won, should have become linked to such degrading, or, at least, prosaic, associations?

In the Miracle of Bolsena, Raphael appears as the rival of Titian, and glows with the rich coloring of the Venetian school. In the Deliverance of St. Peter, he has achieved those triumphs of light and shade which shed their fascinations over the canvas of Correggio. In the Incendio del Borgo, there is a single figure, — the naked youth escaping from the fire by a wall, and sustaining his whole weight by his hands, — which, for power

ful drawing and anatomical knowledge, is worthy of Michael Angelo.

In these frescoes there are two or three variations of, essentially, the same female figure. We see it in the kneeling woman in front of the pope, in the Scourging of Heliodorus; in the two women carrying water, in the Incendio del Borgo: in the female who stands with her back to the spectator, on the left hand of Apollo, in the Parnassus. The same type of form appears in many of his works, and is the nearest approach to mannerism which we can find in this most inventive of painters. It is to be seen in the female who has charge of the demoniac in the Transfiguration, and in the woman leading a child, in the cartoon of the Healing of the Lame Man. The character of all these figures cannot be better expressed than by the hackneyed word repose. They show how largely Raphael had profited by the study of Greek art. The turn of the head, the braided hair, the serenity of the attitudes, and the broad folds of the draperies, have the purity and tranquillity of sculpture; while, at the same time, they are instinct with the life and animation of painting.

In the Hall of Constantine, so called, is an enormous fresco, designed by Raphael and executed by Giulio Romano, representing the fight between Constantine and Maxentius, at the Ponte Molle, near Rome. This is the only work of Raphael's which I should not be glad to see again; though it is a picture wonderful for the skill with which it is so treated, as to present the highest animation and rapidity of movement, without the least confusion in the details. But in regard to battle-pieces the peace society is in the right. A battle, as described by Homer or Scott, has succession and continuity of interest; and the work is crowned by victory or defeat; but a painter can take but one moment. There stand forever fixed, the uplifted hand, the inflamed countenance, the dying youth, the weeping father. It is a stereotyped page of horror and struggle. Passions, as fleeting as they are fierce, are arrested and made permanent. So, too, the judgment to be passed upon war depends upon its motives and its objects. It may be a stern necessity or an imperative duty. But the painter cannot put upon his canvas that moral element which threw its light upon the brows of those who fought at Marathon and Bunker Hill. He has nothing but the eye to speak to. The death of Leonidas, and a fight between the smugglers and revenue officers, can differ only in costume and scenery.

THE TAPESTRIES.

These hang upon the walls of a gallery adjoining the Stanze. The colors are faded, and the fabric shows in many ways the injuries of time, and of the various casualties to which they have been exposed. A passing glance is the only tribute which most travellers offer them. But among them are some of Raphael's finest designs. Seven of the cartoons from which these tapestries were wrought are at Hampton Court in England; and, from the many engravings which have been made from them, are among the most generally known of all the artist's compositions. Deriving no attractions from coloring, and but little from light and shade, they address the mind solely through the medium of form, and are the least sensuous and most intellectual efforts of the art of painting. They are to the frescoes what the style of Aristotle is to that of Plato. There is nothing here to fix a wandering eye, or to gratify a superficial sense of beauty. They are tributes to that ideal and celestial loveliness which borrows nothing from mortal colors or the glow of earthly passions; and he whose soul has been steeped in the languid delights of meretricious art can no more feel their elevated character, than a selfish voluptuary can comprehend the language in which Dante speaks of Beatrice, or be touched by the depth and tenderness of Burns's 'Mary in Heaven.'

THE LOGGIE.

The Loggie are galleries running round three sides of an open court of the palace of the Vatican. They are upon three stories, and the gallery on one side of the second story, which has been for many years closed with glass, is decorated with paintings executed from Raphael's designs and under his directions. The roof of this gallery is divided into thirteen cupolas, each of which contains four frescoes, from subjects taken from the Old Testament. The whole series is thus fifty-two in number, and is popularly known by the name of 'Raphael's Bible.' As they were the work of his pupils, they are of various merit in point of execution; but the genius of the great master is always perceptible. The several subjects are invariably treated in an appropriate manner. The simplicity of the patriarchal times is carefully preserved, but there is nowhere to be seen the slightest intrusion of coarseness or irreverence

We see the same purity of design, the same flowing breadth of drapery, the same ease of movement, and the same expressive character of head and face, visible alike through the various degrees of merit in point of execution, and the defacing influences of time and neglect.

The side wall and the pilasters between the windows are covered with arabesque ornaments, in which fruits, flowers, animals, and vines are blended in innumerable airy and graceful combinations. With these are interspersed decorations in stucco, consisting of heads, reliefs, figures, and groups. The whole are from the designs of Raphael. They are much impaired by time, and restoration, and are but the wreck and shadow of what they once were; but enough is left to vindicate the enthusiastic admiration which they awakened in their prime.

These lovely and sportive creations of beauty, which, in their number and variety, remind us of the luxuriance of tropical vegetation, bear somewhat the same relation to the rest of Raphael's works, as the fairy mythology of the 'Midsummer's Night's Dream' to the other products of Shakespeare's genius. There is the same surrender of the mind to the frolic impulses of an exuberant fancy; the same lavish expenditure of creative power flowing from an equal consciousness of inexhaustible resources. The artist must have turned from his graver labors to these playful tasks, with a grateful sense of exhilaration and release. In the former, his genius moved in certain prescribed paths, and was constrained within fixed barriers; but, in the latter, it was at liberty to move and wind and disport itself at 'its own sweet will;' and the eagle let loose from the ark did not try his long-imprisoned wings with a more exulting sense of power, or trace upon the blue sky finer or more varied lines of beauty. That ideality which was a presiding trait in Raphael's mind is here found in combination, not with solemn or tragic themes, but with those which are playful, engaging, and familiar,—the growth of the common earth, and the life of every day.

THE LIBRARY OF THE VATICAN.

In entering this, the oldest and the most celebrated library in Europe, every one who has the slightest tinge of literary enthusiasm must be conscious of a peculiar feeling of reverence. But this first emotion is soon displaced by blank astonishment, from the fact that no books are any where to be seen. The visitor is conducted into a noble hall of splendid architectural

proportions and embellishments, surrounded by an immense double gallery, — the whole adorned with frescoes, busts statues, and columns, but the books and manuscripts are shu up in cabinets of painted wood, and hidden from vulgar gaze like the beauties of an eastern harem. The scholar is thus obliged to forego that tantalizing pleasure of glancing at the titles of books as he passes along, and of pausing for a moment to contemplate and admire a tall copy, an Elzevir, or an Aldus. Indeed, the number of printed books is not very large, — probably not more than thirty or forty thousand, — but the collection of manuscripts is the finest in Europe, and is said to amount to upwards of twenty-five thousand. As a general rule, these manuscripts are not open to examination; and no eager enquirer after knowledge disturbs their venerable dust, or traces the lore that is hidden in their dim and fading lines. The discoveries of Cardinal Mai are a proof of what may be gathered by the hardy pioneers who shall have the courage to penetrate into that wilderness of parchment, but the Germans seem to be the only people left in these stirring times who have the patience and endurance necessary for such enterprises.

Nothing can be more unsatisfactory than a visit to a large library, without such an introduction to some person in authority as will ensure peculiar attention. The ordinary run of visitors are usually committed to the tender mercies of some ignorant subordinate, anxious to earn his fee at the least possible expenditure of time and trouble, — and who manifests his impatience at any interruptions occasioned by an impertinent and unseasonable love of knowledge, in such a way as soon to check the most resolute advances. Or if the honors of the library are done by a man of taste and learning, he must be so annoyed by the gaping and vacant curiosity of ignorant visitors, and the constant repetition of the same questions, as to make the nearest possible approach to silence the best safeguard of his self-control. Thus, of the treasures of the Vatican, I can give but small report from personal observation. I saw the famous manuscript of Virgil, of the date of the fourth or fifth century, adorned with fifty miniature designs, which are curious, not merely as illustrations of the work, but as specimens of early art; hard and stiff in outline, guiltless of perspective or of the mysteries of light and shade, but vivid in coloring, and often powerful in expression. There is also a curious manuscript of Terence, of the ninth century, adorned in the same manner. I looked with peculiar interest upon the palimpsest in which Cardinal Mai found the treatise of Cicero de Republica, hidden under a version of St. Augustin's Commentary on

the Psalms. A manuscript of Dante, in the handwriting of Boccaccio, and sent by him to Petrarch, with notes said to be in the handwriting of the latter, shines with a light thus thrown upon it from three illustrious names in literature. There is also a large amount of prose and poetry in the handwriting of Tasso, and of Petrarch; including a sketch of the first three cantos of the 'Gerusalemme' of the former, and the 'Rime,' of the latter; a sight to drive a collector of autographs frantic Here, too, strangely misplaced in an ecclesiastical library, are seventeen love-letters addressed by Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn, nine in French and eight in English. Few of the waifs and strays which have floated down to us upon the stream of the past are more curious and interesting than these letters. It seems odd enough that time, which has consumed so many grave documents, solemn treaties, and weighty records, should have spared these airy trifles — these momentary effusions of feeling — addressed to one eye and one heart, and so little significant to any other. They are silent memorials of a sad tale of passion and cruelty; of selfish appetite on the one side, and of vanity and giddiness on the other; and when I thought of the end of it all, — of the fierce hatred which expelled the fierce love in the royal voluptuary's breast, and of the cruel wrongs which, so meekly endured, give to the character of Anne Boleyn all of the interest which dignifies it in the eyes of posterity, — a visible shadow seemed to darken over the paper, and the words to be written in blood.

The only printed book examined was a copy of Henry VIII.'s work against Luther, a presentation copy to Pope Leo X., printed on vellum, with a dedicatory inscription in Latin, on the fly-leaf, in the handwriting of the royal author. When a nobleman appears in print, said Dr. Johnson, his merits should be handsomely acknowledged; but what shall we say if it be a king? What epithet can express the height and depth of the acknowledgment which is due from the uncrowned multitude? I believe that this treatise of Henry VIII. is not without merit. To one at all touched with that disease of bibliomania of which Dr. Dibdin writes in a vein of such pleasant exaggeration, the volume was an interesting object of contemplation, as being one of the rarest books in the world; of that class for which rich collectors struggle, and poor collectors sigh in vain.

CHAPTER X.

The Capitol — Ruins in Rome — The Forum — The Palace of the Cæsars — The Colosseum — The Baths of Caracalla — The Pantheon — Arches — Mamertine Prison and Tarpeian Rock.

THE CAPITOL.

No language contains a word of more expression and significance than the Capitol, nor is there a spot on earth more full of historical interest. It was at once a fortress and a temple, the head of the Roman state, and the shrine of their religion. Here was the seed and source of Rome, the germ of that mighty power which, planted here, overshadowed the earth. The Capitol was the symbol of ancient Rome, as St. Peter's and the Vatican are the symbols of the modern and mediæval city. Our visions of such a spot are shaped in an heroic mould, and inspired by the spirit of Roman history. We paint to ourselves the massive bulk of some castellated rock, whose commanding proportions and rugged grandeur admit of no material modification from the labors of man, and retain the same essential features through all the changes of time; throwing its broad shield of protection alike over the infancy, the maturity, and the decline of the imperial city.

But how disappointing is the touch of reality! After traversing nearly the entire length of the Corso, the traveller turns to the right, and in a few moments finds himself at the foot of a gently inclined ascent, of artificial construction, something between a staircase and a plane; the feet being aided by longitudinal ridges of stone, placed at regular intervals. On arriving at the top, he stands in a square of moderate extent, occupied by three buildings, one facing him, and one on either hand. Although designed by Michael Angelo, the architecture is neither sublime nor beautiful; and the whole effect is the reverse of imposing. It looks as if three rich noblemen, who wished to live near each other, had bought a piece of ground, and commissioned an architect to build them three houses on a

uniform plan; and this trumpery square, these inexpressive façades, this clipped and rounded and diminished hill, are all that modern Rome has to show for the Capitol. The unreverend hand of change has taken the lion by the beard, and put its hook into the jaw of the behemoth. It has filled up the valleys and cut down the heights and smoothed the roughnesses, till the Campidoglio is as little like the Capitol, as the Rome of to-day is like the Rome of Cato the Censor. There is nothing here that recalls the magnificence of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus or the venerable associations which belonged to the cottage of Romulus — that modest structure of reeds and straw, which, whether it were genuine or not, so long served to kindle and sustain the spirit of reverence in the Roman people.

In the centre of the piazza, or square, is the bronze equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, — the only equestrian statue of that material which has come down to us from antiquity, and the finest work of the kind in the world. The proportions of the horse are not such as would satisfy a Newmarket jockey, but the animation and spirit of the attitude, and the air of life which informs the limbs and seems actually to distend the nostrils, cannot be too much praised. The face and figure of the rider are worthy of the noble animal on which he is seated, and worthy of the good name which he has left in history. The attitude and expression are dignified, but not haughty; and intimate a disposition more prone to conciliate than to command.

The central building in front is called the Palace of the Senator, for there is still a Roman senator, a harmless puppet created by the pope, and resembling one of his namesakes of antiquity, as a chattering cicerone resembles Cicero. The palace is not his residence, but a place where he sometimes comes to amuse himself and the public by holding a court. In this building, poets and artists were once crowned with laurel by the hands of the senator, occasions to which the presence of rank, learning, and beauty, strains of music, and recitations in prose and verse lent their attractions. The reader of the 'Corinne' will remember that it is on such a ceremonial, that we are first introduced to that splendid vision of genius and beauty.* The building, both externally and

* The honor of a coronation at the Capitol, enjoyed by Petrarch and in preparation for Tasso at the time of his death, has been bestowed upon a female. On the 31st August, 1766, Madelena Morelli, who had been previously received into the Arcadian Academy, under the name of Corilla Olympica, by which she was afterwards generally known, was crowned there with great ceremony. She was a native of Pistoia, and attracted

internally is without interest. The interior has an air of faded gentility but not of faded beauty. But for the central tower it would hardly be worth the trouble of a visit. From that, a scene of varied and magnificent beauty unfolds itself to the eye, in which the natural features, grand and striking as they are, are lost in that magic charm of association, which gives a richer verdure to the plain, a deeper purple to the hill, a finer blue to the sky, and bathes every roof in spiritual light. The history and literature of Rome are lying at our feet, and the living landscape is a page, on which is written one half of all that we have learned at school and at college.

The building on the south side of the square, to the right as we face the Palace of the Senator, is called the Palace of the Conservatori.* In the court-yard and the adjacent arcade are some striking works in sculpture ; among them, a colossal statue of Julius Cæsar, a statue of Augustus, a fine colossal head of Domitian, and a noble group of a lion attacking a horse, — all in marble.

In this palace are eight rooms belonging to the Arcadian Academy, in one of which it still meets. In these rooms are a great number of busts of the illustrious men of Italy, — artists and men of letters, — many by the hand of Canova, but few of conspicuous merit. The requisites for possession of a niche in this temple of fame are carefully defined by a decree of Pius VII., and the claims of the candidates (who must have been dead a certain number of years) are patiently discussed by magistrates and learned bodies, — the pope himself being sometimes called upon to decide, in case of conflicting judgments. Such proceedings have an air of solemn trifling, easily open to ridicule; and the satirist may sneer at an attempt to give immortality to names which do not deserve it, or to withhold it from those which do; but the purpose itself is so commendable, — a collection of busts of the great men of a country

much attention by her talents as a poet and an improvisatrice. Madame de Staël probably borrowed from this scene the incident of Corinne's coronation, and perhaps the name of the heroine was suggested by that of the lady thus honored. The wits of Rome, Pasquin especially, launched many sarcasms upon the occasion; so that the Abbe Pizzi, who, in his capacity of director of the Arcadian Academy, presided over the ceremonial, said, that the crown of Corilla had been to him a crown of thorns. I am afraid that Corilla was not so beautiful as Corinne ; she was certainly not so young, having been nearly forty at the time of her coronation.

* The Conservatori were, originally, administrative officers ; the senator being a judicial magistrate. Their functions have long since become merely nominal ; being little more than walking in a procession, or taking part in ceremonial

by competent artists is so valuable a possession, — that we will not quarrel with any agency which calls it into existence.

In this palace is one of the most interesting objects in Rome, — the celebrated Bronze Wolf of the Capitol, — generally believed to be the very group alluded to by Cicero in one of his harangues against Catiline, and commemorated by Virgil in his well-known lines. In such controversies, the wish is father to the faith; and we cannot listen to the arguments in an impartial spirit. The sceptic has as ungracious an office as the devil's attorney who is heard against the claims of a saint proposed to be canonized. The wolf is a gaunt and grim image, of antique workmanship, and with none of the amenities of Greek art. The infants seem disproportionately small.

The gallery of pictures which is in this palace has very little of first-rate excellence. The Persian Sibyl, by Guercino, and the Cumæan Sibyl, by Domenichino, are no more than pleasing. Much the most impressive work in the collection is the Sta. Petronilla of Guercino. It is a picture of colossal size, with a double subject, as is often the case in Catholic countries; the lower part representing the burial of the saint, and the upper, her reception into paradise. Guercino is deficient in purity of taste, in tenderness and depth of feeling, and in imaginative simplicity. He delights in the contrasts of strong lights and inky shadows. But his great merit is expression; and in this he has hardly any superior. The Sta. Petronilla shows his characteristic excellences and defects, and more of the former than of the latter. Its powerful drawing and sombre depth of color make it a very impressive work, but we look in vain for the ideal grace with which Raphael would have invested such a subject.

On the opposite wall hangs a very different picture, full of joyous life and vernal coloring, — the Rape of Europa, by Paul Veronese. In point of keeping and dramatic propriety it is daringly absurd. Europa is no slender nymph, but a splendid Venetian woman in the prime of life, richly dressed, and of proportions ample enough to make the task of the noble animal on which she is seated no sinecure. She has just stepped out — not from the woods of Phœnicia, but — from a palace on the Grand Canal, and her bull ought to be a gondola. But what gorgeous coloring, — what depth and fulness of life in the eyes, the cheeks, and the luxuriant form! What a flush of exuberant power is flung over the whole canvas! How impossible to do any thing but admire! It is like seeing Garrick playing Macbeth in a red coat and bag-wig, — the power of genius preventing a single smile at the incon-

gruity of the costume. Works of the Venetian school are not common in Rome, and this picture is in consequence the more striking.

The building on the north side of the square contains the Museum of the Capitol, comprising a collection of works in sculpture of considerable extent, among which are some specimens of great excellence. On account of their inferior accommodations, they are seen to far less advantage than those in the Vatican. They are crowded into apartments of moderate size and no architectural pretensions, and look as if they were exposed in a warehouse for sale, rather than arranged in a palace for exhibition. The eye asks in vain for those noble spaces and splendid embellishments of the Vatican, which enhance the merits of fine specimens and shield the defects of inferior works.

The Hall of the Vase derives its name from a fine vase of white marble in the middle of the room. Here is also the Iliac Table, a series of bas-reliefs illustrating the Iliad of Homer; and, perhaps, the most celebrated mosaic in the world, called 'Pliny's Doves,'* representing four doves drinking from a basin, surrounded by a border. The design is simple and pleasing, and the workmanship beautiful. The revolutions of two thousand years have not changed the eye or the taste of man; this graceful composition is still popular, and constantly repeated by the mosiac workers of Rome, in diminished proportions.

On the walls of the Hall of the Emperors are two of the most beautiful bas-reliefs which have come down to us from antiquity; one representing Perseus rescuing Andromeda, and the other, Endymion sleeping, with his dog by his side. In the centre of the room is a female statue in marble, seated, called by the name of Agrippina, remarkable for the dignified ease of the position, and the minute folds and elaborate carving of the drapery. Around the room are arranged more than seventy busts of Roman emperors and empresses, a collection of much interest, as many of them are unquestionably authentic portraits; and the physiognomist and the phrenologist may amuse themselves in reading their virtues and their crimes, in these, their marble presentments. There are among them some most forbidding countenances; although we may suppose that the court sculptor did his best to soften the harsh lines of cruelty and sensuality.

* It is so called, because it is supposed to be that described by Pliny in the thirty-fifth book of his Natural History.

In the saloon are two statues of centaurs, in nero antico, one young and one in mature life, both of excellent workmanship and full of spirit; a colossal statue of the infant Hercules, in green basalt, and a statue of Æsculapius in nero antico. In this room is also a statue, most unattractive in its subject, but curious as an illustration of the ideas of the ancients as to the limits of art. It represents a woman in extreme old age and painfully ugly. Some suppose her to be a Sibyl, some a Prefica, or hired mourner at Roman funerals; while Winckelmann believes it to be a Hecuba. The head is stretched forward, the body is bent in one direction, and the face turned in another. The head is covered with a cloth. It is a work in all respects the reverse of ideal: there is not the slightest attempt to veil or soften the most repulsive features of old age. The artist has aimed only at truth, and in this he has succeeded perfectly. The execution is wonderful. The expression of the face is that of stony despair, and the figure is a wreck battered by time and sorrow.

The last room into which the traveller passes contains several works of the highest excellence, and above all, the Dying Gladiator. A statue of such surpassing merit as this should have a room by itself, for in its presence it is difficult to look at any thing else. It is now admitted by the best authorities that the statue is a dying Gaul and not a gladiator, but to the popular mind the old appellation will cling forever. Byron's immortal stanza — an exquisite creation of genius, equal to the theme which inspired it — is alone enough to fasten it there with associations that can never be severed. But there is no work of art respecting which such discussions are more intrusive or unnecessary. We do not ask whom it represents, because we are so wholly absorbed with what it is. Its power and pathos are independent of time, place, and condition.

What is it that we see before us? A man dying; nothing more. It is that which happens to all men; the only inevitable fact in every life. Nor is it a marked or conspicuous person. He is not a hero or a poet or an orator. The form is not ideal, the head is not intellectual, the lips are not refined. The shadows of great thoughts never darkened that commonplace brow, nor did the touch of beauty ever thrill along those coarse fibres. But the charm and power of the statue consist in the amazing truth with which the two great elements of humanity and mortality are delineated. A vigorous animal life is suddenly stopped by the touch of death, and the 'sensible warm motion' becomes a 'kneaded clod' before our eyes. The artist gives us all the pathos and the tragedy of death without

its ghastliness and horror. The dying man is no longer a trivial person, stained with coarse employments and vulgar associations, but an immortal spirit breaking through its walls of clay. The rags of life fall away from him, and he puts on the dignity and grandeur of death. We feel ourslves in the presence of that awful power, before whose icy sceptre all mortal distinctions are levelled. Life and death are all that for a time we can admit into the mind.

As the sentiment and expression of this statue are admirable so is the mechanical execution of the highest merit. The skill with which the physical effects of death upon the human frame are represented is most strongly felt by those whose professional training and experience make their judgment upon such points the most valuable. The hair short and crisp and matted by the sweat of the death-struggle, the wrinkled brow, the drooping lid, the lips distended with pain, and the sinking languor of the whole frame, give proof of a patient eye and a skilful hand. No statue was ever more marked by simplicity or more free from anything like extravagance or caricature. Such a subject presents many temptations, and, unless an artist's taste and judgment were equal to his genius, he would hardly have escaped falling into the weakness of overdoing the tragic element, and of laying such a weight upon our sympathies that they would have given away under the pressure. But here nothing has been done for effect. No vulgar applause is courted, and the decency and dignity of truth are scrupulously observed.

If it be right to judge of works of art subjectively and not objectively, — that is, exclusively by the effect which they leave upon the individual who contemplates them, — I should put this work at the head of all the statues in the world. To me, none others were so expressive, so significant, so full of deep meaning. At each successive visit it seemed to be a new work, to reveal something which before had been unspoken, — to awaken echoes which before had been silent. Though a solitary figure, taken in and comprehended by the eye at a single glance, it involves a broad circle of experience and suggestion. Such is ever the case with the creations which genius gives us when it walks in the way of truth, and, disdaining the morbid, the fantastic, and the grotesque, gives shape to our common visions, and reality to the universal dream.

This statue is indisputably associated with Byron's immortal stanza, which, familiar as it is, can no more become hackneyed, than the relations of husband and father on which it is founded.

From lines like these, which everybody reads and everybody remembers, — especially when connected with objects of permanent and general interest, — we learn how much we owe to the poets. Who that has ever seen snow falling upon water has not had a distinct pleasure in the sight, from the fine illustration of the brief duration of sensual pleasures which Burns has drawn from it? * Who that has ever beheld a scarlet maple in our autumn woods has not felt that a new charm was given to it by the lovely image which it suggested to Bryant? † So, we, who look upon the statue since the stanza was written, see it by a finer light than ever shone upon it before. For us alone the rude hut by the Danube is reared, and those young barbarians are sporting upon its banks. We may form some notion of our obligations, by imagining what would have been the emotions of a man of cultivation and sensibility, if the poet had suddenly put the lines into his hands, while he was standing before the statue. Would not something like the miracle of Pygmalion have taken place before his eyes? Would not the marble breast have appeared to heave with emotion, and the drooping brow to be darkened with suffering?

In the same apartment with the Dying Gladiator are several works of great merit; which, in justice to the spectator and themselves, should be rescued from a presence so trying. In a room of moderate size, the central and prominent statue should be the flower, and the others only act as leaves and buds.

The statue of Antinous is not merely beautiful, but it is beauty itself. Like all his busts and statues, the expression is that of 'Elysian beauty, melancholy grace.' He has the air of a man ever looking into his own grave. The limbs, the figure, the turn of the head, which droops as if with a weight of unshed tears, are so admirable that they can only be praised in superlatives. The contrast between his form and aspect and that of the Dying Gladiator is very striking. The former is a soft flower; the latter, a sturdy weed. The former, born with a fine organization, was reared in the sheltered air of luxury and splendor, and shielded from every blast of trial or trouble: the latter was thrown upon the rocks of life, to struggle ever

* 'Or like the snow-fall in the river,
A moment white — then melts forever.'

† 'But 'neath yon crimson tree,
Lover to listening maid might breath his flame,
Nor mark, within its roseate canopy,
Her blush of maiden shame.'

them with toil and pain, and escape by a violent and bloody death. The Gladiator gives the impression of a manly nature though coarse, who had acted according to his small light so long as he lived, and met his fate without flinching, from pride and courage and not from weariness of life. But the Antinous wears an air of languor and satiety, as if he were weary of the sunshine in which he basked, and felt the serpent's sting under the flowers. Unlike as they were in their lives and fortunes the magic of art has given them an identity of interest as levelling as the grave itself.

RUINS IN ROME.

The traveller who visits Rome with a mind at all inhabited by images from books, especially if he come from a country like ours, where all is new, enters it with certain vague and magnificent expectations on the subject of ruins, which are pretty sure to end in disappointment. The very name of a ruin paints a picture upon the fancy. We construct at once an airy fabric, which shall satisfy all the claims of the imaginative eye. We build it of such material that every fragment shall have a beauty of its own. We shatter it with such graceful desolation that all the lines shall be picturesque, and every broken outline traced upon the sky shall at once charm and sadden the eye. We wreathe it with a becoming drapery of ivy, and crown its battlements with long grass, which gives a voice to the wind that waves it to and fro. We set it in a becoming position, relieve it with some appropriate background, and touch it with soft, melancholy light, — with the mellow hues of a deepening twilight, or, better still, with the moon's idealizing rays.

In Rome, such visions, if they exist in the mind, are rudely dispelled by the touch of reality. Many of the ruins in Rome are not happily placed for effect upon the eye and mind. They do not stand apart in solitary grandeur, forming a shrine for memory and thought, and clasped by an atmosphere of their own. They are often in unfavorable positions, and bear the shadow of disenchanting proximities. The tide of population flows now in different channels from those of antiquity, and in far less volume; but Rome still continues a large capital and we can nowhere escape from the debasing associations of actual life. The trail of the present is everywhere over the past. The Forum is a cattle-market, strewn with wisps of hay, and animated with bucolical figures that never played upon the

pipe of Tityrus, nor taught the woods to repeat the name of Amaryllis. The pert villa of an English gentlemen has intruded itself into the palace of the Cæsars, — as discordant an object to a sensitive idealist as the pink parasol of a lady's maid which put to flight the reveries of some romantic traveller, under the shadow of the great pyramid. The Temple of Antoninus Pius is turned into the custom-house. The Mausoleum of Augustus is encrusted with paltry houses, — like an antique coin embedded in lava, — and cannot even be discovered without the help of a guide. The beautiful columns of the Theatre of Marcellus — Virgil's Marcellus — are stuck upon the walls of the Orsini Palace, and defaced by dirty shops at the base. Ancient grandeur is degraded to sordid modern uses; 'mummy is become merchandise; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharoah is sold for balsams.'

To most men, ruins are merely phenomena, or, at most, the moral of a tale; but to the antiquary, they are texts. They have a secondary interest, founded upon the employment they have given to the mind and the learning they have called forth. We value everything in proportion as it awakens our faculties, and supplies us with an end and an aim. The scholar, who finds in a bath or a temple a nucleus for his vague and divergent reading to gather around, feels for it something like gratitude, as well as attachment; for though it was merely a point of departure, yet, without it, the glow and ardor of the chase would not have quickened his languid energies into life. Scott, in his introduction to the Monastery, has described, with much truth as well as humor, the manner in which Captain Clutterbuck became interested in the Ruins of Kennaqhair, — how they supplied him with an object in life, and how his health of body and mind improved, the moment he had something to read about, think about, and talk about. Every ruin in Rome has had such devoted and admiring students, and many of these shapeless and mouldering fabrics have been the battle-grounds of antiquarian controversy, in which the real points at issue have been lost in the learned dust which the combatants have raised. The books which have been written upon the antiquities of Rome would make a large library; but, when we walk down, on a sunny morning, to look at the Basilica of Constantine, or the Temple of Nerva, we do not think of the folios which are slumbering in the archives of the Vatican, but only of the objects before us.

THE FORUM.

Ancient Rome contained no less than nineteen fora of im portance. This will not seem strange when we remember tha under that designation were included the modern market-place court of justice, town-hall, and exchange. Among the Ro mans, as among the modern Italians, much more of the busi- ness of life, both public and private, was transacted out of doors than the climate of a northern latitude will allow. The forum, in its primitive idea and original signification, was merely an open space surrounded by buildings and porticoes.

The piece of ground between the Capitoline and Palatine Hills, irregular in its outline, and comprising some seventy or eighty thousand square feet in extent, bore the proud name of 'Forum Romanum,' — *the* Forum of Rome. No spot on earth is more imposing, for it is overshadowed with the power and majesty of the Roman people. Here were laid the foundations of that wonderful political system which lasted so long and worked so well: which was strong enough to hold the whole world in its grasp, and wise enough to exercise a controlling influence over the legislation and jurisprudence of the civilized world down to the present day. It is a place illustrated equally by the wisdom of great statesmen and the eloquence of great orators. Here was trained that unrivalled power of construc- tive legislation, which was the great redeeming feature in the Roman mind; and which has transmitted to posterity that pre- cious bequest, the Roman law, — a gift quite equal in value to the splendid legacy of Greek literature. Who that has the least sense of what the present owes to the past can approach such a spot without reverence and enthusiasm? Especially, what member of the legal profession, unless his heart be dry as parchment and worn as the steps of a court-house, can fail to do homage to the genius of a place where jurisprudence was reared into a perfect system, while Druids were yet cutting the misletoe on the site of Westminster Hall! The Roman Forum is indeed the Mecca of the law; and, when I stood upon it, I felt that the ground was as holy as merely secular interest and associations could make it.

No one, unless forewarned by books and engravings, can have any conception of the change and desolation which have come over this illustrious spot. An unsightly piece of ground, disfeatured with filth and neglect, with a few ruins scattered over it, and two formal rows of trees running through it, is al. that we see with the eye of the body. A few peasants wrapped

in their mud-colored cloaks, a donkey or two, a yoke of the fine gray oxen of Italy, or, perhaps, a solitary wild-eyed buffalo, are the only living forms in a scene once peopled with wisdom, valor, and eloquence. Nothing gives a stronger impression of the shattering blows which have fallen upon the Eternal City than the present condition of the Forum. Mr. Cockerell, an English architect, has published a print which he calls the Restoration of the Forum, — a crowded assemblage of temples, porticoes, and public structures, of rich and showy architecture; but, on the spot, I never could recall the past, nor see the natural relation between his architectural creation and the forlorn waste around me.

The reader of Virgil will remember the visit which Æneas makes to Evander, as described in the eighth book of the Æneid, — one of those quiet and pastoral pictures so congenial to the graceful and tender genius of the poet. Evander is represented as occupying the very spot which was afterwards Rome, and, while doing the honors of hospitality to his distinguished guest, he conducts him to the Tarpeian Rock and the Capitoline Hill, then brown with woods and overrun with bushes; and, in the course of their walk, we are told in lines which must have been read with peculiar pleasure by his contemporaries that they saw herds of cattle wandering over the Forum and the splendid streets in its neighborhood.

> 'Talibus inter se dictis ad tecta subibant,
> Pauperis Evandri, passimque armenta videbant,
> Romanoque Foro et lautis mugire Carinis.'
>
> ÆNEID, viii. 359.

The whirl of time has brought round changes of which Virgil little dreamed, and given to his fanciful picture the stern lines of truth. Flocks and herds now wander over the solitude of the Forum, and crop their food from the very heart of ancient Rome.

In the Forum, every foot of ground has been the field of antiquarian controversy. Every ruin has changed its name two or three times. Indeed, it is a matter of controversy as to which was the direction of the length and which of the breadth of the Forum; the Italian antiquaries taking one view, and the Germans, backed by the great name of Niebuhr, another. The reason of this confusion and ignorance is to be found in two circumstances; one, that the buildings were very numerous in proportion to the small space which they occupied; and the other, that the original surface has been covered, to the depth of twelve or fifteen feet, by the accummulated soil of ages, so that the foundations of the structures are no longer to be seen

The removal of this deposit, and the entire clearing out of the Forum, were among the plans of improvement projected by the French, during the occupation of Rome in the time of Napoleon; and, in this instance, actually begun. At a later period, some further excavations were made under the direction of Cardinal Gonsalvi, the only man with any life in him that has been stirring in the papal states for the last century; but nothing has been done for many years, nor is there any hope for the immediate future. Annoying as this must be to the antiquary, with whom truth is the first and only consideration, yet the general sentiment of the place is not affected by the twilight of ignorance which still broods over it. To nine travellers out of ten, of what consequence is it whether a particular ruin is called by the name of the Temple of Fortune or the Temple of Vespasian, the Temple of Peace or the Basilica of Constantine? In all cases, indeed, accurate knowledge is not a gain. There is a solitary column in the Forum, which Byron calls 'the nameless column with a buried base,' the history and origin of which were long unknown. Recent excavations have shown it to have been erected by the ex-arch Smaragdus to the Emperor Phocas, — the venal offering of a servile courtier to one of the most unmitigated monsters that ever stained the pages of history. Has not the column lost something of its charm? Before, there was a beauty and a mystery around it, — there was room for conjecture and food for fancy, — it was a voice that sounded from a dim and distant past, and therefore all the more impressive. But now the ideal light is vanished, and the column loses half its grace, since it speaks to us of the wickedness of tyrants and the weakness of slaves.

I shall not attempt to describe the Forum, or to enumerate the several fragments of buildings which it contains. Descriptions of ruins are more unsatisfactory, even, than descriptions of pictures and statues; and he who seeks information on these points will find it in learned works expressly written for the purpose. The sentiment and spirit of the place can never be communicated or carried away. They are too volatile for language, — too ideal for picture, — too separate, local, and unique for comparison or illustration. All engravings and pictures of the Forum which I have seen are too fine. They do not honestly reproduce the slovenly neglect and the unsightly features of the scene. They make the desolation more picturesque than the reality. The Forum is not like the ruins of Pæstum or Palmyra, in which decay is solemnized and idealized by solitude, and the tragic element is not impaired by the touch of any thing vulgar or degrading; but it more resembles

some ancient palace which, in the changes of time, has come to be occupied by beggars and paupers, — in which the eye is pained by jarring incongruities at every turn; antique splendor overborne by squalid poverty; rags fluttering from stately windows; the plaster dropping from frescoed walls; gilded cornices blackened with smoke and filth; a desolation which is not beautiful; a ruin which is not picturesque.

Those who can remember the Forum as it was at the beginning of the present century, before any excavations had been made, are now but few in number; but the changes caused by these excavations were looked upon, at the time, with no favor by artists; and this feeling was shared with them by the common people in Rome. What was gained to knowledge, say they, was lost to beauty. Formerly, there was a certain unity and harmony in the whole scene. The mantle of earth, which for centuries had been slowly gathering around the ruins, had become a graceful and appropriate garb. Trees and vines and green turf had concealed the rents and chasms of time; and a natural relation had been established between the youth of nature and the decay of art. But the antiquarians had come, and with their pickaxes and shovels had hacked and mangled the touching landscape as surgeons dissect a dead body. They had turned up the turf and cut down the vines and dug unsightly holes and opened deforming trenches. The beauty of the Forum had vanished forever. No more would peasants come here to dance the saltarello; nor artists, to sketch. The antiquarians had felled the tree that they might learn its age by counting the rings in the trunk. They had destroyed that they might interrogate.

In words like these, the artists and sentimentalists of forty years since lamented what they called the desecration of the Forum. They were not all right; nor yet wholly wrong. Each one will judge of their regrets by his own taste and temperament Time has since done much to repair the disfigurement of which they then complained.*

THE PALACE OF THE CÆSARS.

Imagine a hill, upwards of a mile in circuit, and less than two hundred feet high, strewn with shapeless ruins and yawning with excavations, to such an extent that the original soil is almost displaced by fragments of brick and mortar; intersperse it with kitchen gardens, for the growing of such matter-of-fact

* See Mueller: 'Rom, Roemer, und Roemerinnen.' Vol. II, p. 161

vegetables as cauliflower, artichokes, and lettuce: throw in occasionally the vine, the laurel, the cypress, and the ivy; overshadow it with here and there a stately oak; crown the whole with a smart, modern villa; — and you will have some notion of the Palace of the Cæsars. The luxuriance of nature, in this soft climate and upon a fertile soil, has so successfully struggled with the decay of the works of man, and so veiled it with foliage and verdure, that one hardly knows whether to call the scene a landscape or a ruin. It is a labyrinth of vaults, arches, broken walls, and fragments of columns; a mighty maze of desolation without a plan. Portions of stucco, mosaic, and fresco, are still found in many places to attest the imperial splendor of a former age. There is no unity, and the mind brings away no distinct and uniform impression; but in the course of a half day's ramble many noticeable details may be observed, and some food for reflection gathered. In many places, the climbing and trailing plants have so blended themselves with the ruined fragments, as to present those happy combinations of form and color which the painter loves, and the thoughtful poet does not shun.

The Villa Spada, the comfortable residence of an English gentleman, is shown to strangers, but I did not avail myself of the privilege. Valery's remarks upon this villa — considering that he was a Frenchman and a scholar — are very creditable to his good temper and kindness of disposition, better travelling companions than sensitiveness and fastidiousness. He speaks of the roses growing in the garden. Surely, roses springing from such soil must be very unworthy of their privileges, if they do not put on a bloom and fragrance beyond those which are the gift of the common earth.

THE COLOSSEUM.

The venerable Bede, who lived in the eighth century, is the first person who is known to have given to the Flavian amphitheatre its comparatively modern and now universal designation of the Colosseum; though the name, derived from a colossal statue of the emperor Nero which stood near it, was probably then familiar to men's ears, as we may infer from his so calling it without explanation or remark. The splendid passage in which Gibbon describes the extent and architecture of this amphitheatre, and the magnificence of the spectacles which were exhibited in it, has become one of the commonplaces of literature; combining, as it does, those two qualities, for which

that great historian is so remarkable, rhetorical pomp of diction and careful accuracy of statement. When in its perfect state, the exterior, with its costly ornaments in marble, and its forest of columns, lost the merit of simplicity without gaining that of grandeur. The eye was teased with a multitude of details, not in themselves good; the same defects were repeated in each story, and the real height was diminished by the projecting and ungraceful cornices. The interior arrangements were admirable; and modern architects cannot sufficiently commend the skill with which eighty thousand spectators were accommodated with seats; or the ingenious contrivances, by which, through the help of spacious corridors, multiplied passages, and staircases, every person went directly to his place, and immense audiences were dispersed in less time than is required for a thousand persons to squeeze through the entries of a modern concert-room. Vast as the structure was, it was not too great for the wants of Rome. At the time of its erection, it was the only amphitheatre there; nor had any one previously been built of so durable a material as stone. No similar building was subsequently erected, for none was found necessary.

The population of ancient Rome is variously estimated, and is only a matter of conjecture; but, allowing half of the whole number to have been slaves, we may safely say, that in the age of Vespasian there were at least six hundred thousand persons who had a right, in their turn, to witness the games of the amphitheatre. In one of our modern cities, it is probable that not more than five per cent. of the population are ever found, on any one evening, in attendance upon theatres, concerts, and other places of public amusements. But in building the Flavian amphitheatre, it was requisite to provide accommodations for about fifteen per cent. of the people, and that, too, although the performances were always in the day-time, continuing many hours, and often through several days. This difference arose from the fact which explains many things in Roman history, — that the number of persons in Rome, especially under the emperors, who had nothing to do, was far greater in proportion to the whole population, than in any modern, certainly any American, capital. The want of books and newspapers was also another cause of the greater comparative attendance upon places of public amusement.

The interior of the Colosseum was decorated with great splendor. The principal seats were of marble, and covered with cushions. Gilded gratings, ornaments of gold, ivory, and amber, and mosaics of precious stones, displayed the generosity of the emperors, and gratified the taste of the people. This

substantial magnificence was rendered in some sort necessary by the disenchanting presence of sunshine. 'Truth,' says Lord Bacon, with great beauty, 'is a naked and open day-light, that doth not show the masks and mummeries and triumphs of the world, half so stately and daintily as candle-lights.' Thanks to these 'candle-lights,' we want nothing but stucco, gilded wood, and painted canvas to produce all the illusions of the drama, — to transport us in the shifting of a scene, to Rome, to Venice, or to Athens, — to give to copper and glass the lustre of gold and diamonds, and make the roses of Pæstum out of green paper and pink gauze.

The history of the Colosseum would form a work of much interest, reflecting the character of the successive periods through which it has passed. Its form, presenting everywhere a solid shield to the assaults of time, was of that kind which most ensures durability; and for many centuries it remained very little changed. After Christianity had banished the barbarous spectacles of paganism, it was still used as the scene of more innocent entertainments. Bunsen remarks that the Emperor Charlemagne, who was crowned in Rome in the year 800, probably saw the building in its original magnitude and splendor. In the civil commotions of Rome, during the following centuries, it was used as a fortress. Situated as it is in a sort of valley, and commanded by at least three elevations, it would be quite unsuited for such a purpose in our times, but, before the invention of artillery, its massive walls must have easily dashed aside the tide of assault. In 1332, a splendid bull-fight was exhibited in the arena, for the amusement of the Romans, of which Gibbon has given an animated description near the close of his great work.

How, or at what period, the work of ruin first began does not distinctly appear. An earthquake may have first shattered its ponderous arches, and thus made an opening for the destroying hand of time. There can be no doubt that it suffered violence from the hands of civil and foreign war. But more destructive agencies than those of earthquake, conflagration or war, were let loose upon it. Its massive stones, fitted to each other with such nice adaptation, presented a strong temptation to the cupidity of wealthy nobles and cardinals, with whom building was a ruling passion; and for many ages the Colosseum became a quarry. The Palazzo della Cancelleria, the Palazzo Barberini, the Palazzo Farnese, and the Palazzo Veneziano were all built mainly from the plunder of the Colosseum; and meaner robbers emulated the rapacity of their betters, by burning into lime the fragments not available for architectural purposes.

After one pope had endeavored to degrade it into a woollen manufactory, and another, into a manufactory for salt-petre, Benedict XIV., in the middle of the last century, threw over it the protecting mantle of religion, and consecrated it to the memory of the Christian martyrs who had perished in it. The work of restoration, begun by Pius VII., has been continued by his successors; and we have only to hope that it may not be carried so far as to impair the peculiar and unique character of the edifice. It is now watched over by the government as it should be. A sentinel is always on guard to see that no mischief is done, but the visitor is never annoyed by impertinent or intrusive supervision, and 'any thing in reason' is permitted. Lady Morgan relates, that at the time of her visit in Rome it was no unusual circumstance for parties of gay, young people, after a ball in the palace of the Princess Borghese, or the Duchess of Devonshire, to adjourn to the Colosseum, and there under the beams of the moon, and in the soft air of a Roman night, finish the quadrille which had been begun in the blaze of an illuminated saloon. To turn the Colosseum into a ball-room seems putting it to a strange use. The thoughts which it awakens have music in them, but by no means of that kind which inspires dancing. But the English do what they please at Rome, and Italian remonstrance rarely goes beyond an expressive shrug of the shoulders.

If as a building the Colosseum was open to criticism, as a ruin it is perfect. The work of decay has stopped short at the exact point required by taste and sentiment. The monotonous ring of the outer wall is broken, and, instead of formal curves and perpendicular lines, the eye rests upon those interruptions and unexpected turns which are the essential elements of the picturesque, as distinguished from the beautiful and the sublime; and yet so much of the original structure is left, that the fancy can without effort piece out the rents and chasms of time, and line the interior with living forms. When a building is abandoned to decay, it is given over to the dominion of Nature, whose works are never uniform. When the Colosseum was complete, vast as it was, it must have left upon the mind a monotonous impression of sameness, from the architectural repetitions which its plan included; but now that it is a vast ruin, it has all that variety of form and outline which we admire in a Gothic cathedral. Not by rule and measure have the huge stones been clipped and broken. No contriving mind has told what masses should be loosened from the wall, or where they should lie when fallen. No hand of man has trained the climbing plants in the way they should go. All has been left to the will of

time and chance; and the result is that though there is every where resemblance, there is nowhere identity. A little more or a little less of decay; a chasm more or less deep; a fissure more or less prolonged; a drapery of verdure more or less flowing,—give to each square yard of the Colosseum its own peculiar expression. It is a wilderness of ruin in which no two fragments are exactly alike.

The material of which the Colosseum was built is exactly fitted to the purposes of a great ruin. It is travertine, of a rich, dark, warm color, deepened and mellowed by time. There is nothing glaring, harsh, or abrupt in the harmony of tints. The blue sky above, and the green earth beneath, are in unison with a tone of coloring not unlike the brown of one of our own early winter landscapes. The travertine is also of a coarse grain and porous texture, not splintering into points and edges, but gradual corroding by natural decay. Stone of such a texture everywhere opens laps and nooks for the reception and formation of soil. Every grain of dust that is borne through the air by the lazy breeze of summer, instead of sliding from a glassy surface, is held where it falls. The rocks themselves crumble and decompose, and turn into a fertile mould. Thus, the Colosseum is throughout crowned and draped with a covering of earth, in many places of considerable depth. Trailing plants clasp the stones with arms of verdure; wild flowers bloom in their seasons; and long grass nods and waves on the airy battlements. Life has everywhere sprouted from the trunk of death. Insects hum and sport in the sunshine; the burnished lizard darts like a tongue of green flame along the walls; and birds make the hollow quarry overflow with their songs. There is something beautiful and impressive in the contrast between luxuriant life and the rigid skeleton upon which it rests. Nature seems to have been busy in binding up with gentle hands the wounds and bruises of time. She has covered the rents and chasms of decay with that drapery which the touch of every spring renews. She has peopled the solitude with forms and the silence with voices. She has clothed the nakedness of desolation, and crowned the majesty of ruin. She has softened the stern aspect of the scene with the hues of undying youth, and brightened the shadows of dead centuries with the living light of vines and flowers.

As a matter of course, everybody goes to see the Colosseum by moonlight. The great charm of the ruin under this condition is, that the imagination is substituted for sight; and the mind for the eye. The essential character of moonlight is hard rather than soft. The line between light and shadow is

sharply defined, and there is no gradation of color. Blocks and walls of silver are bordered by, and spring out of, chasms of blackness. But moonlight shrouds the Colosseum in mystery. It opens deep vaults of gloom where the eye meets only an ebon wall, but upon which the fancy paints innumerable pictures in solemn, splendid, and tragic colors. Shadowy forms of emperor and lictor and vestal virgin and gladiator and martyr come out of the darkness, and pass before us in long and silent procession. The breezes which blow through the broken arches are changed into voices, and recall the shouts and cries of a vast audience. By day, the Colosseum is an impressive fact; by night, it is a stately vision. By day, it is a lifeless form; by night, a vital thought.

The Colosseum should by all means be seen by a bright starlight, or under the growing sickle of a young moon. The fainter ray and deeper gloom bring out more strongly its visionary and ideal character. When the full moon has blotted out the stars, it fills the vast gulf of the building with a flood of spectral light, which falls with a chilling touch upon the spirit; for then the ruin is like a 'corpse in its shroud of snow,' and the moon is a pale watcher by its side. But when the walls, veiled in deep shadow, seem a part of the darkness in which they are lost, — when the stars are seen through their chasms and breaks, and sparkle along the broken line of the battlements, — the scene becomes another, though the same; more indistinct, yet not so mournful; contracting the sphere of sight, but enlarging that of thought; less burdening, but more suggestive.

It was my fortune to see the Colosseum, on one occasion, under lights which were neither of night nor day. Arrangements had been made by a party of German artists to illuminate it with artificial flames of blue, red, and green. The evening was propitious for the object, being dark and still, and nearly all the idlers in Rome attended. Everything was managed with taste and skill, and the experiment was entirely successful. It was quite startling to see the darkness suddenly dispelled by these weird lights, revealing a dense mass of animated countenances, and hanging a broad sheet of green or crimson upon the wall. The magic change was a sort of epigram to the eye. But, from the association of such things with the illusions of the stage, the spectacle suggested debasing comparisons. It seemed a theatrical exhibition unworthy of the dignity and majesty of the Colosseum. It was like seeing a faded countenance repaired with artificial rose, or a venerable form clothed in some quaint and motley disguise, suited only to

the bloom and freshness of youth. Such lights, far more than sunshine, 'gild but to flout the ruin gray.'

But under all aspects, in the blaze of noon, at sunset, by the light of the moon or stars, — the Colosseum stands alone and unapproached. It is the monarch of ruins. It is a great tragedy in stone, and it softens and subdues the mind like a drama of Æschylus or Shakespeare. It is a colossal type of those struggles of humanity against an irresistible destiny, in which the tragic poet finds the elements of his art. The calamities which crushed the house of Atreus are symbolized in its broken arches and shattered walls. Built of the most durable materials, and seemingly for eternity, — of a size, material, and form to defy the 'strong hours' which conquer all, it has bowed its head to their touch, and passed into the inevitable cycle of decay. 'And this too shall pass away' — which the Eastern monarch engraved upon his signet ring — is carved upon these Cyclopean blocks. The stones of the Colosseum were once water; and they are now turning into dust. Such is ever the circle of nature. The solid is changing into the fluid, and the fluid into the solid; and that which is unseen is alone indestructible. He does not see the Colosseum aright who carries away from it no other impressions than those of form, size, and hue. It speaks an intelligible language to the wiser mind. It rebukes the peevish and consoles the patient. It teaches us that there are misfortunes which are clothed with dignity, and sorrows that are crowned with grandeur. As the same blue sky smiles upon the ruin which smiled upon the perfect structure, so the same beneficent Providence bends over our shattered hopes and our answered prayers.

THE BATHS OF CARACALLA.

The heat of the climate, the general use of woollen clothing, and the wearing of sandals on the naked feet, made frequent bathing more a necessity than a luxury with the ancient Romans: but the magnificent baths erected by so many of the emperors, were structures unknown to the simplicity of the republic. The Tiber, whose yellow waters present no very tempting aspect, answered for many generations all the purposes of health and exercise; and the iron muscles which subdued the Samnites, and defeated Pyrrhus, had been braced by frequent struggles with its arrowy stream. As the city increased in size, especially after the aqueducts had begun to distribute the pure element drawn from the veins of the distant hills, public

bathing-places were erected; at first, little more than reservoirs of cold water, which served merely for the purposes of ablution. But, with the rapidly increasing population and more luxurious habits of the empire, arose those splendid establishments which are among the most remarkable facts in Roman civilization.

We are constantly liable to make mistakes in regard to the past, by not adverting to the changes of language. Our word bath no more represents the thermæ or balnea of the Romans, than the word market-place is a fit translation of forum. As with the Romans the forum was the representative of business, government, and legislation, so the bath, under the emperors, included all forms of amusement and entertainment, whether bodily or mental. The Roman thermæ were no more exclusively devoted to the act of bathing than is a modern coffee house to the drinking of coffee. They comprised the modern club-room, billiard-table, card-room, racket-court, public garden, concert hall, and lecture room. Here musicians played, philosophers discoursed, and poets recited. Here were shady groves for the contemplative, libraries for the studious, and gymnasiums for the athletic. The finest statues, the richest frescoes, and the costliest mosaics were lavished upon them. Within the enclosure embraced by their outer wall, every taste could find gratification; there was companionship for the sociable, and solitude for the moody; there were books and teachers for the lover of knowledge, and the noblest works of art for the lover of beauty; there was gossip for the vacant mind, and refreshment for the overtasked brain.

Upon the eastern slope of the Aventine, — in a spot of congenial seclusion, — stand the extensive ruins of the Baths of Caracalla, occupying an area of a mile in circuit, and more resembling the remains of a city than of a single pile of buildings. These ruins present a very different aspect from the shattered ring of the Colosseum. The latter is a great panorama, taken in at a glance: the former a book of sketches, of which the leaves must be turned over, one by one. In the Baths of Caracalla there is no unity of impression; a mass of details is heaped up like rubbish shot from a cart. They are a town-meeting of ruins without a moderator. The eyes of antiquaries — which make what they do not find — are able to trace in this maze of decay all the complicated arrangements of the ancient thermæ, with as much certainty as Scott's Antiquary could find the intrenchments of a Roman camp in the Kaim of Kinprunes; but to common vision much of it is as indistinct as the ditch was to the observation of Lovell. There

is so great an extent of space, occupied with such a variety of objects, that a wide field is open to speculation and conjecture In many places, the walls are standing, and the lines of spacious apartments can be distinctly traced. Floors encumbered with huge fragments of the falling ceiling, masses of brick-work patches of mosaic, vaults half filled with rubbish, enormous blocks of stone and marble, attest, like the bones of a buried mastodon, the colossal nature of the original structure.

A considerable portion of the roof is still remaining, and may be reached by a narrow staircase in the wall. The soil has here so much accumulated, that it looks more like a neglected garden than the top of a building. It is as if some volcanic force had thrown up a portion of the plain beneath, and by some mysterious power it had been arrested and fixed in the air. We seem to be walking upon one of the terraces of that hanging garden which the king of Babylon reared for the gratification of his Median bride, who pined for the breezy mountain slopes of her native land. The turf beneath our feet is fresh and elastic, and flowers and trailing plants grow in abundance, and veil all the rents and scars of time. The view from this spot is one of the finest in Rome, embracing a great number of beautiful and impressive objects, and none that are disenchanting or unsightly. The hour before sunset is the best for this landscape; when the air is quiet, and the shadows are lengthening, and the day lies in the past, like the life of the scene on which we gaze. Stretched upon the luxuriant grass, and looking out upon a landscape made up of nature and art, — mountains dotted with towns and hamlets, plains striped and spanned by aqueducts, silent ruins, gardens, vineyards, and the churches and palaces of a populous city, — the traveller will feel the great vision of antiquity pass before his face. He may leave his books and his friends at home, and find nobler companionship in that silent but inspiring Egeria, who smiles upon him from the sky, and whispers to him in the breeze. If his moments drag heavily along, — if the visionary nymph have no power to charm or stay, — there is no Rome for him: to him the great enchantress will not unveil her countenance.

A number of men were occupied in excavating these ruins while I was in Rome, but their labor was rather a rehearsal of work than work itself. Their inefficiency was at once pitable and ludicrous. They moved like flies that crawl about in the faint beams of a November sun. I have never seen a more forlorn set of human beings. They were like wrecks and waifs of humanity; for the iron years had pressed all heart and hope out of them, and left nothing but the husk and shell of

man. They did not look even dangerous, and evidently had not energy enough to do wrong. They were sadder ruins than those in the shadow of which they moved. Most of them were wrapped in a loose, cumbrous, woollen cloak, — a legitimate descendant of the Roman toga, — and each one was provided with a wheelbarrow, primitive enough in its construction to have gone out to Mons. Sacer with the seceding populace, in the days of Menenius Agrippa.

THE PANTHEON.

The best preserved monument of ancient Rome, and one of the most beautiful buildings of the modern city, is unhappily placed. The Pantheon stands in a narrow and dirty piazza, and is shouldered and elbowed by a mob of vulgar houses. There is no breathing-space around, which it might penetrate with the light of its own serene beauty. Its harmonious proportions can be seen only in front; and it has there the disadvantage of being approached from a point higher than that on which it stands. On one side is a market; and the space before the matchless portico is strewn with fish-bones, decayed vegetables, and offal.

Forsyth, the sternest and most fastidious of architectural critics, has only 'large draughts of unqualified praise' for the Pantheon; and, where he finds nothing to censure, who will venture to do any thing but commend? The character of the architecture, and the sense of satisfaction which it leaves upon the mind, are proofs of the enduring charm of simplicity. The portico is perfectly beautiful. It is one hundred and ten feet long and forty-four deep, and rests upon sixteen columns of the Corinthian order, the shafts being of granite and the capitals of marble. Eight of these are in front, and of these eight, there are four (including the two on the extreme right and left) which have two others behind them: the portico being thus divided into three portions, like the nave and side aisles of a cathedral; the middle space, leading to the door, being wider than the others. The granite of the shafts is partly gray and partly rose-colored, but, in the shadow in which they stand, the difference of hue is hardly perceptible. The proportions of these columns are faultless; and their massive shafts and richly-carved capitals produce the effect, at once, of beauty and sublimity. The pediment above is now a bald front of ragged stone, but it was once adorned with bas-reliefs in bronze; and the holes made by the rivets with which they were fastened are still to be seen.

The aisles of the portico were once vaulted with bronze, and massive beams or slabs of the same metal stretched across the whole structure; but this was removed by Urban VIII., and melted into a baldachino to deface St. Peter's, and cannon to defend the castle of St. Angelo; and, not content with this, he has added insult to injury, and commemorated his robbery in a Latin inscription, in which he claims to be commended as for a praiseworthy act. But even this is not the heaviest weight resting on the memory of that vandal pope. He shares with Bernini the reproach of having added those hideous belfries which now rise above each end of the vestibule, — as wanton and unprovoked an offence against good taste as ever was committed. A cocked hat upon the statue of Demosthenes in the Vatican would not be a more discordant addition. The artist should have gone to the stake, before giving his hand to such a piece of disfigurement.

The cell, or main portion of the building to which the portico is attached, is a simple structure, circular in form, and built of brick. It was formerly encrusted with marble. The cell and the portico stand to each other in the most harmonious relation, although it seems to be admitted that the latter was an addition, not contemplated when the cell was built. But in the combination there is nothing forced or unnatural, and they seem as necessary and as preordained complements, one to the other, as a fine face and a fine head. The cell is a type of masculine dignity, and the portico, of feminine grace; and the result is a perfect architectural union.

The interior — a rotunda, surmounted by a dome — is converted into a Christian church, a purpose to which its form and structure are not well adapted; and the altars and their accessories are not improvements in an architectural point of view. But in spite of this, — in spite of all that it has suffered at the hands of rapacity and bad taste, — though the panels of the majestic dome have been stripped of their bronze, and the whole has been daubed over with a glaring coat of whitewash, — the interior still remains, with all its rare beauty essentially unimpaired. And the reason of this is that this charm is the result of form and proportion, and cannot be lost except by entire destruction. The only light which the temple receives is from a circular opening of twenty-eight feet in diameter at the top; and falling, as it does, directly from the sky, it fills the whole space with the purity of the heavens themselves. The magical effect of this kind of illumination it is impossible to describe. Sweep away the altars with their tawdry decorations, — erase the tasteless ornaments of the cornice, —restore

their plundered bronze to the panels of the dome, or at least paint them of an appropriate color, — dispose a few statues and busts, of fitting excellence, around the wall, — and the result would be absolute perfection.

The pavement of the Pantheon, composed of porphyry, pavonazzetto, and giallo antico, though constantly overflowed by the Tiber, and drenched by the rains which fall upon it from the roof, is the finest in Rome. There is an opening in the centre, through which the water entering by the dome is carried off into a reservoir.

The Pantheon has a peculiar interest in the history of art, as the burial place of Raphael. His grave was opened in 1833, and the remains found to be lying in the spot which Vasari had pointed out. Annibal Caracci and Cardinal Gonsalvi were also buried here.

ARCHES.

Triumphal arches were obvious offerings to the vanity of a living emperor, and equally available as expressions of gratitude and respect reared to the memory of those who had so lived as to be regretted after death. In their form and structure, the resources both of architecture and sculpture were called into exercise; and the decline of art was marked by multiplicity of details and redundancy of ornament. In its original destination, the arch was meant to do honor to a successful general; and it was so contrived that every man of the victorious army should pass under it, and for a moment dwell in the shadow of a monument which his own merit had helped to call into existence. That the form of the arch, caught from the covering heaven above, is the expression of a universal instinct, the experience of to-day shows in those fragile structures of wood or canvas with which we do honor to our governors and presidents. They spring from the same impulse as the massive and marble piles of Rome.

The Arch of Constantine is the most imposing and the best preserved of these structures. When this was reared, the pernicious habit had already begun of piecing out new buildings with patches torn from old ones; and the fragments of earlier works are wrought into this. Its general architectural design, in common to a greater or less degree with all the Roman arches, is open to the objection, that the columns on each front have nothing to support, and are merely ornamental appendages, which columns should never be. The sculptural details

are numerous, and not of uniform merit, the earlier portions — supposed to have been taken from a demolished arch of Trajan — being much superior to the works of Constantine's own age.*

The arch of Titus is the most graceful in its form of all the Roman arches. The great interest which attaches to it arises from the representations which its bas-reliefs contain of the spoils of the temple at Jerusalem, — the golden table, the seven-branched candlestick, and the silver trumpet of the jubilee. The Jews to this day, it is said, never pass under this arch; avoiding the sight of this mournful record of the downfall of their country, and the desecration of their religion.

The arch of Janus Quadrifrons was probably not a votive offering or memorial, but a mere structure of convenience. It is an immense cube, with an arch on each side, forming a vault in the centre. It is built of blocks of marble, scooped out into niches and stuck over with paltry columns, showing a period of very indifferent taste in art. In the middle ages, this arch was turned into a fortress, and occupied by the Frangipani family; and the top is still defaced by the ruins of the building they added.

The Cloaca Maxima is carried along near the Arch of Janus, and opens into the Tiber. Modern skepticism, which has overturned so much of the old faith, has not laid its withering touch upon this venerable monument. Romulus and Numa have been changed into thin shadows, — the twilight ghosts of tradition that disappear before the dawn of history, — but the stones of the Cloaca are still alive to speak of an antiquity of at least twenty-four hundred years. In Egypt, a monument no older would be esteemed a mere babe; but, in Europe, twenty-four centuries seems a good old age. The structure of the Cloaca bears witness to two things. In the first place, it shows much mechanical skill and considerable knowledge of masonry. It is composed of immense blocks of stones, nicely fitted

* It was under this Arch of Constantine that the Emperor Charles V. made his entry into Rome, April 6, 1536. Although his visit was not particularly welcome to the pope, he was received with a degree of splendor proportioned to the power which he wielded and the terror which he inspired. Rabelais, who was then in Rome in the suit of Cardinal du Bellai, states that two or three hundred houses and three or four churches were levelled to the ground, in order to widen the streets through which the imperial procession was to pass, and that no compensation was paid to the owners of these houses. There is probably some exaggeration in this account. Robertson, as usual, takes refuge in flowing generalities, and tells us that it was: 'found necessary to remove the ruins of an ancient temple of peace, in order to widen one of the streets through which the cavalcade was to pass.'

together, and without cement. The material used is not the travertine limestone, so common in Rome, nor yet the piperino, of which the tomb of the Scipios is built, but a coarse, volcanic compound, which was doubtless found on the spot. The solidity and faithfulness of its construction are shown by the fact, that neither floods nor earthquakes have done it any perceptible injury; and, old as it is, it is quite as likely to be in at the death of Rome, as anything that has since been built by the hand of man. In the next place, it shows that whatever might have been the form of government in Rome at the time, it was a government enlightened enough to project a work of great public utility, and strong enough to enforce its execution upon the people. The conception and completion of such a work presuppose the elements of a state in a considerable degree of development; the relations of law; gradations of rank and subordination of classes; a legislative head, an executive arm, and an obedient body.

Opposite the Arch of Janus Quadrifrons, — at the extremity of a low passage which leads to the Cloaca Maxima, — issuing from beneath an arch of brick-work, — is a spring of the purest water, translucent as air, still flowing with every beat of the pulse of nature, as it has flowed for thousands of years. Neither time nor flood nor earthquake nor the crash of falling ruins have broken this silver vein that runs back to the deep heart of the hills. Vaulted and embedded in antiquity, this living stream shares in the youth of the sunbeams that shine upon a ruin, and the breezes that blow over it; and its brow is as unwrinkled as when the thirsty laborer upon the Cloaca stooped to drink of its wave. This spring was to me one of the pleasantest objects in Rome; partly because I had never heard of it, and, coming upon it unexpectedly, felt something of the satisfaction of a first discoverer; and partly from the wonderful clearness and purity of the water, which was never stained by dust or falling leaves or the feet of animals. It is a mistake to suppose that the beauty of water depends upon its being presented in large masses. Where it is muddy and turbid, as is the case generally with the rivers in Italy, it requires bulk, form, and movement to make us forget the want of clearness and sparkle; for a small quantity of dirty water, if flowing, is a ditch; if stagnant, is a puddle. But a spring of pure water, however small, has a gem-like value: and a slender stream, sauntering and singing through a meadow, is a constant pleasure both to the eye and the ear.

To this spring the Nausicaas of modern Rome resort for the same object as that for which the daughter of Alcinous drove

out from her father's palace, on the day when she met the many-wandering Ulysses. Mrs. Barbauld has written a very pleasant mock-heroic poem on washing-days, and, with our associations, resting upon our in-door life, this useful domestic ceremony will bear no other treatment; but, in southern Europe, where washing is done in the open air, by fountains and running streams, and enlivened with chat, laughter, and singing, it may be fairly said to have as much of the poetical and artistic element as is accorded to such occupations as hop-picking or hay-making. I have certainly seen groups around a fountain in Italy which an artist need not have disdained to transfer to his sketch-book; and I presume a Spanish or an Italian scholar reads the episode in the Odyssey to which I have alluded, without any sense of its incongruity and unfitness for poetical purposes.

MAMERTINE PRISON AND TARPEIAN ROCK.

There are so few things in Rome that carry us back to the days of the kings, that a peculiar interest attaches itself to two objects, — one artificial and one natural, — simply because of the venerable associations that belong to them; and these are the Mamertine Prison and the Tarpeian Rock.

The Mamertine Prison is a hideous vault, divided into an upper and lower portion, scooped out of the solid rock, on the declivity of the Capitoline, and lined with massive blocks in the Etruscan style of architecture, the very appearance of which vouches for their great antiquity. A more heart-breaking place of confinement it is not easy to imagine. According to the traditions of the church, St. Peter was imprisoned here by the order of Nero; and the pillar to which he was bound, and a fountain which sprang up miraculously to furnish the water of baptism to his gaolers whom he converted, are shown to the visitor. Whatever might have been my doubts, I did not make them known to my conductor; respecting his convictions, if I did not subscribe to them. I needed no other impressions to solemnize my thoughts than those derived from classical history. There is no reason to doubt that Jugurtha was starved to death in these pitiless vaults. What a death for a soldier who had passed half his life on horseback, on the burning plains of Africa! Here, too, the companions of Catiline were strangled. It is a curious fact that the chances of literature and history should have carved two such names as those of

Sallust and Cicero on these Cyclopean walls. The upper room is now fitted up as a church, or oratory.

The Tarpeian Rock is on the southern side of the Capitoline Hill, covered with a thick growth of shabby houses, and gardens which are not exactly 'trim.' The soil has gathered round the base in considerable quantities, so that the formidable impressions derived from Roman writers are not confirmed by the sight. But a very respectable precipice may still be seen, and a traitor who should now leap from the top would probably be as harmless, ever after, as Clodius or Catiline.

On the banks of the Tiber, near the spot where the Cloaca Maxima empties into the river, stands the circular building, called the Temple of Vesta, though many antiquaries insist that this is a misnomer. Its form is simple, consisting of a circular core surrounded by a peristyle of columns, originally twenty in number, of which nineteen yet remain. The columns are of marble, of the Corinthian order, and fluted. The entablature is gone, and a very ugly roof of red tiles is crushed down directly upon the capitals of the columns. It is a pretty toy of a building; too small — to borrow an expression of Horace Walpole's — to live in, and too large to hang at one's watch-chain. Its form and features are multiplied in an immense progeny of bronze models and inkstands to which it has given birth.

CHAPTER XI.

Basilicas and Churches — St. John Lateran — Sta. Maria Maggiore — Sta. Maria degli Angeli — San Pietro in Vincoli — Ara Cœli — San Clemente — San Pietro in Montorio — Trinità de' Monti — San Onofrio — Sta. Maria della Pace — San Agostino — San Gregorio — Sta. Maria Sopra Minerva — Sta. Maria del Popolo — Sta. Agnese — Sta. Cecilia in Trastevere.

The process by which Christianity supplanted Paganism in the Roman empire was, of course, gradual. The new religion found an old faith rooted in the popular mind, supported by wealth and power, hallowed by the traditions of a dim antiquity, and graced with the finest attributes of poetry and architecture. Christianity could not destroy, without at the same time reconstructing. The instinct of reverence, already formed, was to be diverted to higher and purer objects. The links of association, already woven, were not to be rudely snapped, but to be gently unwound, and attached to new forms. Christianity addressed, with more authoritative voice and higher sanctions, the religious principle — the sentiment of worship — in the heart of man; but to this, paganism had also appealed, and upon this it had rested. The errand of the new faith was not one of extermination, but of exaltation and purification. It was obliged to accept and recognize existing ideas and existing forms. The exquisite skill with which the apostle Paul, in his address to the Athenians, availed himself of the religious instincts of his hearers, as a foundation on which to rear the nobler faith which he brought; and the tact with which he made these instincts a starting point from which to soar to a purer region, — have been often noticed with admiration. Thus, the early preachers of Christianity were obliged to use a persuasive and conciliatory tone, whenever they approached a polished and intellectual community, and to admit that God had not, in times past, utterly hidden his face from his children These obvious considerations should modify the extreme severity of tone into which Protestant writers are apt to fall, whenever they notice any resemblance between the ceremonies of the Church of Rome and the rites of Paganism.

The temples in Rome were not adapted to the uses of Christian worship. With the ancients, worship was a ceremony addressed to the eye, in which the priest was the performer, and the people were the spectators. Hence, in the ancient temples the architectural splendor is on the exterior, and the interior is simple and unadorned. Sacrifices, also, formed a large part of religious observances among the ancients, and these consisted principally of burnt meats: an opening at the top was therefore necessary that the powerful odor might not be too offensive. This is undoubtedly the explanation of the open dome of the Pantheon. But Christian worship is spiritual in its character, and social in its form. The sermon or exhortation, the prayer, and the hymn require a place favorable to hearing rather than seeing. Thus, when Christianity became the dominant faith, and large audiences began to gather round its teachers, the old temples were found not to be suited for the purposes of churches. But there was a class of buildings which, in their plan and construction, were admirably adapted to the requisitions of Christian worship; and these were the basilicas.

Without going into the learning, historical or architectural, of this subject, it is enough to say, that a basilica, in its primitive sense, was that part of a royal residence in which the monarch, either in person or by deputy, transacted the business of his office. It was — to compare great things with small — like the hall in which an English country gentleman and justice of the peace hears complaints against vagrants and poachers. In Rome, this appellation was applied to those buildings erected, usually in the forum, for the transaction of judicial business; in which the prætor heard causes and received complaints; and for this purpose its plan and proportions were admirably adapted. The form of the basilica is, indeed, one of the natural and inevitable results of architecture. As the problem how to dispose of a crowd in such a way that the greatest number of persons possible may see the same thing, at the same time, is solved by the amphitheatre, so the arrangements of a basilica are precisely those which will best enable the magistrates forming a court of justice to hear causes, to deliberate upon them, to pronounce their decision, and at the same time to give to suitors, advocates, and the public, their fair share of accommodation. A rectangular space was marked out by two rows of columns which supported a roof. Outside of, and on either hand of, these columns, a wall was reared, of inferior height, and attached to the columns by a lean-to roof, leaving a space above for air and light to enter between the capitals of the columns. These side structures were divided into an upper and lower part

At the end of the rectangle, opposite the entrance, was the tribunal for the magistrates, rectangular or circular, sometimes on the same level with the general floor and sometimes raised above it. Thus, we have seats for presiding magistrates, an open space in front for parties and their advocates, a gallery for the accommodation of the public, and side passages to pass in and out. A portico was generally added in front.

The early Christian churches, borrowing the name of the basilica, imitated with very little change its form and arrangements, putting the altar in the place occupied by the tribunal. By some writers it has been surmised that this was because the bishops and priests were regarded as clothed with the power of administering spiritual justice in the form of rebuke or penance, but the fact is sufficiently explained by the fitness of the basilica for the purposes of public worship, without going in search of any more recondite motives. Though the old basilicas themselves were not used as churches, yet their sites were often selected as the spots on which to build them, in order that the reverence which had gradually gathered round the soil, as devoted to the administration of justice, might be transferred to the new structure. The modern basilicas have undergone considerable changes, but they retain the essential features of the altar, the nave, and the side aisles, to vindicate their origin and descent.

The reare seven basilicas in Rome,* and upwards of three hundred churches. It is commonly stated, and perhaps, without exaggeration, that the Pope might say mass every day during the year in a different church. The foundation of many of these goes back to a very early period in the history of Christianity, but, in consequence of the restorations and additions made necessary by natural decay and the hand of violence, all of them with hardly an exception, have lost the stamp of antiq-

* 'These are within the walls, St. Peter's, St. John Lateran, Sta. Maria Maggiore, and Sta. Croce in Gerusalemme; beyond the walls, St. Paul's, St. Sebastian, and St. Lorenzo. Five of these, St. Peter's, St. John Lateran, Sta. Maria Maggiore, St. Paul's, and St. Lorenzo are also called patriarchal churches. The Christian world was divided into five patriarchates. The first and most important was that of Rome, comprising Europe, Africa, and afterwards America. The others were of Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem. The jurisdiction of the Pope, as patriarch of Rome, was confined within the limits of his patriarchate; but, as sovereign pontiff and successor of St. Peter, it extended over the whole Christian world. The Greek church is still governed by the four eastern patriarchs, of whom the patriarch of Constantinople is the chief.

The churches of San Marcello, Santi Apostoli, and Sta. Agnese are sometimes, on account of their antiquity, considered as basilicas. — GAUME, 'Les Trois Rome,' tom. i. p. 260.

nity and become, substantially, modern edifices. Those which are the least changed, and on that account among the most interesting, are St. Clemente, St. Lorenzo, and Sta. Agnese (the last two without the walls), Sta. Maria in Trastevere, and St Georgio in Velabro. The round form of the pagan temple is preserved in St. Stefano Rotondo, St. Bernardo, and Sta. Costanza. The simple plan of the basilica was variously modified in the course of time. The transept was added, forming a Latin or Greek cross, according as it divided the nave into unequal or equal portions; piers were substituted for columns; the roof was vaulted, and the whole crowned with a dome. Nothing recalling the sublime cathedrals of Germany, France, and England, is to be found in Rome. The only specimen of Gothic architecture — and that an indifferent specimen — is the Church of Sta. Maria sopra Minerva.

It need hardly be said that the churches in Rome will furnish constant interest and occupation to the traveller, and contribute in large measure to the stock of recollections which he carries home. Whether devotional feeling, love of art, or the study of history, and antiquities be the ruling passion of the mind, he will find in these churches and their contents a world of matter, not to be exhausted in the term of an ordinary life. Tombs and monuments of illustrious men; pictures painted, and statues carved, by hands that trembled with devotional fervor; rich chapels decked with gold, marble, and gems; mosaics, venerable from antiquity or exquisite from workmanship, — present their boundless attractions to those who are drawn to them by merely secular tastes. Nor can even a Protestant and a layman be insensible to the spirit which hangs over them all, and is felt by every one who crosses the threshold of the humblest and plainest, unless he be the lightest of scoffers or the sourest of Puritans. They are open at all times, spreading out their benignant arms of invitation, and, in the spirit of the Saviour, bidding all who are weary and heavy laden to come to them and seek rest. No surly official stands at the entrance to scowl away the poor christian that does not wear the wedding-garment of respectability. The interior is not cut up into pews, protected by doors that are slow to open, and often guarded by countenances that are slow to expand into a look of invitation. The deep stillness, felt like a palpable presence, falls with a hushing power upon worldly emotions, and permits whispers, unheard in the roar of common life, to become audible. The few persons who are present are either kneeling in silence, or moving about with noiseless steps. In the windless air, the very flames of the tapers do not tremble, but burn like painted

flames upon painted candles. If there be a touch of worldly thrift in the covering of a picture by a curtain which is withdrawn only by the touch of a fee; if tawdry ornaments offend the taste, or even the sense of propriety; if tinsel, spangles, and artificial flowers sometimes recall a milliner's shop rather than a church, — who will not consent in the spirit of candor which is the spirit of wisdom, to overlook these discordant appendages and say, 'What is the chaff to the wheat?' Of those who have spent any considerable time in Rome, at least, of those who have lived long enough to feel the dangers and duties of life, there are but few, I think who will not be disposed to thank the churches of Rome for something more than mere gratifications of the taste; for influences, transitory, perhaps, but beneficent while they last; for momentary glimpses of things spiritually discerned; for a presence that calms and a power that elevates. Protestant ideas and convictions are, in my opinion, not weakened by a residence in Rome; but Protestants, in aiming at the reverse of wrong, have not always hit upon the right. The Romish Church, especially, is wiser in providing so much more liberally for that instinct of worship which is a deep thirst of the human soul. I envy not the head or the heart of that man who, when he sees the pavement of a Catholic church sprinkled with living forms, rapt with devotional fervor, is conscious of no other emotion than a sneering protest against the mummeries of superstition. We walk in darkness, among pitfalls and snares, and the riddle of the life that is around us can only be solved by looking above us. If the swinging of a censer and the tinkling of a bell can help men to lift their thoughts from the dust of earthly passions, let their aid be accepted, and let the end consecrate the means.

As I have no purpose of writing either a guide-book or a history, I shall pass lightly over the churches of Rome, and record only such points of interest as were set down at the time, or as are recalled by an unforced effort of memory.

In studying the plan of Rome from the tower of the capitol which should be done the first fair day after the traveller's arrival), an imposing mass of buildings is seen towards the south-east, over the wall of the Colosseum, marking the extreme boundary of the Cælian Hill. These are the basilica of St. John Lateran, with its cloisters, baptistery, and Scala Santa, and the Lateran Palace. They form nearly an equilateral triangle with the Colosseum and the Baths of Caracalla. Their situation is beautiful, but it is the beauty of desolation. The

tide of population has ebbed away from them, and left them surrounded by the silent and open spaces of the country.

The basilica of St. John Lateran is held in peculiar reverence from its venerable antiquity, and from its having been long regarded as the mother church of Christendom. The original edifice, founded by Constantine, was greatly injured by fire in the fourteenth century; and it has since been so altered and enlarged that hardly a stone of the old fabric remains: but, as there has never been a total demolition and reconstruction, the chain of association remains unbroken, and the reverend form of the first Christian emperor, whose statue stands in the vestibule, is still the presiding genius of the place. The façade is of a style of architecture kindred to that of St. Peter's, but superior in beauty and simplicity; the perpendicular of the columns and pilasters, which support the massive entablature, being broken only by the horizontal line of the balconies, running across nearly in the middle. The interior is rich and imposing, though not in the purest taste. The features of the basilica have disappeared; as the columns which once separated the nave from the aisles and imprisoned in piers, patched over with ornaments in stucco and marble. Twelve colossal statues of the apostles in marble — six on either hand — occupy niches scooped out of these piers. The execution of these works fell upon evil days in art, and they are characterized by flutter and extravagance. The draperies look as if the wearers had been out in a high wind and suddenly stiffened into stone: and their attitudes are painful to the eye, for they seem to be maintained by muscular effort. But they show great skill and mechanical cleverness. They are in art what Darwin's Botanic Garden is in poetry; and, in making this comparison, I recognize the merits both of the statues and the poem.

The high altar, of gilded bronze, resting on four columns of granite, resembling the diminished spire of a cathedral, recalls those Gothic forms so rarely seen in Rome. The venerable mosaics of the tribune, executed by a contemporary of Cimabue, show in the attitude and expression of the figures the gleams of the new dawn of art, but they are not in harmony with the objects around them.*

* Pope Sylvester II., who died in 1003, was buried in this church. When the church was repaired, or rebuilt, in 1648, his tomb was opened, and the remains of the venerable pontiff appeared unchanged; the features distinct and the arms crossed upon the breast. But, at the approach of the air, the figure melted away, and in a few moments nothing was left but a handful of dust. Mrs. Gray relates a similar occurrence as having happened at the opening of an Etruscan tomb.

The basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore has little to be commended, externally; but the interior, through all the changes which it has undergone, still retains the features of the basilica essentially unimpaired: and a single glance at its noble and harmonious proportions vindicates the taste and judgment of those who adapted that form to the purposes of Christian worship. An immense nave is divided from the side aisles by a row of thirty-six marble columns, of the Ionic order, supporting a simple entablature, on which rests the upper wall of the nave, where alternate windows and niches are separated by pilasters. The flat roof, covered with sunken panels, is elaborately carved, and blazes with gilding. There is no confusion of details, no incongruity of parts, no crowd of tasteless ornaments. The lines and surfaces are not crossed and entangled, but all breath the air of simplicity. The great extent of the inclosed space gives the impression of sublimity, while the separate features are all beautiful.

The church of Santa Maria degli Angeli has a magnificent interior, of which the shell was once the great hall of the Baths of Diocletian. The form is a Greek cross, with a vestibule in a circular form. The original adaptation of the hall to the purposes of a church was by Michael Angelo; and the changes and additions by subsequent architects are not deemed improvements. The pavement, though raised several feet by reason of the dampness of the soil, — to the great disfigurement of the columns, the bases of which are buried out of sight, — is still quite low. Standing at the central point, where the lines of the nave and the transept cross each other, the effect is incomparably fine. The four radiating arms which here meet and blend leave the impression of simplicity and regularity, without formal monotony, and tipify the spirit of Christianity, which binds together the four corners of the globe by the ties of a common love and a common faith.

Attached to the church is the convent of the Certosa, with its spacious cloisters running round four sides of a square, and enclosing an open space of considerable extent. These cloisters are among the things for which we have reason to envy the old world. They are merely arcades, or piazzas, round a quadrangle, and seem to have been designed for the benefit of monastic institutions in hot climates; so that their inmates might have the advantage of air and exercise, without exposure to the sun. They are a proof of how much may be done in architecture by adherence to simplicity and loyalty to nature. Milton, whose exquisite tastes were never allowed to triumph

over his stern convictions of duty, says, in a well-known passage of his Il Penseroso,

> 'But let my due feet never fail,
> To walk the studious cloister's pale.'

To a man of scholarly habits and imaginative temperament, these walks would be a constant source of refreshment and inspiration. The roof, the pavement, the wall, and the open arches, which look out into the quadrangle, afford ample scope to architectural invention; and the quadrangle itself may be a flower-garden, or a patch of green turf with a fountain in the centre. These cloisters blend together the beauty of art and the beauty of nature; the solemn monotony of stone and marble with the bloom and verdure which the touch of every spring renews. As the musing dreamer paces along, the enclosed landscape which he sees through the arched loopholes of his retreat assumes every moment a new aspect, and prevents the sense of sight from becoming torpid and unobservant by constantly falling upon the same combination of objects.

In the centre of the square around which the cloisters of this church are built, is a fountain; and, overshadowing the fountain, is a group of three cypresses, which are said to have been planted by the hands of Michael Angelo. There were originally four, but one has been destroyed by lightning. They are of immense size, and strikingly picturesque; all the more so from the fact that they begin to show, in their broken outlines and in the gaps made in their verdurous bulk, the marks of time and decay. Dark, solitary, and motionless, they are vegetable monuments carved in green. The breeze does not bend their spiry tops, and they have no share in the life that beats in the pulses of the mountain pine. They look like a group of monks standing in bodily proximity, but mental isolation.

San Pietro in Vincoli is one of the noblest churches in Rome comprising a nave separated from two aisles, by fluted marble columns of the Doric order. Here is the celebrated statue of Moses, by Michael Angelo, about which so much has been written, and which is viewed in so different a spirit by different observers. In criticizing a work of art, reference should always be had to the objects which the artist had in view in executing it. This statue was originally intended to form a part of an immense monumental structure, designed by Pope Julius II. for himself, and urged on with characteristic ardor and impatience. But death called him away before his colossal mausoleum was ready for his reception; and his costly pro

ject was never carried into execution by his successors. The plan proposed was a massive parallelogram of marble, of some forty feet by twenty, adorned with niches, pilasters, and emblematic statues, and surmounted by a cornice. Above the cornice, at each of the corners a colossal statue was to have been placed. The Moses was to have been one of these. A smaller parallelogram was to have rested upon the larger, and the whole was to have been crowned by two figures, representing Heaven and Earth, supporting a sarcophagus. A plan like this, carried out by the genius of Michael Angelo, would have resulted in the most magnificent combination of sculpture and architecture that the world has ever seen; but, if the pope had lived, it is probable that the clashing of his own character with that of the artist would have prevented its completion. They were too much alike to act together in harmony. Both were haughty and impatient; the one too ready to command, and the other not always willing to obey. The pope's pride of place was opposed to the artist's pride of genius; and their meeting like that of flint and steel, broke into angry sparks of controversy.

Thus, the statue of Moses was meant to have been raised considerably above the eye of the spectator, and to have been a single object in a colossal structure of architecture and sculpture, which would have had a foreground and a background, and been crowned with a mass at once dome-like and pyramidal. Torn, as it is, from its proper place; divorced from its proportionate companionship; stuck against the wall of a church; and brought face to face with the observer, — what wonder that so many of those who see it turn away with no other impressions than those of caricature and exaggeration! But who that can appreciate the sublime in art will fail to bow down before it as embodied in this wonderful statue? The majestic character of the head, the prodigious muscles of the chest and arms, and the beard that flows like a torrent to the waist, represent a being of more than mortal port and power, speaking with the authority, and frowning with the sanctions of incarnate law. The drapery of the lower part of the figure is inferior to the anatomy of the upper part. Remarkable as the execution of the statue is, the expression is yet more so; for notwithstanding its colossal proportions, its prominent characteristic is the embodiment of intellectual power. It is the great leader and lawgiver of his people that we see, whose voice was command, and whose outstretched arm sustained a nation's infant steps. He looks as if he might control the energies of nature as well as shape the mould in which the character of his people

should be formed. That any one should stand before this statue in a scoffing mood is to me perfectly inexplicable. My own emotions were more nearly akin to absolute bodily fear. At an irreverent word, I should have expected the brow to contract into a darker frown, and the marble lips to unclose in rebuke.*

In the sacristy are an indifferent picture by Domenichino, the Deliverance of St. Peter; and a female head, with eyes upturned, by Guido, to which the name of Speranza, or Hope, is given; though it is probably an idealized portrait. This is a very pleasing work; superficial and sentimental, and therefore popular. There were several copies, in various stages of progress, in different parts of the room, all very bad. The sacristan, who seemed to have a quiet sense of humor, as well as a sort of personal pride in the picture, appeared to take much satisfaction in exhibiting these unsuccessful copies, and in comparing them with the original. He would bring one and show it to me, and, after a while, produce another, with an expression in his face which seemed to say, 'You think that is as bad as it can be, but here is one a great deal worse.'

On approaching the Capitol, a flight of one hundred and twenty-four steps of marble leads, on the left, to the church of Ara Cœli, one of the oldest and the ugliest in Rome. But no one is held in greater reverence by the people, and none is more frequented by throngs of worshippers. This is mainly owing to its possessing a miraculous wooden image of the infant Saviour, which is reputed to be of great efficacy in the healing of diseases. The pillars and walls of the church are covered with little votive pictures, commemorating escapes from accident and illness, — a practice which the classical student may trace back to the custom of suspending similar tablets in the temple of Neptune, by those who had been rescued from the perils of shipwreck. On the twelfth day after Christmas, a curious and characteristic spectacle is presented at this church. A kind of stage is erected behind a curtain, which, slowly rising, reveals a group of figures as large as life, of

* This statue as is well known, has the hair so well disposed in front as to resemble the horns projecting from the top of the forehead. This was a common representation of Moses in early and mediæval art, and was founded upon an erroneous translation in the Vulgate Bible of the twenty-ninth verse of the thirty-fourth chapter of Exodus. In the Vulgate it reads, 'Ignorabat quod cornuta esset facies sua,' 'He knew not that his face was horned.' The received version, 'He wist not that the skin of his face shone,' is the correct translation of the passage. See Sir Thomas Browne's observations upon the subject, in his 'Inquiry into Vulgar and Common Errors.'

wood or pasteboard, of the Holy Family and the adoration of the Magi. The Virgin, with pink cheeks and a very fine gown holds the miraculous Bambino on her lap. St. Joseph is looking on: the three magi kneel or bow in attitudes of reverence and worship. The disposition of the group and the arrangement of the lights are managed with considerable skill. On this occasion, the church is always thronged, especially by peasants from the country, who testify the liveliest admiration, and the most unquestioning faith in what they see.

In this church reposes the dust of Pietro della Valle, the oriental traveller of the seventeenth century, one of those enterprising and adventurous spirits that, from time to time, break out of Europe to breathe the freer air, and expatiate in the broader fields, of the east. From his twenty-eighth to his fortieth year, his life was as restless as a wave. After running over Turkey, Asia Minor, and Egypt, he travelled across the desert to Aleppo and Bagdad. At the latter place, he fell in love with and married Sitti Maani Gioerida, a young Georgian lady, in whom he found a congenial spirit. With a man's endurance and a woman's love, she followed him in all his subsequent wanderings, shrinking neither from toil nor danger. He entered into the service of the Shah of Persia, and fought in his armies against the Turks; his faithful companion never leaving his side. But this rough life of peril was too much for the delicate frame which enclosed her brave spirit and loving heart, and she died after a union of five years. Her inconsolable husband could not prevail upon himself to part with the remains of one he had so fondly loved. He caused them to be embalmed, and they attended him in all his subsequent wanderings which extended over the peninsula of India; whence he returned over the desert to Aleppo, and, after visiting Cyprus, Malta, Sicily, and Naples, he reached Rome, his native place, on the 28th of March, 1626. He sometime after deposited the remains of his wife in the Church of Ara Cœli, and pronounced a funeral oration in her honor. In Rome, Della Valle became a lion of the first magnitude, and was presented to the pope, who gave him an office about his person. The wild habits of the East still clung to him, for in a fit of rage he killed a coachman who had offended him, in the piazza of St Peter's, at the very moment of the papal benediction; for which, no harsher punishment than a temporary banishment from Rome was awarded to him. Truth compels me to add, that, like many inconsolable husbands, he lighted the nuptial torch a second time; marrying a young lady, a relation of his deceased wife, whom he had brought with him into Italy. Upon his death-

bed, he requested that he might be laid by the side of his first love; and here they both sleep, and a modest tomb marks the spot of their repose.

In a street which leads from Saint John Lateran to the Colosseum is the church of San Clemente, one of the most curious and venerable in Rome, and, perhaps, more than any other, carrying us back to the early ages of the church. Though we may reject the tradition which dates its foundation from the first century, there is no doubt that it is at least as old as the beginning of the fifth. Through a small porch, or vestibule, a court, or atrium, is entered, with a portico running round it. Through this the church is approached. The interior consists of a nave and two side aisles, without a transept. The altar, crowned by a tabernacle resting upon four columns of violet-colored marble, and the ambones or reading pulpits of white, are raised above the floor of the nave by steps, and enclosed by a low wall of marble sculptured with crowns crosses, and other Christian symbols. At the end, opposite the entrance, is the absis, or tribune, of a semicircular form, containing the ancient altar and the bishop's throne. This tribune is raised above the floor of the nave, and shut off from it by two gates. The vault is adorned with curious old mosaics.

Every part of this church had originally its meaning or significance. The external court was for those who, by a course of penance, were washing away the sins of guilt or unbelief; and they were in the habit of entreating to be remembered in the prayers of those who were privileged to enter the church. In the interior, the two aisles were appropriated to those who had been baptized, or were in preparation for that holy rite; one being occupied by men, and the other by women. The bishop and priests sat on seats in the absis. The enclosed space in the centre was filled by the acolyths, or subordinate ecclesiastical officers, who read or chanted the gospels and the epistles from the two ambones.

The church of San Pietro in Montorio, or Monte Aureo,* was erected to mark the spot where, according to the traditions of the church, St. Peter suffered martyrdom. There is nothing in the architecture, external or internal, to attract attention, unless it be the circular rose window of the façade, a Gothic embellishment which is a rare exotic in Rome. The chief interest of this church is derived from the paintings by Sebastian del Piombo, contained in the first lateral chapel on the

* Monte Aureo, or Mons Aureus, so called from the golden yellow of its gravelly soil.

right hand. The principal subjects are the Transfiguration and the Flagellation, — the latter, one of those painful representations, to which no amount of reverence or skill in the artist can ever reconcile us. They are painted by laying the oil colors upon stone, after a manner said to have been invented by Sebastian del Piombo himself. The designs were furnished in whole, or in part, by Michael Angelo, — Sebastian del Piombo being a Venetian, and a great master in color, in which Michael Angelo felt himself to be weak. It is said that this combination was formed in the hope that the result of their labors might impair the popularity of Raphael, at that time the favorite of the pope and the delight of the people. In the figure of the Saviour, in the Flagellation, connoisseurs detect the powerful drawing and profound knowledge of anatomy of the great Florentine. In these pictures, the shadows are blackened by time ; and, as the chapel is not strongly lighted, the whole effect is sombre and dingy : and, though their power as works of art is readily acknowledged, they are not attractive.

A door, on the right hand side of the nave, leads into the cloister belonging to a Franciscan convent attached to this church. In the centre of the area, marking the exact spot of the apostle's martyrdom, is a small circular temple of travertine, surrounded by sixteen granite columns of the Doric order, supporting an entablature, upon which rests a dome crowned by a cross. It was designed by Bramante, and is generally esteemed a very elegant building; but it seems to me to have been overpraised. The plan is simple, the proportions are harmonious, and there is always something in a circular entablature, supported by columns, which attracts and contents the eye. But the dimensions are so small, that it looks like an architectural toy, too pretty and finical for a church, and better adapted for a summer house ; and even suggesting to a profane eye those structures of sugar which are designed by inspired confectioners for central ornaments to supper-tables.*

The Trinità de' Monti is familiar to all visitors in Rome, from its conspicuous position, crowning the magnificent staircase of travertine, leading from the Piazza di Spagna to the

* Raphael has introduced this temple of Bramante into his cartoon of Paul preaching at Athens. His eye, formed upon the study of the antique, had a peculiar predilection for circular forms. See the round temple in the cartoon of Paul and Barnabas at Lystria, and the beautiful architectural design in the background of the Sposalizio at Milan. I fear the great painter would not have looked upon the pointed arches, the slender columns, and the lancet windows of York Minster or Strasburg Cathedral, with proper admiration.

Pincian Hill, which most travellers ascend, once every day at least, during their residence in Rome. This church, formerly belonging to the Franciscan monks, suffered severely from the destructive propensities of the French soldiers who were quartered in the adjoining convent, during the French occupation of Rome, in the first revolution. Many of the pictures were destroyed, or irreparably injured, and the building itself was abandoned and closed from 1798 to 1816, when it was restored by Louis XVIII., after the designs of a French architect. The old pictures which had disappeared were replaced by new ones, painted by students of the French academy in Rome ; a compensation which will remind the classical reader of the old joke of Lucius Mummius.

Since 1827, this church and convent have been in the possession of nuns of the French order of ' Les dames du sacré cœur,' who devote themselves to the education of girls. It is only opened on Sunday, during matins and vespers, and, on account of the music, which is performed by the nuns, it is a good deal resorted to on those occasions by strangers. The public are admitted at a side door, opened by a demure-looking female, who was instructed (so the story ran) to exclude all gentlemen who were young and handsome. The interior is a single nave, with three wide and deep chapels on either hand. Above the entrance is a gallery, with an organ, and here the music is performed by the nuns, who are concealed behind a curtain. Their voices are sweet and pleasing, and the music selected is usually simple and appropriate ; but the highest effects of church music can by no means be reached by female voices alone. The transept and choir are divided from the nave by a lofty iron railing, through which the pupils of the convent are indistinctly seen in attendance upon the services. Their dress is simple, but not unbecoming, — a gown of dark color and a white veil. As they come in by twos and threes, gliding with noiseless steps over the pavement, in the dim, religious light which revealed only the common elements of youth and womanhood, without any individual traits, there was something in the sight which touched both the imagination and the heart. The vague, romantic interest which clings to the monastic dress, the floating veil, and the iron grating, — of which that cunning magician, Mrs. Radcliffe, has so skilfully availed herself, — was enough for those who were sufficiently young and untried to look upon the whole thing as a mere piece of poetry ; while those who were older and more versed in the ways of life found in the simple facts — the plain prose — of the case, the cue for sympathy and interest. The sentiments

which Mrs. Hemans has embodied in her very beautiful poem the 'Evening Prayer at a Girls's School,' were always in my mind on those occasions. That man lives to little purpose, in my judgment, who does not gather, from increasing years and enlarged observation, a stronger sense of the peculiar perils to which woman is exposed, — of her unequal chances in the lottery of happiness, and of the sterner sentence passed upon her wrong-doings. In thoughts like these there was a power that lifted the heart above the atmosphere of sect, and I never omitted to offer a silent prayer that these fair, young creatures might be shielded from the snares that everywhere lurk in the path of woman, and, if they failed of happiness, might, at least, not part with peace.

This church contains one of the most celebrated pictures in Rome, the Descent from the Cross, by Daniele da Volterra, a work of great power and deep feeling. The composition is animated and expressive, and the drawing hardly inferior to that of Michael Angelo.*

Upon the Janiculum, about half way up the slope, stand the church and convent of San Onofrio, at right angles to each other, and with a portico common to both. Upon the wall, under the portico attached to the convent, are three frescoes by Domenichino, carefully protected by a covering of glass, representing the Baptism, Flagellation, and Temptation, of St. Jerome. But the great and absorbing interest of this church and convent is derived from their association with Tasso. The great poet, in the spring of the year 1595, was attacked by an illness which he felt would be fatal, and he desired that his last breath might be drawn in the sacred retreats of this convent. He brought with him a frame prematurely old, and a heart broken by the weight of the burden of life; and his greeting to the monks who helped him from his carriage was comprised in the simple words: 'I am come to die among you.' He lingered but a few weeks, soothed by friendly offices and nursed with tender care, his time principally occupied in those devotional exercises always so congenial to his religious sensibility. The close of his life of struggle and sorrow was tranquil and peaceful. The clouds were lifted up at sunset, and this great 'orb of song' sank to his rest in unshadowed glory. A small slab, set into the pavement of the church, near the entrance, and containing a brief Latin inscription, marks the spot where his remains were laid. And what need is there of

* The picture exhibited is an oil copy of the original fresco, which was detached from the wall some years since, and removed into the sacristy, and is not now usually shown.

anything more? Why lavish the luxury of architecture and sculpture upon a name which is its own monument? Can the costly cenotaph which is said to be erecting for him ever have the interest of the simple stone which designates his dust? In the library are some interesting memorials of him; a mask in wax, moulded from a plaster-cast taken after death, — the features sunken and wasted, but the brow noble and intellectual, — an autograph letter, an inkstand, a girdle, and a sort of vase which once belonged to him. The windows of the room in which he died were also pointed out.

The garden in the rear is a spacious enclosure, planted with oaks and cypresses; with plots and beds of homelier vegetables. In one corner is a semicircular range of seats, cut in the living turf, where the Arcadian Academy sometimes held their sessions, and where, occasionally, I believe, a religious fraternity still meets. A more attractive place of gathering can hardly be imagined, for it commands an enchanting view, fitted either to suggest poetical images or awaken devotional feeling. Near it was once a venerable oak, known all over Rome as Tasso's oak, and held in due honor accordingly. It was blown down a few years ago, but not entirely destroyed; for, when I saw it, there were some vigorous shoots growing out of the shattered stump.

Many of the Roman churches are visited by strangers exclusively for the works of art which they contain. In Sta. Maria della Pace, in the first chapel on the right, is a celebrated fresco by Raphael, — the Cumæan, Persian, Phrygian, and Tiburtine Sibyls, represented in the fervor of inspiration, and surrounded by angels holding tablets on which to record the glowing words of poetry and prophecy. It is a composition of great beauty and dignity. The figures are of colossal size, painted upon the wall below the cornice and above the arched recess of the chapel, and they are disposed with much judgment and skill. In expression and arrangement, in the character of the heads, and the simple flow of the draperies, they are stamped with the finest impress of Raphael's genius; but the original coloring has been impaired. About the middle of the seventeenth century, in the time of Pope Alexander VII., some rash hand undertook to retouch and restore it with oil colors. From these it was skilfully cleansed in 1816, but, between the two processes, the fresco unavoidably suffered some wrong.*

* These frescoes were painted at the expense of Agostino Chigi, the founder of the Chigi family; one of those princely banker and merchants

In the church of San Agostino is also a fresco by Raphael, the prophet Isaiah between two angels. The prophet holds a roll in his hand, and the angels, a tablet; both containing inscriptions. This is not considered one of Raphael's happiest works. The shadow of Michael Angelo's genius was upon him at the time, and, in endeavoring to catch the peculiar style of his illustrious rival, he gave up some of his own characteristic traits without gaining a proper equivalent in return. He ceased, in some measure, to be Raphael, but did not succeed in becoming Michael Angelo. That Raphael should have been greatly struck with the grandeur and sublimity of the prophets in the Sistine Chapel, — that he should have felt the value of such a revelation in art, and endeavored to heighten his own style by a study and even imitation of them, — is honorable to both artists, and perfectly in keeping with that many-sided pursuit of excellence which was so marked a trait in Raphael. This fresco has also suffered much from restoration.

In one of the chapels of the church of San Gregorio are the two celebrated frescoes, so well known in the history of art, painted by Domenichino and Guido, in rivalry with each other; the former representing the Flagellation of St. Andrew, and the latter, the same saint adoring the cross as he is led to execution. The circumstances under which these works were painted has given them a reputation beyond their intrinsic merits. As between the two, the superiority of Domenichino in power and correctness of drawing, and dramatic truth of expression, is very obvious; but he is inferior to his rival, certainly in coloring, and perhaps in fancy. Neither of them can be called imaginative. In this work of Domenichino's, as in many others, the merit of the subordinate parts is greater than that of the principal subject. A group of women in the fore-

of the middle ages, like the Medici in Florence and the Fuggers in Augsburg, who did business in that lordly way which, in these days of competition and five per cent. commissions, we can form hardly a conception of. His annual income was estimated at seventy thousand ducats of gold. The ducat was in actual value about equivalent to a Spanish dollar, but at that time, its exchangeable value was much greater. Raphael had received five hundred scudi for these frescoes, but made a demand upon Chigi's cashier for a further sum, which he maintained to be due to him therefor. The cashier — probably a dry man of business who thought the whole thing a most absurd waste of money — refused to honor the painter's draft; and thereupon the matter was referred to Michael Angelo as arbitrator. When he had looked at the figures, he remarked that for the heads alone Raphael ought to be paid a hundred scudi a-piece. Chigi, on hearing this, directed his cashier to pay the whole sum demanded, without any further demur; adding that he should have become bankrupt, if Michael Angelo had gone on to value the draperies.

ground, thrust back by soldiers, and a frightened child hiding his face in his mother's lap, are especially admired.

This church was founded by Gregory the Great in the seventh century, and he was for many years a monk in the convent attached to it. The late pope, Gregory XVI., was also for many years abbot of this same convent; a fact no otherwise noticeable than as showing in how many ways, in this wonderful Rome, the past is linked to the present; and how a space of more than a thousand years is spanned by a bridge of which every arch is perfect.

The churches of Rome are not rich in works of sculpture of a high order. Christian art has not manifested itself to any great extent in marble, and for reasons inseparable from the nature of the material. The spiritual element in Christianity speaks through expression, but sculpture can never emancipate itself from tyranny of form. When a statue becomes too expressive, it ceases to be statuesque and begins to be picturesque. Before the idea of the Saviour, or even of the Virgin, sculpture drops, or ought to drop, its chisel in reverential awe. The venerable forms of saints and martyrs are not ideal enough for its purposes. And as for angels, the wings present great difficulties. Cut out of marble, and stuck upon the shoulders where there are no muscles to move or support them, they become unsightly excrescences. The angels of our visions float, and speed on their errands of blessing, by their power of will alone, without mechanism or muscle.

In the church of Sta. Maria sopra Minerva is a full-length statue of Christ by Michael Angelo; a work, admirable so far as the handling of the marble is concerned, but by no means successful in overcoming the essential difficulties of the subject.

In the church of Sta. Maria del Popolo is a work in marble, which has a rare and peculiar interest, — a statue of Jonah sitting upon a whale, — designed by Raphael, and probably, also, executed by him. The whale is hardly larger than the man; a disproportion explained by the fact that the subject was early chosen by Christian artists as a type of the resurrection, and was meant to be a symbol and not a representation. For the same reason, the prophet appears in the bloom of youth. Its merit as a work of art is more than respectable. The block from which the statue is carved is said to have fallen from the so called temple of Jupiter Stator, in the Forum.

In Sta. Agnese, in the Piazza Navona, the chapels are decorated with elaborate bas-reliefs instead of paintings; and another work of the same kind but of higher pretensions, by Algardi, is in the subterranean chapel. The same criticism

may be passed upon all of them, — that they overstep the modesty of sculpture. They aim at the illusions of perspective, and light and shade. In short, they try to be pictures and cannot; and form a sort of hybrid in art between sculpture and wax-work.

In the church of Sta. Cecilia, in Trastevere, is one of the most beautiful and interesting statues in Rome, that of the saint to whom the church is dedicated, who suffered martyrdom in the third century. In compliance with her dying request, the house in which she dwelt was converted into a place of worship for Christians. Upon the decay of the house, a church was built on the site in the ninth century. It was renewed and repaired in 1725; at which time many of its interesting antiquities and works of art were removed or destroyed. Further changes in the interior were made during the reign of the late Pope Gregory XVI.

The remains of the saint were deposited in this church in the year 820, and exhumed in 1599. They were found in a coffin of cypress-wood, cased in a sarcophagus of marble, lying on the right side, and covered with a simple drapery. The wooden coffin was enclosed in silver, and recommitted to its resting-place with great solemnity. Stefano Maderno, a sculptor and architect, was commissioned by Cardinal Sfondrato to execute a statue which should preserve the attitude in which the saint was found; a work which he performed with great skill, delicacy, and feeling. It lies in a sarcophagus, adorned with agate, lapis lazuli, and gilded bronze, in a very costly but very tasteless manner; the side next the spectator being open to the view. It is reclining on the right side, the position natural and modest. The arms are extended, and the hands marked by delicacy and refinement. The person is entirely covered in simple and beautifully wrought drapery. The head, enveloped with a cloth, rests upon the forehead, and is therefore so turned that the side face only is seen. A gold band round the neck marks the wound of the executioner's axe. The whole air of the figure represents death and not sleep. The feminine delicacy and purity, the tenderness of feeling and depth of sentiment which breathe through it, are in the highest degree admirable, and make it one of the most touching and beautiful works of modern sculpture. It is a subject of wonder that an artist, capable of conceiving and executing such a statue, should have left no other conspicuous monument of his genius, and should be remembered only by this solitary creation.

CHAPTER XII.

Palaces: Borghese — Barberini — Colonna —Doria-Pamphili — Farnese — Farnesina — Spada — Rospigliosi — Sciarra. Villas: Ludovisi — Borghese —Albani — Pamphili-Doria —Madama —Melini —Magliana — Torlonia.

PALACES AND VILLAS.

'THERE is a soul of goodness in things evil,' says Shakespeare. This is only another form of expressing that principle of compensation which runs through the world and its works Viewing the Romish Church as an instrument, or an assemblage of instruments, to accomplish certain ends, without reference to the nature of those ends, or to the effect produced upon the individual instruments themselves, it may be pronounced the most perfect institution the world has ever known. Nothing was ever so admirably devised to cause the energies of its members to work together to accomplish a great common object. The citizen, in Sparta, was not so much absorbed by the state as the individual —be he priest, bishop, or cardinal — is by the church. The church is the stream, and the individual members are but drops that swell its tide and increase its current. No one can deny that there is something grand, as well as terrible, in this universal self-annihilation; and the commanding position of the Romish Church at this moment is a proof of the prodigious power which it gives.

To produce this result, — to secure to the Church the undivided energies of its children, — the celibacy of the clergy was an essential condition precedent. It was only by annihilating the natural ambition of founding a family, that the church could monopolize all those impulses and affections which in ordinary cases flow out upon a man's children and flow no further. This great distinction between the Catholic and the Protestant clergy is shown in the different ways in which the wealth drawn by both from the revenues of the Church is expended. The great ambition of an English bishop, commonly springing from the middle classes, and

whose descendants will return to them, is to lay up money for his children, and bequeath them wealth if not rank. Thus, he lives far within his means, eats the bread of carefulness, and gives nothing to luxury or splendor; and the records of Doctors Commons show that there is no class of persons who leave fortunes so large, in proportion to their incomes and the time they have enjoyed them, as bishops. On the other hand, a Roman prelate, having no sons to establish in life, and no daughters to portion, seeks to link his fleeting existence with the enduring creations of genius. He builds a chapel, and adorns it with gems and marble; he repairs a church; he orders pictures and statues, and bestows them upon the public. If he be a cardinal and very rich, his ambition soars higher. He founds a palace or a villa; fills it with works of art and precious remains of antiquity; designing it to be not only his abode while living, but his monument when dead.

Thus, without the celibacy of the Roman clergy, we could not have had the palaces and villas of Rome and its vicinity; for most of them were built by cardinals or popes, and from the revenues of the church. They form marked points of interest and attraction, and are among the peculiar and characteristic features of the Eternal City. The distinction between a palace and a villa does not depend upon a situation, for, though there are no palaces without the walls, there are villas within them. A villa is a palace with a garden. A palace is a villa without a garden.

The Roman palaces, mostly of later date than those of Florence, are of a more showy style of architecture; and they differ more among themselves. The Palazzo Venezziano, the oldest of them, built in the latter half of the fifteenth century, is the only one which, by its simple façade, its small windows, and its heavy cornice, recalls the massive structures of Florence. This palace marks the starting-point from simplicity in the history of Roman palatial architecture. The style, as it goes on, becomes more rich and gay. The period of its highest excellence, at which we see invention under the control of good taste, may be placed during the first part of the sixteenth century, when Bramante, Peruzzi, and San Gallo were lawgivers in architecture. The Palazzo della Cancellaria, the Palazzo Giraud, the Palazzo Sora, all by Bramante; the Palazzo Sacchetti, and the Palazzo Farnese, by San Gallo; the Palazzo Massimo and the Farnesina, by Peruzzi, are the best specimens of their class, — offering the most to admiration and the least to criticism.

From the middle of the sixteenth century, civil architecture

in Rome begins gradually to decline. New palaces are built, in which the taste of powerful patrons demands the attractions of novelty. Architects like Ammanati and Pitro Ligorio, confident in themselves, and unwilling to move in paths which others had opened, aimed at more showy effects and more striking combinations. In their designs, however, there is so much genius and inventive power, that the results which they produce are worthy of great praise; and faults in detail are overlooked in the dazzling effectiveness of the whole. It would have been well if architecture could have stopped here; but that law of progress, or rather of movement, which will not allow an enduring pause at the point where beauty and simplicity meet, is an ever propelling impulse when the downward path of decline has once been taken. In the middle of the seventeenth century, architecture had reached its lowest stage of degeneracy, under the corrupting influence of Borromini, a man of inventive power, but of wayward and fantastic taste, — whose fancy ran riot in frivolous details and grotesque embellishments, — who had an antipathy to right angles and straight lines, and delighted in curves, twists, and spirals, — who decorated his fronts in the style of a jeweller or confectioner, and gave to stone and marble the flimsy and unsubstantial look of stucco. The side of the Doria Palace facing the Corso, the work of Valvasori, represents, in its vicious style and puerile ornaments, the marked defects of this school of architecture. It is of immense extent, but so overloaded with details which have no character, and embellishments, which have no grace, that there is nothing of massiveness or grandeur in the effect. The line of the cornice is so broken and interrupted that the building seems to rest upon a yielding foundation, or to have been strained by an earthquake. In the eighteenth century, so few works were constructed that no distinct character in architecture can be assigned to it. The Consulta and Corsini Palaces, built by Fuga, were improvements upon some of their predecessors, and the Palazzo Braschi, the newest of all, erected at the close of the last century, has the finest staircase in Rome.

Of late years, so far as can be judged from the little that has been done, architecture seems to have been under the guidance of a better taste. Classical models, especially, have been much studied under the influence of Canina, a practical architect, profoundly versed in the learning of his profession; and there is a growing disposition to return to the regularity of classical forms. But there is a want of vital power and inventive genius. Architecture, in its present aspect, resembles the painting of

Camucini. We recognize the study of good models; we find little to object to; but we do not look at the pictures or the buildings a second time.

The palaces of Rome, which have been estimated to be seventy-five in number, though differing in details, in the extent of ground which they occupy, and in the splendor of their decorations, have certain features in common. They are usually built of stone, of a style of architecture imposing and effective, if not always in good taste; blending the characteristics of a fortress and a dwelling-place. Their form is generally that of a quadrangle, built round a cortile, or court-yard, into which a staircase of stone or marble opens. The apartments of each floor, which are often of immense size, communicate with each other, and are now frequently occupied by persons of widely different pursuits and social rank. The lower floor is perhaps a sculptor's studio, or a stable, or a furniture warehouse. An English or American family takes a suite of rooms in the upper part, or a German or French painter revels in the luxuries of light and space, in apartments where acres of canvas can be displayed without crowding. The staircase is the only thing in common, and that is often as filthy as the street itself; and ladies who would preserve the purity of their drapery intact must walk circumspectly, and show themselves magnanimous in the matter of ankles.

Though these palaces make fine pictures, yet, to a northern taste, at least, few of them would be comfortable residences. They wear an air of dreary splendor and desolate magnificence. The immense apartments have but little furniture, and that generally of an inferior description. The floors of marble or brick are without carpets, and no cheerful fireplace displays its hospitable and domestic blaze, though in winter the rooms are often deadly cold and damp. The marble columns chill the eye, and the gilded cornice mocks the shivering visitor like the play of the morning sun upon a field of ice. Many, perhaps a large proportion, of the owners of these stately structures have become greatly reduced in their fortunes, and hide their faded grandeur in some corner of their lordly mansion, like the snail in the lobster's shell. In such cases, a melancholy air of decay and neglect hangs over the scene. Broken windows, dilapidated furniture, tarnished gilding, niches without statues, spaces on the wall where once were pictures, betray to the hasty glance the forlorn condition of the impoverished nobleman. In the ante-chamber, perhaps a throne and canopy of velvet and gold attest the high rank of the family but its splendor is over-dusted and be-cobwebbed; and from its

rickety appearance, it looks as if a single vigorous kick would bring it down in a mass of ruin. The custode who shows the apartments is probably an ancient servant of the house, — perhaps a faithful Caleb Balderstone, — whose faded livery and subdued manner tell a tale of changed fortunes as forcibly as the aspect of the palace itself. This is a form of ruin, not uncommon in Rome, more saddening than fallen columns, broken arches, and shattered pediments. These last are out of the pale of human sympathy, like sarcophagi in an Egyptian pyramid. The men that reared them — that moved about in the buildings of which they formed a part — are mere shadows, — hollow names, — like Belus or Ninus or the brave heroes tha lived before Agamemnon. They are nothing to us and we are nothing to them. These ruins of antiquity are no more than pictures, and we judge of them and feel about them as about the ivy that wraps them in its melancholy beauty. It is impossible to waste much compassion on a man who lived two thousand years ago, wore a toga, and had three names ending in *us*. But when a living man is suffering the mortifications of decaying fortune, or the sorrows and annoyances of poverty, whose ancestor two hundred years ago was rich, — to see a cobbler mending shoes in rooms where nobles have feasted, and beauty has smiled, — beggars taking their stand upon marble staircases, — the spider spinning his web upon gilded ceilings, — these are ruins which have no compensating or reconciling element. They have neither dignity or grace; from them neither the poet nor the painter can gather the materials of his art. The sharp compassion which they awaken is unrelieved by glimpses of the heroic or touches of the imaginative.

Many of these palaces contain extensive collections of paintings, usually arranged in show apartments with special reference to exhibition; and the public are admitted to view them, at all reasonable hours, with the utmost liberality, on the payment of a small fee to the custode.

The Palazzo Borghese, a building of immense size, contains the finest private collection of pictures in Rome, upwards of six hundred in number, distributed through nine apartments on the ground-floor. The public are freely admitted, for several hours of every day, to view the collection, and artists are allowed to make copies. In short, every visitor, of decent appearance and decent behavior, can get as much satisfaction out of these pictures as the owner himself. The Borghese family is still rich, and the suite of apartments devoted to the collection is taken good care of. There are some handsome and

costly tables of marble distributed through them, and in one of them a little fountain sports and sings, — a very pretty plaything for a grown-up child.

Here is a celebrated landscape of Domenichino, the Chase of Diana, well known by Raphael Morghen's engraving. It represents a fine wooded scene, with a stream flowing in the foreground. Diana stands in the centre, with hands upraised, holding in one a bow and in the other a quiver, — a figure not entirely free from affectation. Of her attendant nymphs, some are sporting in the stream, some are undressing, some are grouped together and shooting their arrows at a bird which is tied to a pole, and one, on the right, a fine, animated figure, is holding back a greyhound by the slip. The composition is studied and skilful, but not always refined, nor in all parts entirely free from academic stiffness. The figures are well drawn, but the draperies, rather mannered. The coloring struck me as very good. The whole air of the picture is fresh, breezy, and joyous, like that of an old English ballad or Chaucer's 'Flower and the Leaf,' and though it can hardly be called an imaginative work, it comes very near being so.

The gem of this collection is the Entombment of Christ, by Raphael, painted by him in his twenty-fourth year. There is considerable difference of opinion as to the merits of this celebrated work. The exclusive admirers of Christian art so called — the disciples of the Pre-Raphaelite school, who value an angular virgin, with limbs that look as if they had been cut out of tin, more than the best forms of Guido or Domenichino — esteem it one of Raphael's highest efforts, and one of the last expressions of his uncorrupted pencil. On the other hand, the more genial and terrestrial critics pronounce it stiff and feeble, at least in comparison with the artist's later works. Rumohr denies to it the merit of pathos, asserts that there is more power and feeling in the original designs preserved at Florence, and doubts whether it was painted entirely by Raphael's hand.* Platner appeals from this harsh sentence with much earnestness, and intimates that it may fairly claim a rank above the Transfiguration or the Madonna di Foligno.† Truth, as usual, will be deemed, by the majority of judgments to lie between these extremes. A certain hardness of outline, and a little

* 'Italienische Forschungen,' Th. iii. p. 60.

† 'Dieses Gemälde gehört unstreitig unter die vortrefflichsten Werke Raphaels; und man könnte geneigt sein ihm den Vorzug vor allen übriger Oelbildern dieses grossen Künstlers in Rom, selbst nicht mit Ausnahme der berühmten Transfiguration und der sogenannten Madonna di Fuligno, zu ertheilen.' — 'Beschreibung der Stadt Rom.' B. iii. Th. 3, p. 285.

s iffness in the flow of the drapery, show that in technical skill and mere handling of the pencil the artist had not reached the full stature of manhood; and there is perhaps some exaggeration in the action. But the figure of the Saviour on the left, borne in the arms of two men, is admirable both in drawing and expression. The fainting Madonna on the right, and the three females who support her, form a touching and pathetic group. The heads and faces are such as Raphael only could have painted; and its combination of dignity with dramatic energy is also peculiarly his own. In the background is a striking landscape, with the Mount of Calvary in the distance.

This picture is painted upon wood, which has been protected on the back by iron sheathing, as it was found to have been gnawed by worms and cracked in two places.

In another room is a picture by Titian, whose works are rare in Rome. The subject is allegorical. A fine landscape is bounded on the right by a village and a lake, and on the left by a mountain castle. In the foreground is a fountain, near which two female figures are seated, one richly dressed and holding flowers in her gloved hand; the other with only a red scarf over her shoulder, with a cup, or small drinking vessel, in her left hand. Between the two, a young Cupid appears to be reaching after some flowers which have dropped into the fountain. The two female figures are supposed to represent Divine and Earthly Love, but this seems to be by no means a natural or satisfactory explanation, and we should be puzzled to determine which was meant to be the divine, and which, the earthly, emblem. Neither of them has a celestial expression, but both are full of warm, terrestrial life. Whatever be its subject, it has that magic of color so peculiar to Titian, especially in the red scarf and the rich carnation tints of the undraped figure, which is also beautiful both in attitude and expression.

In the same room with the Titian is a remarkable portrait, representing a handsome man in the bloom of early manhood, dressed in black, and with a cap and feather also black. It is set down in the catalogue as a portrait of Cæsar Borgia, by Raphael; but probably the artist and the subject are both misnomers. It is certainly not in Raphael's usual style, nor does the face respond to our conceptions of the monster Borgia. It is the face of a handsome, smiling, seductive, unscrupulous man — against whom both men and women would do well to be on their guard, — reckless, pleasurable, and inventive, — a sort of medieval and Italian Lovelace, — but not absolutely a devil incarnate like Cæsar Borgia, the worst character in history, whose name is linked to no virtue and a thousand crimes. It

was probably painted by an artist of the Venetian school perhaps a pupil of Titian, and is an admirable work of art.

The celebrated Danae, by Correggio, did not please me much. The expression is wanton, the figure lean, and the countenance vapid and simpering. The peculiar fascination of Correggio's manner, his luxurious softness of touch, and his indescribable play of light and shade, are not wanting, but the coloring seems to have been impaired by injudicious cleaning. The two Cupids in front, who are trying the points of their arrows, are charmingly painted.

In the Barberini Palace is the world-renowned portrait of Beatrice Cenci, commonly ascribed to Guido, though on that point, I believe, there is some doubt. At any rate, it is a beautifully painted picture, representing a young and lovely face, wrecked and shattered by storms of suffering. The head-dress is peculiar, and rather trying to an artist's power of color; consisting of heavy folds of white cloth wound round the head, from which a few locks of yellowish brown hair escape. There is a deeply touching expression in the eyes, which are large, soft, and lustrous. They look as if they had wept away all their power of tears. The lips are delicate, full of tremulous sensibility; but absolutely rigid and frozen from intense suffering. The outline of the face is fine and the features regular. The portrait represents a young creature of exquisite organization, full of imagination and sensibility, capable of receiving and bestowing happiness in its rarest and finest forms, but out of whom all the life had been pressed by hideous calamity and unspeakable suffering. A sweet, soft, and gentle nature, born to be loved, sheltered, and caressed, is driven to madness, and loses its very essence, from outrage and wrong. It was a lily growing in a garden; an aerolite fell upon it and crushed it to the roots.

The power and pathos of this portrait exceeded my highest expectations. It has been frequently engraved and copied, but no engraving or copy that I have ever seen retains the peculiar character of the original. For many years, no artist has been allowed to copy directly from the picture; and the many transcripts which are found all over the world are but repetitions at second-hand: but, were the rule relaxed, the charm of the original is so delicate and airy as hardly to be brought away by the most skilful pencil.*

* A brief and good account of the Cenci tragedy is contained in the supplement to Michaud's 'Biographie Universelle,' Art. Cenci. The character of the father was more detestable, and his crimes more hideous, than is generally apprehended; but the particular outrage which is supposed to

In this palace is also another celebrated picture; a portrait of the Fornarina, by Raphael. It represents a female, naked to the waist, with a turban on her head. The eyes are black and bright, and the countenance has some animal beauty, but an expression the reverse of elevated or intellectual. The arms and bosom are beautifully and carefully painted, but it is not a pleasing work, nor does it represent an attractive person. Some writer has remarked, that a man in choosing his wife should ask himself what are her resources for a rainy day in the country. Judging from her countenance, the Fornarina would seem to be very indifferently supplied with such capacities and accomplishments; in short, an artist's model, a sensual toy, whose power over an intellectual man, if she had any, would be yielded to with something like self-contempt.

In one of the rooms is a magnificent cabinet of wood and carved ivory, of which the central subject is Michael Angelo's Last Judgment, wrought with a minute patience and elaborate skill which makes the heart ache to look at it. It was the work of two German artists, and is said to have occupied thirty-four years in the execution.

The garden of the Colonna Palace extends along the slope of the Quirinal Hill. It is of moderate extent, planted with ilex, box, and pine, and commanding very pleasing views. Here are many interesting ruins and fragments, especially some vaults of the baths of Constantine now used as granaries, and two enormous masses of marble, belonging to an edifice of the Corinthian order. The building of which they were a part must have been of stupendous magnitude, and have formed a most conspicuous object, placed, as it was, in so commanding a position, yet nothing is known with certainty upon the subject; and antiquaries can only guess that these colossal fragments fell from the temple of the Sun built by Aurelian.

In the great hall of the Palazzo Colonna, one of the noblest rooms I have ever seen, an amateur concert was given on the fourth day of February, 1848, in aid of the funds of some charitable institution. The prima donna was Mrs. Sartoris (*née* Adelaide Kemble), whose voice is fine and rich, and who sang with great taste, feeling, and expression. Two things struck

darken his memory was not proved against him. The character of Beatrice was not quite so exalted as, through sympathy with her misfortunes, has been commonly imagined. The motives of the Pope, Clement VIII., have, also, not been fairly stated. He seems to have acted conscientiously, and waited long before signing the fatal sentence; and a part of the family would probably have been pardoned, but that, unhappily, during his deliberations, two cases of parricide occurred in the Papal States. This determined him against an act of mercy.

me in her performance. One was the extreme ease of her execution, without the slightest appearance of pulling, straining, or stretching; and the other was the solid good sense of her singing, if I may so apply the phrase. There was not the least nonsense about it. Good sense, if not the foundation of good singing, is an important element in it, and it was as marked a trait in Mrs. Sartoris's singing as it is in her sister, Mrs. Kemble's, reading. None of the other performers were more than respectable. The company, about four hundred in number, was mostly English; a large proportion, ladies, whose fine forms and blooming complexions were well set off by the statues and frescoes of the noble apartment in which they were gathered.

The Palazzo Doria-Pamphili has an immense façade on the Corso; in which, however, there is nothing to commend but the rich plate-glass in the windows. Here is a very large collection of pictures, but few of first-rate excellence. Two celebrated landscapes of Claude Lorraine are among its most valued treasures. In one, a smiling rural region is depicted, and in the background a stream and a mill; from which it is usually called the Molino. In the other, the sun is reflected from a sea-mirror; in the background, trees are waving; in front and on the right, is a temple into which a procession is passing. When I saw these landscapes, I had not read the 'Modern Painters,' and I admired them heartily and perhaps ignorantly, and though I have since read that most eloquent and original book, I cannot renounce the feeling altogether. Claude's figures are worthless, his foregrounds wanting in distinctness and individuality, and his general transcript of forms incorrect, but the character of his foliage is excellent and his atmospheric effects are matchless. The crisp, sparkling, and dancing light which he pours over his scenes produces an almost intoxicating effect, and takes away from the eye, for a time at least, the power of perceiving the want of formal accuracy. The author of the 'Modern Painters' is a great writer on art, and when he is wrong it is often only from pushing right principles to an extreme. His book is a golden book, steeped in the poetry and the religion of art, just in theory and exquisite in spirit, and the young artist should clasp it to his heart and wear it like a phylactery upon his brow, but the author may live to admit that all its vehement and impetuous judgments are not correct.

The Palazzo Farnese, one of the finest palaces in Rome, is a shameless receiver of stolen goods. The stones of which it was built were torn from the Colosseum. The granite basins

of the fountains were found in the baths of Caracalla. In the portico of the cortile is a sarcophagus of Parian marble taken from the tomb of Cecilia Metella; a stupid and tasteless act of spoliation, since, in its present condition, it has no appropriateness or significance, but is merely a piece of furniture, — a pretty thing to look at; as if the owner of a fine house in Boston should have a monument from Mt. Auburn brought in and put into his entry.

The great hall, or gallery, is painted in fresco by Annibale and Agostino Caracci and their scholars. The subjects are taken from mythology, most of them having reference to the passion of love. The central piece is the Triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne, and among the others are Cephalus and Aurora, Venus and Anchises, Perseus and Andromeda, Hero and Leander, Syrinx and Pan, Polyphemus and Galatea. Eight small subjects over the windows are by Domenichino. About half of Lempriere's Classical Dictionary is painted on the walls and ceiling of the hall; an immense labor which occupied the unbroken toil of eight years, and is said to have been rewarded with the paltry pittance of five hundred scudi! A certain unity and significance are sought to be given to the whole cycle of subjects by four groups at the corners, each of which is composed of two figures, symbolizing celestial and terrestrial Love, represented in various attitudes of struggle, and finally clasped in a reconciling embrace.

These frescoes are very fair representations alike of the powers of the Caracci and of the school of art of which they were the founders. The very name of Eclectic which they adopted, or which was fastened upon them, involves an essential impossibility. Every great and original artist makes use of canvas and colors as instruments to embody certain ideal conceptions. These conceptions are formed according to an innate law of his nature, and they can no more help being what they are than a rose-bush can help bearing roses. To the eye of Michael Angelo, form was the prominent essence of objects; while to that of Titian, the impressions of color superseded all others: and in their paintings each developed his own perceptions. An attempt to combine the form of Michael Angelo with the coloring of Titian, as Tintoretto aspired to do, is simply to aim at an impossibility; like an attempt to combine a man and a horse together and make a centaur. All delineation upon a flat surface, with colors, is an imitation, necessarily more or less imperfect; and if the idea of form is to be so strongly impressed, as is done in the paintings of Michael Angelo, something must be sacri

ficed in point of color. The artist must make his election, and give up some things, in order to attain others more completely.

The Caracci, living at a period when art had much declined from the height it had attained at the beginning of the sixteenth century, were inspired with a generous ambition to elevate it; and they devoted themselves to this object with great industry and honorable singleness of purpose. But they wanted not only the Promethean touch of genius but also a wide range of general cultivation, and that grace and accomplishment of mind which spring from early liberal training, and the right to mingle freely and on terms of equality with refined and lettered society. Their works, as compared with the best age of art, are like a manufacture as compared with a growth. Their drawing is singularly correct, but wanting in vital power. Raphael seems to have gone about the streets, and, whenever he saw a marked and expressive attitude, to have daguerreotyped it upon his brain and reproduced it like a birth. The Carracci appear to have always drawn from an academic model, and not to have improved upon the particular position in which he might have stood. With the former, the idea came first, and forms and groups were used to embody it; but, with the latter, forms and groups were disposed in the hope that out of such a disposition an idea might spring. I have, before, occasionally illustrated painting by literature, and I will here venture to do it again. When we pass from the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo to those of the Caracci, it is like going from Shakespeare's 'Julius Cæsar' to Addison's 'Cato,' or from Spenser's 'Fairie Queene,' and Chaucer's Canterbury Tales,' to Wilkie's 'Epigoniad,' or Glover's 'Leonidas. By this illustration I do not mean to say that there is the same amount of difference in the two cases, — for that would be unjust to the Caracci, — but merely that the inferiority of the latter is similar in kind.

These observations may be continued further by comparing, for a moment, the subjects of these works with those of the frescoes in the Vatican and Sistine Chapel. Raphael and Michael Angelo invent such designs as illustrate incidents in religious history, or in the life of the soul, and thus have an unchanging interest to all who have been baptized into the name of Christ. Their works are consequently not merely paintings, but also symbols; they address the soul as well as the eye; they have a vital significance as well as a formal beauty. The Caracci, invited to decorate the residence of a grave ecclesiastic, cover the walls with a profusion of mytho

logical love-stories, which express nothing beyond what they really are. They are not even allegories, but only fables or myths long since dead with the faith that gave them birth. In point of execution, there is certainly great merit in these frescoes; drawing always correct and sometimes powerful, varied grouping, animated movement, and a rich, sober tone of color, neither gay nor sombre. But there is no such grandeur as we bend before in Michael Angelo's prophets, and no such beauty as followed Raphael's inspired pencil. Over the whole, a cold, formal, and academic atmosphere is breathed. We look, we admire, but we turn away and forget. The expression of the heads and faces want individuality. The general character of the groups is meant to express a joyous abandonment to sensuous emotions, but the rich and frolic life which the ancients could put into a bacchanalian procession, sculptured on a frieze, is wanting here. It is a sort of make-believe rapture. Some of the subjects are coarsely treated, — Diana and Endymion, for instance. The best thing is the drunken Silenus riding upon an ass, in the Triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne; and this fact alone, in a composition in which there are so many figures meant to be dignified, and so many meant to be beautiful involves an emphatic criticism.

The Palazzo Farnesina, the splendid monument of the taste and magnificence of Agostino Chigi, is a pilgrim-shrine in art, because it contains the finest expressions of Raphael's genius, when manifesting itself in purely secular forms. It is also a palace well known in what may be called the gossip of history, on account of the luxury and extravagance with which Chigi lived here, during the pontificate of Leo X. The stories which are preserved of his entertainments reveal a sort of insanity of profusion, like the ragout of pearls in the Arabian tale, or the bank-note sandwiches which are said to have been eaten upon wagers. For one of these entertainments, given to the pope and cardinals, an imposing structure, adorned with paintings and other works of art, is said to have been reared in a single night. To grace the board on this occasion, fish were brought alive from France, Spain, and Constantinople, and dishes of parrot's tongues were served up to the guests. And it is even said that the gold and silver dishes used were carried from the table and thrown into the Tiber, that they might never again be profaned by meaner lips or hands. The madness of this act is lessened, but not its folly, by the testimony of some authorities, who say that nets were carefully spread across the river, so that little of the precious jettison was lost. The

building erected for this entertainment was subsequently carried away by an inundation of the Tiber.*

In the large hall of this palace, facing the garden, the ceiling is adorned with frescoes from the story of Cupid and Psyche, designed by Raphael, and executed for the most part by his scholars, under his superintendence. The selection of this most happy subject is a striking proof of the unerring taste and judgment of the great artist. The story, first appearing in the 'Golden Ass' of Apuleius, a writer of the silver age of Roman literature, was not, however, the indigenous growth of the unimaginative Roman mind. Its airy analogies and delicate fancies, without doubt, first grew in the gardens of the East. It is an allegory typifying, under the form of the love adventures of an immortal god and a mortal maiden, the struggles of the soul in its endeavors to reach spiritual perfection, its conflicts with debasing passions, its purifications by misfortunes, and its final triumph; but, like the 'Fairie Queene' and the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' the allegory is often forgotten in the narrative, and many incidents are introduced simply for the sake of carrying on the story. Strictly speaking, it is not so much an allegory, as the record of an allegory. The temptation to illustrate religious sensibility by analogies drawn from the passion of love is very strong; and religious writers, Catholic as well as Protestant, have often debased their effusions by yielding to it.†

The ceiling of the hall is divided into three kinds of spaces, the flat surface on the top, the curved arches at the sides, and the lunettes between the arches. The flat part of the ceiling is occupied by the two principal compositions completing the cycle of the story; one representing the judgment of the gods, with Jupiter at their head, as to the fate of Psyche, in which Venus and Cupid appear as opposing counsel; and the other, the nuptial feast, after the decision in favor of Psyche, and her

* These stories are found in Bayle's Dictionary, article 'Chigi,' and in the description of the Farnesina by Platner, in the 'Beschreibung der Stadt Rom,' vol. iii. Th. 3, p. 590, and there the original authorities are given. I confess that such statements seem to me enterprising drafts upon the credulity of posterity, which I, for one, am not disposed to honor. The narrative of this entertainment, as Platner well remarks, is darkened with a tragic interest from its contrast with the horrors to which Rome was soon after exposed through its capture and plunder by the imperial troops.

† An abstract of the story of Cupid and Psyche may be found in Dunlop's 'History of Fiction,' Vol. I. p. 114, (Phil. ed. 1842,) and also in Sir George Head's 'Tour of Many Days in Rome,' Vol. iii. p. 120. It has also been reproduced in various forms by Marino, La Fontaine, Molière and Mrs. Tighe

reunion with her immortal lover, and when her perishable mortality has been purged away by a draught of nectar. These frescoes have apparent borders, and are seemingly fastened by painted nails, so that the whole has the effect of a piece of tapestry stretched across the ceiling. The arched spaces on the sides are occupied by various incidents in the story. The lunettes between the arches are filled with subjects illustrating the power of love over gods and demigods. Little sportive Cupids, singly or in pairs, carry off in triumph the thunderbolts of Jupiter, the trident of Neptune, the lance and shield of Mars, the caduceus of Mercury, the club of Hercules, and the hammer of Vulcan. These subjects are enclosed in a graceful framework, composed of flowers, foliage, and fruits.

Raphael's genius, which, in the Vatican, expresses spiritual grandeur and intellectual dignity by ideal forms, in these lovely compositions, arrests and embodies, in forms not less ideal, the most ethereal graces of a poetical mythology. All the fine visions of the golden morning of the world are here, sparkling in their unexhaled dew. They are painted as a Greek might have painted them, who believed in the wonders which he drew. They are no cold transcripts of dead forms; the poetry of Homer is not more vital. The blue sky and luminous air of Greece bend over and idealize every scene and every group. The nymphs that haunted the piny mountains of Arcadia, or danced upon the shores of the whispering Ægean, live once more in the Venus, the Psyche, and the Graces of Raphael. These compositions are remarkable, not only for grace and beauty of design, for truth of expression and for dramatic vivacity, but also for their purity of feeling. No coarse or unhandsome image, like a blot on a fair page, disturbs the satisfaction awakened by such ideal loveliness. This is especially observable in the little *amorini* in the lunettes. They are full of frolic, and seem heartily enjoying the pranks they play and the mischief they do; but their mirth and their movements are both childlike. They dally with the innocence of love, in all the moods and caprices of a sportive fancy.

In technical execution, these compositions are not throughout of uniform excellence. In some portions, critics detect a heaviness of form which is remarked as characteristic of Giulio Romano. The best groups are Cupid showing Psyche to the three Graces, which is partly painted by Raphael's own hand; Cupid complaining to Jupiter of the cruelty of his mother, and receiving from him a kiss in token of good will; and Mercury carrying Psyche to Olympus. As to the color of the original composition, no judgment can be formed. As the arcades of

the apartment next to the garden were originally open, the frescoes soon began to suffer from the damp occasioned by the proximity of the Tiber; and, in the time of Carlo Maratta, they underwent a careful restoration under his directions, in the course of which they were almost entirely repainted. The arcades were then glazed.

In an adjoining apartment is an earlier fresco by Raphael, not inferior in invention and superior in execution, since nearly all of it was painted by his own hand, — the Triumph of Galatea. In this charming composition, this daughter of the sea is borne over the waves in a shell drawn by two dolphins, surrounded by tritons and nereids, while *amorini* flutter in the air above her head and look down upon her with beaming smiles. The face of Galatea is one of the most beautiful ever painted. It seems to glow with the delicious emotions of new-born love, with which the figure appears also to be almost winged. All the subordinate and attendant forms are instinct with the most graceful life and the most jubilant movement. It is a picture made of youth, beauty, sunbeams, and smiles. It is so full of truth and reality, that one almost forgets that it is all a dream, more unsubstantial than the shadow of smoke. We look upon it as if it were the record of an actual transaction; as if that lovely face had been really convulsed with grief over the mangled form of her murdered Acis. Glowing and luxuriant as the tone of the composition is, it is treated with perfect delicacy of feeling, and its sweetness and grace have no taint of the meretricious.

In one of the lunettes of this apartment is a colossal head in charcoal, said to have been struck off at a heat by Michael Angelo. Some traditions report that this great artist, going to call upon Daniele da Volterra, who was at work there, and, not finding him, left this sketch as a sort of visiting card; others, that he drew it by way of admonishing Raphael to paint thereafter in a grander and broader style than he had done in the Galatea. Platner, with that inexorable scepticism so characteristic of the Germans, shakes his head in doubt over the whole story, — says that the head is not worthy of Michael Angelo's pencil, and that the incident is not mentioned by any contemporary writer. I do not presume either to support or to controvert his judgment as to the merits of the work, but can only say that I recall it as a powerful and expressive head. The tradition may or may not be trustworthy. It is certainly true that there are many floating stories about artists, which are copied without inquiry from one book into another, but which rest upon no authority whatever, and are generally the

absolute fabrications of some wonder-monger. It seems to me quite likely that Michael Angelo — supposing the head to be his work — meant to express the tragical catastrophe of that mythological drama which opened so smilingly in Raphael's fresco, and that this was the grim countenance of Polyphemus scowling upon the beautiful being whose favor he could not win. The two together also represent most happily the contrasted images in the famous passage of Gray. On one side are the fair laughing morn, the softly blowing zephyrs, the azure realm, the gilded vessel, 'youth on the prow and pleasure at the helm;' and, on the other, the embodied whirlwind, 'that hushed in grim repose expects his evening prey.'

In the Palazzo Spada is a remarkable colossal statue, well known not only for its intrinsic merit as a work of art, but for the controversies to which it has given birth as to whom it represents. It is generally admitted to be a statue of Pompey, and perhaps the very one at the base of which 'great Cæsar fell.' On this last point, the evidence is quite sufficient to allow a willing faith to rest upon it; and in such cases faith is always willing. It is about nine feet high, undraped, with the exception of a short chlamys hanging over the left shoulder and arm. In the extended left hand is a globe, with the remains of a figure, probably a victory, upon it. The right arm is a restoration. The expression of the head and face is stern, but not elevated or intellectual; corresponding to the character of Pompey, a mere soldier, with very questionable claims to the title of Great, bestowed upon him by his countrymen. This statue was found entire, with the exception of the right arm; yet the head had evidently been separated from the trunk, and seems not to have been that which originally belonged to it. During the French occupation of Rome, Voltaire's tragedy of Brutus was acted in the Colosseum; and this statue was transported there, that the mock Cæsar might fall at the foot of the real statue, — though in doing this, it was necessary to saw off the restored right arm,* — a piece of dramatic enthusiasm, like that of the London manager who, to give due effect to a melodrama founded upon the murder of Weare, introduced into one of the scenes the very horse and gig which belonged to him.

In this palace there is also a tolerable collection of pictures.

* Platner relates a curious anecdote in regard to the statue. In 1812 Fea, the antiquary, published a pamphlet in which he maintained that it was a statue of Domitian, and not of Pompey; but there was no doubt that, in point of fact, this was contrary to his real opinion, and put forth to disparage the statue, for the purpose of preventing its threatened removal to Paris. — 'Beschreibung der Stadt Rom.' Vol. iii. Th. 3, p. 448

Among them is a beautiful female portrait with a black veil over the head, not noticed in the guide-books, two pretty, laughing heads ascribed to Correggio, and a portrait of Paul III., by Titian, looking like an old monkey. In the cortile is a curious piece of architectural jugglery, — a covered portico with Doric columns, gradually diminishing in height, thus enhancing the real effect of the perspective. The success of the experiment is quite complete, for, though only about thirty feet in length, the portico seems to the eye to be at least twice as long; and, after walking through it and ascertaining its exact dimensions, we feel a little as if we had been imposed upon, somewhat in the same mood as when we learn that our compassion has been roused by a feigned tale of distress.

In the casino of the garden attached to the Palazzo Rospigliosi is the celebrated fresco by Guido, representing Aurora scattering flowers before the chariot of the Sun. This beautiful work is full of life and movement. The forms are carefully drawn, and the character of the heads is soft and graceful, without marked individuality, and sometimes bordering upon insipidity. The figure representing the Sun has a little foppery in the expression, and there is a sort of theatrical strut in the attitude and movements of some of the Hours, which seem to demand our admiration and insist upon it. The color is vivid and brilliant, though the blue, both of the sky and the sea, is rather cold and hard. The distant landscape lying below and slowly struggling out of darkness is happily conceived. This fresco is much the finest work of Guido out of Bologna, and is quite worthy of his often abused genius in its best mood. It is one of the most popular subjects in art, and has everywhere been made known by the admirable engraving of Raphael Morghen. It is painted on the ceiling, and, though at a moderate height from the floor, cannot be long examined without vigorous remonstrances from certain muscles of the neck called upon to do very unusual work. There were several copies lying about the room, of various sizes, most of which could hardly be called tolerable.

In the adjoining rooms are several pictures in oil, by Domenichino, Ludovico Caracci, Guido, Daniele da Volterra, and others, deserving more attention than they usually receive in so trying a neighborhood. Here is also an antique bust of Scipio Africanus in green basalt, a fine expressive head, admirably wrought, and remarkable for having a representation of a scar on the forehead.

What is called the garden of this palace is a small enclosure with a simple fountain in the centre, laid out in flower-beds

divided by gravel walks, with trailing plants and lemon-trees along the walls. I was there on a warm, sunny day in the latter part of January, and even then the breath of spring was on the breeze. Hardy roses were blooming in the open air, and the mignionette and the early violets had begun to diffuse their modest odors. The bright fountain, the vivid sunshine, and the rich green made up a living picture more glowing even than the Aurora of Guido. In sheltered spots in Rome there is hardly such a thing known as winter. No month is without its flowers; — the orange and lemon-trees, the box, the ilex, and the laurel always retain their green life; and every sunny noon calls out the lizards from their retreat.

In the Palazzo Sciarra is an excellent collection of pictures. The most celebrated among them is the portrait by Raphael, known by the name of Il Suonatore, from the bow of the violin, crowned with laurel, held in the hand of the figure. The original is not known. This is one of the best portraits that ever have been painted. There are no masses of pulpy, boneless flesh, no chalky lights and snuffy shadows, no running of one feature into another, no attempt to get a staring likeness by seizing upon one or two prominent characteristics and letting the rest go; but every thing is distinctly rendered, and the whole is animated by a living soul, which looks out of the deep set eyes, plays round the firm lips, and reposes on the intellectual brow.

Here is also a well-known picture ascribed to Leonardo da Vinci, containing two female figures in half length, known by the name of Vanity and Modesty, though there seems to be no particular propriety in that appellation. Mrs. Jameson suggests that the subject is 'Mary Magdalene rebuked by her sister Martha for her vanity and luxury.' One of the figures is veiled, and the other has a smiling, unconcerned look. It is very elaborately and delicately painted and richly colored.

Here, too, is one of the many repetitions of Caravaggio's Cheating Gamesters; a picture of much expression and considerable merit in its way. There is great force and character in all the heads, and the coloring is bright and clear, free from the charcoal shadows and chalky lights which so often characterize the works of this grim and sombre artist.

The Villa Ludovisi, though its grounds are a mile in circumference, is within the walls of Rome. Its owner, Prince Piombino, forms an exception to the general rule of Italian liberality, for he does not open his gates to the universal public, but permits his villa to be seen only upon his written permission, no always readily obtained. The principal building, inhabited by

the prince, is not shown. A smaller structure, or casino, is appropriated to sculpture: and it contains one of the finest private collections in Rome. Here is the celebrated colossal bust of Juno, one of the noblest works of antiquity. When seen from the proper point of view, the grandeur of the head and the sublimity of the expression are beyond all praise. She is the only goddess I have ever seen. The others of her class are women, — some beautiful, some majestic, some graceful, but still women. There is a tranquil, passionless serenity in the brow and lips, — 'the depth and not the tumult of the soul,' — which seems brought from a region undisturbed by mortal emotions and mortal changes.

A beautiful group, supposed by Winckelmann to represent Orestes recognized by his sister Electra, belongs to the best age of Grecian art. The expression is that of deep and tender feeling, without extravagance or caricature; quite worthy of the poetry of Sophocles which it illustrates.

In the same collection is a painfully affecting group, in figures of colossal size. A man is represented as stabbing himself with a sword in his right hand, while he supports with his left a woman dying, and sunk down upon her knees. The group has been called by many names, but it probably represents a barbarian killing himself and his wife, to avoid being carried into slavery. Such a subject, if tolerably well executed, has a certain power over the feelings; but as a work of art, the group did not seem to me of very great merit, nor to have been executed in the best periods of sculpture. Indeed, the choice of so harrowing a subject is inconsistent with that calmness and repose which the Greek sculptors regarded as so essential to their art.

A group of Pluto and Proserpine, by Bernini, has the characteristic merits and defects of this artist. Its violent action and theatrical expression are in strong contrast to the works around it.

In a smaller building, in another part of the grounds, upon the ceiling of the ground-floor, is Guercino's fresco of Aurora. The goddess is in a car drawn by two piebald horses. Two winged figures are near her; one holding a wreath, and the other, a basket of flowers. Female forms representing, according to some explanations, the Hours; and, according to others, the Stars, appear to flee before her coming. Tithonus behind the car follows its progress with his eyes. It is a very expressive work, remarkable for its bold relief, and for its powerful coloring in Guercino's peculiar style; but it has not the life and charm of Guido's similar composition. In one of the lunettes is Day, or the Dawn, represented as a youth with

flowers in one hand and a torch in the other. Opposite is Night, a female figure sleeping, with two sleeping children, and a bat and owl. This last is a beautiful composition, full of the languor and sweetness of a tropical night.

After the powers of attention had been so severely tried by these works of sculpture and painting, it was a great relief to escape into the garden and recreate the exhausted faculties with sunshine, fresh air, fountains, trees, and flowers. The garden itself, however, is a work of art, and is said to have been laid out by Le Notre, by whom the park and grounds of Versailles were designed. It is an admirable specimen of that formal and stately style of gardening which is not without its charm. The long, broad alleys are scrupulously neat, and, overshadowed as they are by magnificent trees, they present those fine, converging lines of perspective, which combine in some measure the beauty of architecture with the beauty of nature. Such walks seem to require living figures appropriate to their peculiar style. A stately lady in full dress should come pacing down them with swan-like step, — a greyhound by her side, — and a peacock should expand his gorgeous plumage upon a balustrade.

There are many statues scattered over the grounds, which are in excellent condition, and evidently well attended to. There are also a conservatory, a grotto, and a dairy-house. The latter is newly built, but the outside is painted so as to represent ruin and dilapidation; so that at a little distance it looks, on a cursory glance, like a building falling to pieces and gone to decay, — an odd and rather poor conceit.

The entrance to the Villa Borghese is just beyond the Porta del Popolo. The grounds, which are three miles in circuit, are thrown open to the public as freely as if they belonged to it. At all times, numerous parties will be found availing themselves of this generous privilege, some in carriages, some on horseback, but mostly on foot; for, as a place of resort, it is more popular with persons of modest condition among the Romans than with the favored classes. This liberality on the part of Prince Borghese is the general rule in Rome, and is one of the many reasons which make that city so delightful a place of residence to strangers. The magic word 'forestiere,' is an 'open sesame' at which all doors fly apart and all bolts are drawn aside. It was pleasant to note that the hospitality of the prince was never abused. Often as I was there, I never saw the smallest act of spoliation or indecorum. Every one seemed to feel that the bounty thus extended involved a corresponding obligation, and comported himself accordingly

In these extensive grounds, every variety of taste will find its appropriate gratification. They contain many remains of ancient art scattered through them, — such as sepulchral monuments, vases, statues whole or broken, and bas-reliefs, — a temple, a hippodrome, or circus, a mock ruin, a pretty lake near the entrance, with a mimic waterfall, the delight of children indigenous and exotic, and two or three fountains. The sketcher and the lover of nature will be attracted by the rich masses of oak and laurel, the lines of funereal cypresses, and the broad, spreading canopies of the stone pine. At appropriate hours of the day, especially on Sunday, the middle classes of Rome, the characteristic portion of its population, are largely represented here; and he who is interested in marking the minute shades of difference which distinguish one portion of Christian and civilized man from another, will here meet with large opportunities for observing the manners and habits of these frank and amiable people. For the recluse and self-withdrawn there are regions of solitude and seclusion where the silence is primeval; broken only by the hum of an insect or the chirp of a bird. As the grounds are so extensive, and as they are also blighted with the curse of malaria, a large portion of them is left undisturbed by the hand of man. The tree grows as it will, the leaves rot where they fall and mingle with the soil, and the grass is thick and matted together; and the American, in the pleasure-grounds of a prince, dim with the shadows of a remote antiquity, is not unfrequently reminded of the untrodden forests of his own land.*

The principal building, or casino, is rich in works of sculpture, and is also well worth visiting from the number and size of the apartments, their fine proportions, and the taste and splendor with which they are embellished. Combining, as it does, so much beauty with the means of securing coolness in warm weather, such as ample spaces, wide staircases, marble floors, and lofty ceilings, it is unfortunately uninhabitable in summer and autumn from malaria; and is not used except as a show-place or museum, kept up for the benefit of the public. In winter, the apartments, especially those on the first floor, are like an ice-house from dampness and cold, and only to be visited by an invalid with great precaution.

The floor of the principal saloon, or hall, is occupied in part by large pieces of mosaic found upon an estate belonging to the family, in the neighborhood of Tivoli, in 1835. The draw-

* This is a description of the grounds as they were. They are now sadly changed, having suffered great injury during the recent French invasion.

ing and workmanship are inferior, and show it to have been executed in the decaying periods of art. The subjects are fights between men and animals, the names of the combatants being designated by letters. Though of little or no value as a work of art, the mosiac is curious as an illustration of costume and manners. Upon the upper part of the wall, opposite the entrance, is a colossal group in relief, representing Marcus Curtius precipitating himself into the gulf in the Forum. In this magnificent room, which is decorated with equal taste and splendor, are many fine statues and busts; among the latter those of the twelve Cæsars by modern hands. In the gallery a finely decorated apartment which communicates with the saloon, is a series of busts of Roman emperors, in porphyry, with alabaster draperies, resting on columns of red granite. They are by modern hands and of good workmanship; but the strong contrasts of color which they present degrade sculpture into mere decorative furniture.

In one of the upper rooms is a very remarkable marble group, by Bernini, of Apollo and Daphne. It represents the moment when the flying nymph is seized by the god, and is already beginning to be transformed into a laurel. The up-raised hands are terminated by twigs and leaves instead of fingers. The feet are rooted in the ground, and the whole of the lower part of the form is barked about and enveloped in foliage in a manner wonderful to look at and difficult to describe. The face, thrown back, breathes the repose of death. Apollo, a light, graceful figure, is in eager pursuit, with arms outstretched, and drapery flying back from the rapidity of his movement.

In mere technical dexterity and mechanical skill, this group excels any thing of the kind I have ever seen. It is a miracle of manipulation. It is such a work as would, beforehand, have been pronounced an absolute impossibility; and, as it is, we look at it with a sort of incredulous wonder as if there must be some trick about it, and it could not be what it purports to be. The manner in which the flesh passes away into foliage is something quite indescribable, and remains a mystery after careful examination. Such a work would have been esteemed very remarkable if cut out of pine wood, but, wrought as it is in marble, it appears rather the result of magic than of mortal tools and fingers.

In the same apartment are two other works of Bernini, David with a sling, and Æneas carrying Anchises, both of considerable merit. These, and the Apollo and Daphne, were all executed by him between his fifteenth and eighteenth year; an

instance of precocity in sculpture quite without parallel, and at least equal to that of Chatterton in poetry. These statues show the natural vigor of his genius, as many of his later works give proof of the false direction which it took under the influence of bad taste and corrupting patronage. Had the path in which his powers moved been as true as their moving impulse was strong, he would have surpassed every name in modern sculpture, except that of Michael Angelo. When we turn from these works of the Villa Borghese to the clumsy fountain in the Piazza Navona, the bronze covering of the chair of St. Peter's, and the vile statue of Sta. Theresa in the Church of Sta. Maria della Vittoria, it is difficult to imagine that they all proceeded from the same mind; still less, that the works done in the green tree should so far surpass those done in the dry.

> 'Cœpisti melius quam desinis; ultima primis
> Cedunt: dissimilis quam hic vir et ille puer.'

In another room of the upper suite is Canova's celebrated statue of the Princess Pauline Borghese, which has only been shown to the public within a comparatively recent period, and which enjoys a certain factitious interest from its supposed history, beyond that which its intrinsic merits, as a work of art, can claim. The statue is in a recumbent posture, reclining on a couch, which is also sculptured out of marble, and the upper part of the person is supported by marble cushions. The costume, with the exception of a very light scarf, is that of Eve before the fall; and there is a consciousness of nakedness in the air and expression which obtrudes the fact offensively upon the attention. Its merits appeared to me to consist rather in the satin-like softness and polish given to the surface of the marble, than in the grace or proportions of the figure. The subject, too, was of a kind calculated to bring out rather the shadows than the lights of Canova's genius.

The Villa Albani is situated a short distance beyond the Porta Salaria, upon a broad thoroughfare which forms one of the most agreeable promenades in the neighborhood of Rome. The national pride of a Roman would probably select this villa as the one most worthy to be commended to a stranger's admiration, from its combining, in the highest perfection, all the elements most sought and valued in these suburban structures. The principal villa with its portico and wings, the billiard-room and summer-house, form a group of buildings, beautifully situated upon a gentle eminence, commanding a varied and extensive view of the Campagna and the Sabine Hills; and though not impervious to criticism in particular details, the

whole combination, when seen under the bright illumination of an Italian sun, and relieved by the splendid panorama around it, forms one of the most smiling, airy, and graceful architectural pictures it is possible to look upon. Nor is the enchantment which distance lends dissipated upon a nearer view. Built in the middle of the last century, — which is only yesterday in Rome, — its whole aspect is youthful and fresh ; without disfeature and without decay. Every thing is on a scale of consistent magnificence. An unrivalled collection of works of art is lodged in spacious apartments, richly but not gaudily decorated. The elaborate gardens are not abandoned to neglect, and thus permitted to lose their distinctive character without gaining the unbought charm of the natural landscape. The villa is at once a rich museum and an attractive abode ; and presents a combination of splendor and comfort which would meet the different requisitions of an Italian prince and an English nobleman.

The collection of the Villa Albani is confined to works of sculpture, and in number and value ranks next to those of the Vatican and the Capitol. Several of the apartments are ornamented with fresco paintings, which are pleasing specimens of decorative embellishment, but of no great value as works of art. As the statues, busts, vases, and bas-reliefs of this collection are some hundreds in number, and as I never had an opportunity of visiting it but once, and then was hurried through the rooms in company with a numerous party, by an impatient custode, it is quite impossible for me to speak of its treasures except in general terms of admiration. The bas-relief of Antinous crowned with lotus flowers, which Murray calls ' the gem of the collection,' is a very beautiful work, — the marble polished almost to metallic brightness, and the face wearing that peculiar expression of voluptuous melancholy, so common in the busts and statues of Antinous. I also remember an admirable statue in bronze, the Apollo Sauroctonos ; an exquisite bas-relief, representing the marriage of Peleus and Thetis ; a noble statue of Minerva ; a curious and lifelike statue of a female satyr, in the billiard-room ; and a bust of Æsop, in the coffee-house, very ugly but very intellectual.

The gardens of the Villa Albani are of moderate extent, but very elaborately laid out with terraces, balustrades, and flights of steps, adorned with busts, statues, and vases, and sparkling with fountains. From the arena in front of the casino a flight of steps leads to the first level, and from this, another flight conducts to the second. Formal beds of flowers are laid out and kept with care ; and the usual appendages of such gardens

— borders of box, smoothly swept walks, and trees ranged in rectangular rows — are not wanting. As these grounds of the Villa Albani are a favorable specimen of the Italian style of gardening, so called, a few words of explanation on this point may not be out of place.

There are but two styles of laying out gardens, or, more properly, pleasure-grounds; one, English, and one, Italian: whatever changes have been introduced in other countries are but modifications of these two systems. The difference in them is the result mainly of differences in climate, and of consequent diversity of habits and tastes. The Englishman, living in a climate of uniform coolness, is led to form habits of active exercise; and he delights to surround his dwelling-place with as much land as his means will allow, so that his walks and rides may be as extensive as possible. His house becomes only a small part of the landscape, and he brings the greenness and wildness of nature as near as possible to his very door. He disposes of his trees and shrubs in such a way as to banish the idea of formality, and to create the impression that they have been sown by the hand of Nature herself. Living under a gray and overclouded sky, where lights and shadows rapidly alternate, and gleams of watery sunshine fall in broken fragments he is obliged to forego the sudden contrasts of broad masses of ight and shade, and to seek that general effect, the combination of many particulars, which requires a large space to be produced. The moisture of the English climate is alsc highly favorable to the growth of trees and shrubs, and is the immediate cause of that exquisite verdure which is the great charm of an English landscape. A lawn can only be seen in perfection in England; and it is not surprising that an embellishment so refreshing to the eye, and always so attainable, should form an essential part in English pleasure-grounds. On the other hand, the Italian, living in a hot climate, does not fall into habits of bodily activity. Long walks or rides are not tempting to him, and, for a portion of the year, at least, are quite out of the question. His purpose in laying out his grounds is to enlarge his house. He seeks to be led into the open air by insensible gradations and unobserved intervals. His garden is to a considerable extent an architectural creation. His terraces and balustrades form rooms in the open air, without walls or roof. Not having a certain portion of the day appropriated to exercise, he seeks to secure the power of going into the open air, when the humor may seize him, without being exposed to observation. The powerful sun which burns up his grass creates a necessity for shade, and, instead of distributing his

trees in clumps over a lawn, he plants them in rectangular rows, so that by the meeting of their branches they may make a sun-proof canopy. As the light falls in monotonous sheets from a cloudless and dazzling sky, he contrives by salient projections by walls, vases, balustrades, statues, and by thick-foliaged trees like pines and cypresses, to produce strong shadows, and thus modify the general glare. For the same reason, — the prevalence of heat and sunshine, — fountains are added, — if not to cool the air, to awaken dreams of coolness, and refresh the thoughts if not the senses. The English writers upon the subject have not dealt quite fairly with Italian landscape gardening, nor judged of it with reference to the ends proposed to be accomplished by it. Their groves nodding at groves, their fraternal alleys, their formal walls of verdure, are not caricatures of Nature, introduced from a perverse preference of what is quaint and fantastic, but simply such a direction and use of the energies of Nature as shall produce certain results which are required by the climate, and which shall so blend with the features of the palace or villa, as to produce an architectural whole.

The Villa Albani has an interest in the history of art from its association with the name of Winckelmann, who resided there more or less for several years, in the capacity of librarian to Cardinal Albani. The relation between them was honorable to both parties, and is an instance of patronage, extended and received, without unreasonable exactions on the one side, or degrading subserviency on the other. The liberality of the cardinal was directed by the taste and knowledge of Winckelmann, whilst, with the command of the cardinal's resources and the sense of security and mental self-possession given by his delicate generosity, the researches of Winckelmann were prosecuted under the most favorable conditions, and led to most successful results. It is a happy combination, when the streams of wealth are thus guided by the hands of genius and taste; they are sure to bring beauty and fertility in their train.

I visited this villa on the twenty-second day of February, with a numerous party prepared to enjoy and not to criticize. The day was of rare beauty, and the air full of that dreamy softness so characteristic of an Italian spring. The distant hills stood up in the clear air, with their waving outlines distinctly cut against the warm, blue sky. The sunshine turned the spray of the fountains into a substance dazzling as itself. Many flowers were already in bloom, and the day was warm enough to make the shadows attractive to the eye, and the sound of flowing and falling water musical to the ear. All of

the party would have frankly confessed, I think, that the charm of the garden outweighed that of the collection. We lingered often and long, sometimes over a knot of violets, sometimes by a fountain, sometimes on the brink of a fairy lake to look at the mimic heaven reflected in its depths, sometimes under a tent-like roof of a foliage; and we left the scene with slow steps and oft-reverted glances.

The Villa Pamphili-Doria, beyond the Porta S. Pancrazio, is the most extensive of all the Roman villas; the grounds being nearly six miles in circumference. The principal building I never visited, and I believe it contains nothing very remarkable. The grounds around it form a very attractive place of resort, to which strangers are freely admitted at all reasonable hours. They are laid out with terraces, clipped avenues, walks of box, and formal beds of flowers; but the artificial character gradually disappears, and, in the more distant portions, the growth of bushes and trees is careless and natural. The surface of the soil is irregular, rising into elevations and depressed into valleys. From an open space, at no great distance from the casino, is one of the finest views of St. Peter's and the Vatican. The unsightly façade is on the other side and out of the way; the whole height of the church from the base to the dome, is taken in at a glance; and the dome itself puts on its grandest and sublimest aspect.

Within the grounds is an artificial lake, ornamented by statues, and a mimic waterfall. The banks of this lake, on one side at least, are varied in surface and covered with what seems a natural growth of trees and underwood; and a pleasanter spot to dream away an hour in cannot be found in the neighborhood of Rome. The reverie inspired by the genius of the place will rarely be broken by the approach of human footsteps, but the falling water and the rustling foliage will supply sound and movement enough to awaken a sense of companionship, and quicken the flow of thought.

But the finest ornaments of these grounds is a noble grove of pines, — lofty and venerable, — whose spreading tops are so interwoven as to form a plain of sombre verdure high in the air. Beneath, the ground is covered with the fallen spikes of foliage, and, what with the weird aspect of the old trunks, and the brown shadows, dark even in the blaze of noon, it is a ghostly tabernacle, suggesting the gloomy superstitions of the north and the grim rites of Druids, rather than the smiling myths of Greece and Italy. These pines are so high, and the ground on which they stand so elevated, that they form a con-

conspicuous feature in the landscape, visible far and wide, especially from the Monte Pincio.

The Villa Madama, which derives its name from its having been the property of Margaret of Austria, daughter of Charles V., is outside of the walls, on the southern slope of Monte Mario. It was built from the designs of Raphael, and completed by his pupils after his death. In the interior are a frieze and ceiling painted in fresco by Giulio Romano, with representations of mythological subjects. Its finest architectural feature is the loggia, — an open portico, with a roof divided into arched compartments and terminated by a semicircular vault, the whole decorated, if I remember right, with fast-fading frescoes of figures and arabesques.

From the Villa Madama to the Villa Melini, which crowns the summit of the hill, there is a woodland path, nearly lost in a tangled growth of shrubbery and underwood. The sturdy branches meet above one's head, and the matted vines and bushes, especially a thorn-bearing creeper, like the smilax, present a wall of resistance not easily overcome. There was nothing that gave any token that man's hand had ever been here, or that his foot had ever passed by the spot. And all this within a mile of St. Peter's!

The Villa Melini is beautifully situated, and commands a fine view of Rome, in some respects the finest that can be seen from any point. The chief ornament of the grounds is a noble walk of venerable cypresses, which look old enough to have bent over the musing steps of Raphael and Michael Angelo.*

About five miles from Rome, on the road to Ostia, is the Villa Magliana, a castellated building of somewhat striking aspect, with battlemented walls and a tower. The court-yard, adorned with a fountain, is entered through an imposing portal. Inscriptions upon the fountains and walls recall the names of Innocent VIII., and of Julius II., by whom the villa was built, and with whom it was a favorite place of resort. Leo X. was also fond of it, and it is said that his death was caused by a cold caught here. In one of the rooms, originally a chapel, are some frescoes by Raphael, or at least ascribed to him, and, so far as their merit can be discerned in their faded and ruined state, not unworthy of his genius. One of them represents God the Father, surrounded by a glory of cherubim; and the

* A pine-tree in the grounds of the Villa Melini, conspicuous from its size and solitary position, is said to have been saved from the axe to which it was doomed, by the liberality of the late Sir George Beaumont; an incident commemorated by Wordsworth in one of his sonnets

other, the Martyrdom of Sta. Felicitas.* Through the latter some inconceivable Vandal has caused a window to be cut.

This villa, once the luxurious retreat of popes, is fallen from its high estate, and is no more than a humble farm-house. Its spacious rooms were filled with grain and other agricultural produce. Men in the garb of common laborers were lounging about; the court-yard was littered with straw and filth; and barn-door fowls were pecking and scratching around the fountain. Though I was there on a bright morning in spring, nothing could be more unattractive than the whole aspect of the place and its immediate neighborhood. The Tiber flowed near by through a monotonous country, and the dreary plains beyond presented nothing of interest to the eye.†

The Villa Torlonia, about a mile beyond the Porta Pia, belongs to the great banker who taxes all the world that comes to Rome. The casino is a Grecian structure of some architectural pretension, but with the appearance of having been hastily and slightly built. The interior, with a singular disregard of the requisitions of a Roman climate, is cut up into a multitude of small, low rooms, which are lavishly adorned with costly marbles and mosaics, and with frescoes which are not exactly good, but undoubtedly the best that money can buy. Compared with the noble apartments, the spacious corridors, and the stately terraces of the Villa Albani, the general effect is poor and mean. The large hall is a showy room, with marble columns and a mosaic copied from one at Palestrina, representing an inundation of the Nile. In a building in the garden is a theatre, quite pretty and tasteful in its arrangements, and large enough to accommodate an audience of eight hundred or a thousand persons. In the grounds, which are not very extensive, are a great variety of objects, — an artificial ruin, two granite obelisks, a column, fountains, an amphitheatre, a Gothic stable, and a grotto with artificial stalactites. Wealth has been lavished with the most reckless profusion, but the expenditures of good taste have been upon a very parsimonious scale. There is a want of harmony, fitness, and proportion. Discordant objects are huddled together, as in the landscapes of a china teacup; and the whole effort suggests the combination of the

* Mrs. Jameson says Sta. Cecilia.

† The frescoes of the Villa Magliana have been engraved by Lewis Gruner, an admirable interpreter of the genius of Raphael, who is engaged upon a series of plates from the cartoons at Hampton Court, which will undoubtedly do full justice to these great works, — at least more than has yet been done.

wealth of a millionaire and the tastes of a cockney. The villa is not completed, or was not, at the time of my visit. Many workmen were busy in different parts of the grounds, and the unfinished buildings, and the extensive excavations in the soil, presented an aspect quite rare in the latitude of Rome, where man seems to have given up work, and to have nothing left to do but to fold his hands and look on.

CHAPTER XIII.

Obelisks — Fountains — The Castle of St. Angelo — Historical Houses in Rome — Campana's Museum — The College of the Propaganda — The Protestant Burying-ground — Valley of Egeria.

OBELISKS.

The standard of antiquity is set backward, as the traveller moves towards the east. The scale of France and Germany is fixed at an earlier date than that of England. The mediæval structures of Northern Italy are younger than the classical remains of Rome. These last are of later growth than the ruined temples of Magna Græcia and Sicily. The Parthenon is a birth of yesterday, compared with the Pyramids; and now the Pyramids seem called upon to bow their venerable heads, and acknowledge the older claims of Nineveh.

But the remote past — the infancy of the world — has sent its representatives to Rome, that this wonderful city might be wanting in nothing venerable and impressive. Of the eleven Egyptian obelisks which are such conspicuous objects in the scenery of Rome, three, at least, are of an origin prior to the conquest of Egypt by Cambyses. That of the Piazza del Popolo, which is the oldest, is of the age of Moses, and those of Monte Citorio and St. John Lateran are not much younger. The obelisk of the Vatican, though without hieroglyphics, is, according to Champollion, to be referred to the reign of the successor of the great Sesostris, fourteen centuries before Christ.* That before Sta. Maria Maggiore, and that on the Monte Cavallo, are plain shafts, without hieroglyphics, and were probably hewn from the quarries of Egypt while that country was under the Roman rule. The five others, which are covered with hyeroglyphics, and stand, respectively, in the Piazza Navona, near the Church of Sta. Maria sopra Minerva, on the Trinità de' Monti, near the Pantheon, and on the Monte Pincio, are supposed to belong to the dynasty of the Ptolemies.

* 'Beschreibung der Stadt Rom' B. 2, Th. 1, p. 156

All the Roman obelisks are of red granite, a material, both in grain and color, extremely well adapted to such forms. That of St. John Lateran is the largest, the shaft being upwards of a hundred feet high; but it is broken in three pieces. Those of Sta. Maria Maggiore and of the Piazza del Popolo, which are the next largest, are also broken in several places. Of those which are unbroken, that of the Vatican is much the largest. The four last named were all erected by Fontana, during the pontificate of Sixtus V.

These obelisks, with hardly a single exception, are well placed, and in harmonious relations with the objects around them.* That of the Vatican and that of the Piazza del Popolo are the happiest in their position and locality, for each is the central point in an open and level space, — so that the eye can do full justice to its height and proportions. The impression which they make upon the mind is in unity with the gravity and melancholy of Rome itself. Such structures would not suit a merchants' exchange, or a place of gay resort; but in Rome there is neither business nor gaiety. They are architectural pilgrims that speak to us of the wonders of an older land; and the hieroglyphics carved upon them are sermons in an unknown tongue, upon the changes of time and the fleeting character of all things under the sun. Brought from a conquered country to swell the triumphs of the mistress of the earth, they have lived to see the land into which they were borne suffer the same decline, and fall into the same decay, as that from which they came. The power which hewed them from the quarry, and the power which transplanted them, are alike in the past; and their testimony comes enforced with the weight of two experiences.

There is a striking fact about these obelisks, that, though by far the oldest structures in Rome, they are not by any means ruins. Their edges are sharp, and the characters carved upon them are as legible as ever. Their form, and the hardness of their material, seem to have defied the destructive agencies alike of nature and of man. No bronze or iron could be extracted from them; they could not be burned into lime, and were not worth breaking up to build into palaces. The circle of architecture began with the pyramids and obelisks of Egypt, and with them it is likely to close. If Rome should ever become what Palmyra now is, — a naked and melancholy

* To this remark there is at least one exception. The obelisk which is near the Church of Sta. Maria sopra Minerva is placed on the back of a marble elephant, — one of Bernini's offences against good taste.

waste, — its obelisks will probably form the most conspicuous objects in the sketches which the accomplished traveller from Australia or New Zealand will carry home for the amusement of his friends.

FOUNTAINS.

In two essential elements of social civilization, the ancient Romans have never been equalled. They constructed the most durable roads, and made the most liberal provisions for a copious supply of water. The nine aqueducts which, in the time of Frontinus, poured their streams into Rome, furnished, according to the calculations of Tournon, an amount of water equal to that which would have been delivered by a river ten metres * in breadth and two in depth, flowing at the rate of thirty (French) inches a second. According to the same authority, the quantity of water supplied by these aqueducts, every twenty-four hours, was one million three hundred and twenty thousand cubic metres, † an amount seven times greater than the Canal de l'Ourcq conducts to the city of Paris. Well might Frontinus, with a just glow of national pride, claim for these works of noble utility an emphatic superiority over the pompous pyramids of Egypt, and even the unprofitable elegance of Greek architecture!

The wants of modern Rome are supplied by three aqueducts, the Acqua Vergine, the Acqua Paola, and the Acqua Felice. The Acqua Vergine, the source of which is near the Anio, a few miles from Rome, yields sixty-six thousand cubic metres of water every twenty-four hours, and furnishes thirteen large fountains and thirty-seven smaller ones. Among the former are the Fontana Trevi, the fountains of the Piazza Navona, and the Barcaccia of the Piazza di Spagna. Its water is the best in Rome.

The Acqua Paola, which is brought from the Lake of Bracciano, about twenty-five miles from Rome, yields nearly four thousand cubic metres every twenty-four hours. The fountains of St. Peter's are supplied from this aqueduct.

The Acqua Felice, the source of which is near the ruins of Gabii, on the road to Palestrina, about twelve miles from Rome,

* A metre is 3,281 feet.

† 1,320,000 cubic metres are 349,635,000 wine gallons. The daily supply of Cochituate water to the city of Boston, during the year 1852, was 8,126,000 gallons, being about 1-43 of the amount furnished by the Roman aqueducts. But the lake is able to supply about 17,000,000 gallons daily.

yields twenty thousand five hundred and thirty-seven cubic metres every twenty-four hours, and supplies twenty-seven public fountains. The waters of this aqueduct, drawn from a marshy source, are inferior to those of the other two.

There are one hundred and eight public fountains in Rome. The private ones are much more numerous, and all are most copiously supplied with water by these three aqueducts. No city in Christendom is so bountifully furnished in this respect as Rome. Tournon calculates that the amount, in proportion to the population, is forty times greater than that enjoyed by Paris.*

The fountains in Rome are among its most delightful features; the stranger is never out of the sound of their dash and play. In the blaze of noon, they charm the eye with their silver spray and feathery foam, and, in the stillness of night, they soothe the ear with their monotonous music, that fills and overflows the silent streets and deserted squares. They bring the life of the country into the hot and dusty city; and the heart of the hills from which their waters are drawn seems to throb through their pulse-like flow. They present an image of perpetual youth, the more striking from its contrast with the venerable antiquity that is around them. By that law of association which is founded upon opposition, they are especially linked to the obelisks, as they are often brought together in local proximity. The obelisks are the oldest works of men's

* I am sorry to say that the Romans do not avail themselves of their water privileges as they ought to do. Their streets are disgracefully dirty, and their persons do not show a very intimate acquaintance with the product of their fountains. Edward Lear, the artist, in the entertaining letter-press journal which accompanies his 'Illustrated Excursion in Italy,' relates that he heard, among the inhabitants of a town in the Abruzzi, of an Englishman who had been there many years before, and who was pronounced universally to have been insane, and on four distinct grounds;—he often drank water instead of wine; he more than once paid more money for an article than it was worth; he persisted in walking even when he had hired a horse; and he always washed himself, sometimes even twice a day! Consistent and uniform cleanliness is, indeed, an almost exclusively English grace. Pure hands, pure teeth, and linen without reproach, are rather the exception than the rule on the continent.

It may be here remarked that the water in Rome is not distributed over the houses by pipes, but is drawn up from the fountain, or reservoir, in the court by a peculiar contrivance. A rope or wire extends diagonally from the window of the apartment to be supplied, to the fountain: along this rope a bucket descends, which, when filled, is drawn up by another rope passing through a pulley fastened above the window. This piece of rigging is one of the first objects which the traveller sees on looking out of the window in the morning, and, unless he be forewarned, he will be somewhat puzzled to make out its meaning and purpose.

hands, but the fountains that play and murmur at their feet are expressions of that immortal youth which painters represent in their bodiless cherubs. The obelisks are heavy with the weight of forty centuries; but the fountains are a perpetual present, — born with the upward jet and dying with the downward plunge.

In an architectural point of view, many of these fountains are in questionable taste; and, perhaps, most of them are open to the general criticism that the water is overborne by the stone, marble, or bronze, through or over which it flows. The frame is disproportioned to the picture. As I have remarked in another place, the fountains of St Peter's are an exception to this general rule. In them, the architectural framework is comparatively simple, and performs no more than its proper function of displaying the water. On this account, these fountains, less striking at first than some of their more ambitious brethren, constantly gain in favor, and are in time preferred to all others, — simplicity and good taste being sure to vindicate their claims in the long run.

Of all the fountains, the Fontana Paolina and the Fontana di Trevi are the most striking and the best known. The Fontana Paolina is on the Janiculum, in a conspicuous position, commanding a fine and extensive view. It is an imposing, though not altogether tasteful, architectural structure, resembling the gable of a church. Six Ionic columns support an entablature, and between the columns are five arches, the three central ones being of the same height as the entablature, while the two on either side are of smaller dimensions. Above the entablature is an attic with an inscription, surmounted by the papal arms in bas-relief, crowned with a cross between two blazing urns. Through each of the large arches, an exulting and magnificent stream of water leaps into a wide and deep reservoir in front; while, in each of the smaller ones, a smaller jet descends through a carved dragon's head. The whole effect is very grand. The rushing streams of water are full of the untamed strength of the mountains, and bound and roar through the arches like young lions springing upon their prey. They form an image of boundless, vivid, and unworn energies; while the broad, deep pool into which they fall is equally expressive of tranquil and mellowed power. A considerable stream flows from the reservoir, which empties into the Tiber, furnishing moving power in its course to several small manufacturing establishments.

The Fontana di Trevi is in the heart of Rome. A mass of rocks is tumbled together at the base of the façade of an immense palace. In a large niche, in the centre of the façade,

is a statue of Neptune in his car, the horses of which, with their attendant tritons, are pawing and sprawling among the rocks. On either side of Neptune, in a smaller niche, is an allegorical statue, and above the head of each of the statues is a bas-relief. All this is in bad taste, — an incongruous blending of fact and fable, chilled by the coldest of allegories; but it sounds worse in description than it looks to the eye. The water gushes up in sparkling and copious masses from the crevices between the rocks, spouts from the nostrils of the horses and the conchs of the tritons, and gives to the whole scene its own dancing and glittering beauty. The figures, human and animal, seem to be no more than men and horses enjoying their bath, and having a frolic at the same time. As we look, we begin with criticism, but we end with admiration. The several streams and jets are united, and, forming a fine cascade, flow over into a spacious basin, which is below the level of the piazza. This is the scene of the moonlight interview between Corinna and Oswald, as described in the sixth chapter of the fourth book of the novel; and, to this day, whenever the moon has touched the trembling waters with her silver rod, the mind's eye sees the shadows of the lovers resting upon the stream.

THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.

The castle of St. Angelo, — originally the Mausoleum of Hadrian, — the Pantheon, and the tomb of Cecilia Metella, are the best preserved monuments of ancient Rome; and this is mainly due to the circular form which is common to them all. This form presents no salient point, either to the elements or the hand of violence, and offers no sharp corners for the teeth of time to nibble upon.

In nothing does the mind of to-day more differ from the mind of antiquity, than in the feeling in regard to the disposal of the dead. The emperor Hadrian, with the resources of a world at his command, erects a costly palace for his tomb, and lavishes upon it all the luxuries of sculpture and architecture. Such was the taste of those times. The Roman tombs were houses for the dead, ranged along the sides of travelled thoroughfares, as if the tide of life that rolled through them might be felt by the mute clay on either hand. The Roman clung to the substantial satisfactions of the earth. To be weary of the sun is a modern disease. To be buried in a place of rural seclusion seemed to add a new pang to the sting of separation

and deepen the loneliness of the realm of shadows. But, in our days, our dreams and wishes in regard to our final resting-place rarely take the form of architectural splendor. We seek to lie down upon the lap of the common earth, and not be thrust from her gentle embrace by stone or marble. We wish the shadow of silence to rest upon our graves, and that our own dust may pass into the life of nature and revolve in her cycles of renewal and decay.

The most familiar view of Rome embraces the castle and bridge of St. Angelo and the church of St. Peter's. A thousand times had I seen it in engravings, and it was with a peculiar feeling — half recognition and half surprise — that I beheld the real group in the smokeless air of a Roman December. The combination is so happy and picturesque that they appear to have arranged themselves for the especial benefit of artists, and to be good-naturedly standing, like models, to be sketched. They make a picture inevitable.

The Mausoleum has undergone many changes, and a considerable portion of the upper part has been added in modern times; but its primitive appearance and original form were so remarkable, that it probably presents much the same aspect to the eye as on the day when the remains of the master of the world were committed to its trust. At first, it was merely a magnificent sarcophagus, devoted to no object but to honor the imperial dust that slept in its rocky core; but, in the stormy centuries that swept over Rome, it played many parts and was dedicated to many services. With the first lowering of the clouds of war over the doomed city, it was turned into a fortress, — a character which it has never since lost. No building in the world has probably lived through a more eventful existence, and none, if there were tongues in stones, could tell a tale of more varied interest. Before the modern improvements in artillery, its position and structure made it a place of so much strength that its gain or loss often decided the fate of a civil contest. About the beginning of the sixteenth century, the covered gallery was built which leads from the palace of the Vatican, and, in the middle of the seventeenth, Urban VIII. added a mound, ditch, and bastion, and a battery of a hundred cannon, cast from the bronze of the Pantheon.

For a long period, the castle of St. Angelo was the principal state prison of the papal government. Here, in the year 1537 was brought and confined the fiery-hearted Benvenuto Cellini whose autobiographical memoirs contain not only a most amusing account of his own life, but present a curious and instructive picture of the times in which he lived. After narrating the

circumstances of his arrest, he tells us — as if it were rather a noticeable circumstance — that this was the first time that he had known the inside of a prison, and that he was then in his thirty-seventh year; and, considering his stormy temper, and that by his own showing he had committed at least one homicide, besides having been frequently engaged in duels and desperate brawls, we may well share in his surprise. His adventures in the castle, his account of the hypochondriac governor who imagined himself to be a bat, the courage and address he showed in making his escape, his unhappy accident in breaking his leg just as liberty was within his grasp, his reconsignment to prison, and his final deliverance — are all set down in his memoirs, in 'very choice Italian,' and done into very fair English by Mr. Roscoe.

To see the interior of the castle, it is necessary to have the permission of the governor. I went over it with a party of friends on a fine morning in January. We were received in a sort of guard-room, and committed to the charge of an inferior officer, who conducted us over the building with much civility. By torch-light, and through narrow passages which looked like shafts cut through a mountain of rock, we were led into the sepulchral vault, which is dimly lighted by two windows pierced in the massive wall. The masonry is of the most admirable description, and the blocks are like a solid, unbroken surface of rock. In passing to the top of the building, we were conducted through a spacious and handsomely furnished saloon, or drawing-room. A lady was there, engaged in some feminine occupation, and a nice little girl was practising upon the piano. Such a piece of domestic life was in agreeable contrast with the grim monotony and solemn gloom of the regions from which we had emerged. It was pleasant to think that a family heart was beating within those iron walls, and that children were romping over spots so long associated with crime, violence, and death. I did not omit to ask for the cell in which Cellini was confined, and it was duly pointed out to me. It was a small and dark apartment, neither better nor worse than most places of imprisonment.

The top of the castle commands a beautiful view of Rome, and especially of St. Peter's, which nowhere else appears to better advantage. The colossal statue of the archangel Michael, in bronze, which is so conspicuous an object from below is the work of a Flemish sculptor, and was placed there about the middle of the last century, by Benedict XIV. He is represented in the act of sheathing a sword. The idea of a warrior-angel, even as presented to the mind in the magnificent poetry

of Milton, is not exactly to our taste; but when we see the conception set forth in bronze, and magnified to twice the size of life, the incongruity of the two elements is strongly forced upon us. Nor is there any peculiar merit in the statue, as a work of art, to plead for the discord of the conception. Yet, for all this, there is no person who has ever been to Rome, who would not be sorry to hear that it had been thrown down by a stroke of lightning. It is so familiar an object — for it is visible from nearly all points, and one can hardly lift his eyes without seeing it — that it forms a part of our aggregate image of Rome; and the improvement would not be worth the change. It is like an ugly weathercock which we have been accustomed to look at every day in boyhood and youth; and, though in maturity or decline we recognize its ugliness, we protest against its removal.*

HISTORICAL HOUSES IN ROME.

There are many historical houses in Rome, and in spite of the changes which several of them have undergone, they are still objects of peculiar interest. In the Via delle Quattro Fontane, at the corner made by the street which leads from the Quirinal Palace to the Porta Pia, stands an unpretending house, conspicuous among its neighbors for the many green blinds with which the front is adorned. This, tradition points out as the house in which Milton was received and entertained by Cardinal Barberini, and where he heard Leonora Baroni sing; who, then enjoying the reputation of one of the first singers in Europe, little thought that her name would be immortalized by an unknown youth, from a remote region, a stranger and a heretic, from whose exquisite genius her voice called forth echoes sweeter than itself.

* The angel of the castle of St. Angelo reminds me of a singular trait — shall I say national or personal? — in M. Beyle, the author, under the assumed name of Stendhal, of 'Promenades dans Rome.' In speaking of the angel and its attitude, he says that it suggested a fine reply to the French officer who was in command of the fortress at the downfall of Napoleon, and who, when summoned to surrender, said that he would do so when the angel on the top had sheathed his sword. All this is very grand; but mark the result. He did surrender, and the angel did not sheathe his sword. Interpreted by the event, this fine speech becomes a mere piece of vaporing bravado, which, one would think, a French writer would take particular care not to record. But M. Beyle is so taken with this mouth-filling gasconade, that the practical bathos of the conclusion quite drops out of his mind, and he accepts the brass-gilt sublime for the true metal

Sir Walter Scott, during his brief residence in Rome, had apartments in the Casa Bernini, in a street not far from the Piazza di Spagna, a house otherwise interesting as having been the residence of the artist whose name it bears.

Niebuhr, who was in Rome several years as Prussian minister, lived in the Palazzo Orsini, which stands upon the site of the theatre of Marcellus, many fragments of which are still visible. Here occurred those conversations of which Professor Lieber has given so interesting a record in his reminiscences of his illustrious friend. Among Niebuhr's letters is a beautiful one to Madame Hensler, describing a parting visit to the house, with his son Marcus, on their return to Rome after a short residence in Naples, and while it was undergoing changes and repairs in the hands of a new possessor.

In the Via Sistina, near the head of the splendid flight of steps leading from the Piazza di Spagna to the Trinità de' Monti, at a short distance from each other, are three houses which were occupied, respectively, by Salvator Rosa, Claude Lorraine, and Nicholas Poussin. A finer situation for an artist's residence can hardly be found than this spot affords, commanding, as it does, fine views of Rome, and with the best advantages of light and air. Poussin, especially, could never have looked from his window without seeing a varied and glowing picture.

The house which stands at the point where the Via Sistina and the Via Gregoriana unite their converging lines was built and occupied by the brothers Zuccari. It is a spacious dwelling, beautifully situated, and at this moment one of the most desirable habitations in Rome. It is also known by the name of the Casa Bartholdi, the Prussian Consul General of that name having lived there some years since. Under his direction, one of the rooms in the second story was painted in fresco by four distinguished German artists, Cornelius, Veit, Overbeck, and Schadow, — the subjects being taken from the history of Joseph. They may be regarded as the first steps of that school of modern German art which has reached so large a development in the frescoes at Munich; and, on this account, though the positive merit is not great, they will always be examined with interest, as being among the earliest works which breathe a purity and elevation of feeling, that makes us tolerant towards hardness in drawing and coldness of coloring. Upon the ground-floor — neglected and rarely seen — are some decorations in fresco by Federigo Zuccari.*

* This house is said by Mr. Dennistoun, in his learned and interesting

The grea. name of Raphael is associated with two houses; one in the Via Coronari, a street which runs in a westerly direction from a point just north of the Piazza Navona. Here he resided for many years, but removed before his death to a beautiful palace, built by Bramante, in the street leading from the Castle of St. Angelo to St. Peter's, which is still standing The house in the Via Coronari is abandoned to neglect, and left to take its chance of occupants, in a way that shows a strange insensibility among the people of Rome to the memory of that illustrious artist, who has done more than any one man that ever lived to make their city a place of attraction to strangers.

CAMPANA'S MUSEUM.

The museum of the Cavaliere Campana is full of interest and instruction to all those who are attracted to the subject of Etruscan antiquities. A large portion of its contents has been gathered from excavations made with great sagacity and perseverance by the Cav. Campana, upon his own estates. It is arranged in a suite of several rooms, and is, on certain days, shown to the public and explained either by the accomplished owner himself, or by some other competent person. The collection consists of vases, bas-reliefs, glass vessels, gold ornaments, household and military utensils, coins, statues, and sar cophagi. The glass vessels have been in some cases covered with brilliant prismatic colors by the decomposition of their elements, through time or some chemical agency. Some of the bas-reliefs are very fine, especially a series representing the labors of Hercules, showing evident marks of the influence of Greek art. Some of the works in stone are very rude, and have a family resemblance to those of Egypt. The household implements are curious. Among them is a pair of scales like the modern, with bronze animals for weights. There were also

'Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino,' to be still in the possession of the descendants of the Zuccari. It will always be recalled by me with peculiar satisfaction, as having been the residence, at the time of my visit in Rome, of a valued friend and countryman, — a young man who, resisting the temptations of an ample fortune, devoted himself to the arts of painting and music with a perseverance and industry which could have been sustained only by high taste and sincere love of the occupation His genial and graceful hospitalities will always be remembered with grateful pleasure by those who had the privilege of sharing in them, — commen led, as they were, by intelligent conversation in three languages, by the best of music, and that simple and cordial welcome which bound all his guests in chain of common sympathy.

bronze strigils for the use of bathers, and metal mirrors, beautifully fashioned, turning on a pivot. The collection of vases was, as might be expected, large and curious; some of them embellished with designs of much beauty. The gold ornaments, which are arranged in glass cases, formed the most generally attractive portion of the museum. They consisted of head-bands, necklaces, chains, bracelets, rings, and broaches. The workmanship was very good, but not of such rare excellence as I had been led to expect. The gold seemed to be entirely pure, without any mixture of alloy. The whole collection was like a leaf torn out of a lost book of history. An Etruscan bracelet made for an arm that has been dust for thirty centuries, viewed by an American, in a Roman house built, perhaps, before his country was discovered! What a cycle, embracing the past, the present, and the future, does this statement include? Etruria had reached a venerable antiquity before Rome was born. Rome is to us what Etruria was to Rome, — a monument and a memorial. Will there be for us a past as there is a present and a future? Will our civilization exhaust itself? Will the wild grape grow over the arches of the Croton aqueduct, and antiquaries dispute over the ruins of the Girard College?

THE COLLEGE OF THE PROPAGANDA.

This celebrated establishment was founded and liberally endowed by Gregory XV., in 1622, for the purpose of educating youths born in heathen or heretic countries in the principles of the Catholic faith, and sending them back as missionaries to their native homes. The death of Gregory followed within a year after, but his plans were zealously embraced by his successor Urban VIII. and the brother of the latter, Cardinal Antonio Barberini, by whom ample funds were bestowed upon the college. The building occupied by the institution in the Piazza di Spagna, a capricious and irregular piece of architecture, was erected by Urban VIII. from the plans partly of Bernini and partly of Boromini. It includes the palace once occupied by Vives, a Spanish prelate and ambassador, who bequeathed his whole fortune to the establishment.

At the breaking out of the French Revolution, this foundation, enriched by the bounty of devout Catholics all over Christendom, was one of the most powerful and wealthy in Europe. It enjoyed an annual income of three hundred thousand Roman crowns. It appealed to the unconverted by the written, as well

as the spoken, word. Its printing-office was one of the finest in the world, and had the means of publishing books in twenty seven different languages. But, before the storm which up rooted so many venerable institutions, this college also bowed its head. Its property was diverted to other objects, by the government of republican France, after its armies had taken possession of Rome.* Its types were carried to Paris; its pupils were scattered, and its doors remained closed for many years. The shepherd was smitten and the sheep dispersed.

After the restoration of the Bourbons in 1818, the college was re-opened under the patronage and auspices of Pius VII. and Cardinals Gonsalvi and de la Somaglia. Some fragments of its former possessions were found and restored to it, and fresh contributions were gathered in various parts of Europe. Its resources are still inadequate to the expenses, and the deficiency is made up by assistance derived from similar institutions in other countries. It has now about sixty pupils at a time, upon an average, within its walls, gathered from all parts of the world. They wear a uniform dress, a long, black robe, or cassock, edged with red, and a red girdle. Two bands, like broad ribbons, depend from the shoulders behind, representing leading-strings, and typifying a state of pupilage. The scholars are not obliged to be at any expense; the institution paying the charge of their journey to Rome, of their entire support while there, and of their return to their native country. No one is admitted who is over twenty years old, and each one is obliged to give a pledge that he will devote his life to the dissemination of Catholic doctrines among his own people.

There is something very impressive to the imagination in this institution, which gathers under its comprehensive wings the natives of such numerous and distant lands, and sends them back to preach the same faith in so many different tongues. It is the centre of a circle the circumference of which clasps the whole earth. It seems to come, more nearly than anything since the apostolic age, to the fulfilment of the Saviour's injunction: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel unto every creature.' The faces of the pupils, colored with every shade of hue known to the human family, and shaped in every mould that ethnology has recorded, all wear the same expression of serious and earnest devotion. It looks through the dark mask of the African, the copper skin of the Chinese and Malay, and the blue eyes and blooming complexion of the

*My authority for this statement is a French writer, M. Poujoulat 'Toscane et Rome,' p. 281.

Scandinavian. The breaking up of a class in one of our colleges is a serious occasion, though it is the first step in the race for the prizes of life; but with what feelings must these young men take each other by the hand for the last time, when they are about to be scattered and dispersed, like the rain-drops which fall on the water-shed of a continent, — to go forth to meet the chances of suffering and persecution, and to see each other's faces no more upon earth! *

On the 9th of January, 1848, I attended the annual performances, or commencement, of this institution. The apartment in which the exercises were held was of moderate size, furnished with rows of benches, which were closely packed with spectators, and a raised platform at one end, from which the pupils spoke. The places of honor nearest the stage were occupied by half a dozen cardinals, among whom was Cardinal Mezzofanti, whose extraordinary knowledge of languages naturally led him to take a lively interest in so polyglott an institution. As soon as the dignitaries were seated, the performance began with what we should call a salutatory address in Latin, pronounced by a youth whose name was set down in the programme as 'Sig. Enrico Van Buren di Limburgo.' His pronunciation was so unlike that to which my ear had been trained, that his Latin sounded like an unknown tongue. Then followed performances in fifty-one different languages and dialects, including Chinese, Persian, Arabic, Burman, Cingalese, Turkish, Ethiopian, Coptic, Hindostanee, and Syriac. They were generally very short, rarely exceeding five minutes; and as soon as one had concluded he was instantly followed by his successor, so that no time was lost. Several of the exercises in the oriental tongues were concluded by a few strains of singing or chanting, which afforded much amusement to the spectators. The strange countenances and the novel sounds make the whole affair quite entertaining, and many of the youths showed that their religious training had not entirely extinguished the spirit

* M. Poujoulat, from whom I have before quoted, says that in 1839 there were seventy pupils. He was informed that no one had ever desired to return to his home before completing his studies, but that this had occasionally become necessary on account of their health, though they had sometimes preferred to die at Rome rather than go back prematurely. He was told that no one recalled their homes with longing, or a desire to return, but those who went back most gladly were the natives of Lebanon, Switzerland, and Scotland: even religious devotedness not being sufficient to efface the love of home, when that home is among mountains. The rector also said that pupils from Greece and America were peculiarly quick of apprehension, and that the Chinese and the Egyptians, especially the latter, were the reverse.

of fun. Many of the oriental languages spoken hardly appeared to be composed of articulate sounds, but to be made up of gutturals, aspirations, and a sort of faint shriek. A young man from Guinea, who was as black as it is possible for a human being to be, recited some Latin hexameters. His manner was excellent, and his hexameters, smooth and flowing. The exercise in Portuguese was also by a colored youth, from Rio Janeiro, apparently the youngest of all the performers, looking not more than fifteen years old. He had a clear, ringing voice, and he spoke with great spirit and animation, producing a very general and hearty burst of applause. An English poem was recited by Sig. Eugene Small of Paisley, who spoke with a strong Scotch accent, and very rapidly. His poem, so far as I could follow him, was quite clever. In expressing his hope that Scotland might come back to the fold of the true Church, he used the expression 'Religion's Bannockburn.' He also recited a poem in the Scotch dialect, in a very animated manner. Two of the performers, John Roddan and John Quin, were from Boston, and were the only representatives from the United States. One of them spoke in Hebrew and in the language of the aborigines of Chili, and the other in that of Paraguay. Of all the languages, the Spanish struck me as the finest in the quality of its sounds.*

THE PROTESTANT BURYING-GROUND.

The Protestant burying-ground is within the walls, near the pyramid of Caius Cestius. The general appearance is pleasing but not striking; and it has that charm of silence and isolation which seems so appropriate to a cemetery. There are two enclosures, of which one is no longer used, having been filled up with graves. Within this latter are the resting-places of John

* No ladies were admitted upon the floor of the room in which the performances were spoken, but a few of them were present in a sort of upper corridor, or gallery, from which they could see and hear only imperfectly. Remembering the vantage-ground enjoyed by the female sex at home on all similar occasions, some of us were disposed to exult a little over those of our fair countrywomen who were present, on account of our temporary superiority. Rome being to so great an extent an ecclesiastical capital, women are often made to feel that they are judged by a monastic standard. From many places they are absolutely excluded, and the guide-books will make the cool announcement, that this or that spot is so holy that no woman is allowed to approach it. To women fresh from America, where they enjoy the chief seats in the synagogues, the change is somewhat emphatic; but I must do them the justice to say that they submit to their privations very amiably.

Bell, the author of an excellent work on Italy, and of the poet Keats. The epitaph upon the monument of the latter is not in good taste, though striking and characteristic ; for it is a vehement expression of wounded sensibility, unsuited to a tombstone, which should contain nothing transient or impassioned, but only simple statements and solemn truths. 'The malicious power of his enemies' means nothing more or less than unfavorable reviews by prosaic critics, who wrote with no personal feeling whatever, and were too ignorant of the essential qualities of poetry to make their judgments wounding to a healthy sensibility.

The new enclosure is surrounded by a wall, and contains a small chapel. The monuments which are numerous and mostly of white marble, are columns, obelisks, broken shafts, sarcophagi, or plain slabs, like those of our own cemeteries. The moderate extent of the enclosure, not more than two or three acres, not only prevents any attempt to produce the effects of landscape gardening, but for the same reason, the monuments are crowded together and disposed in a somewhat formal and rectangular fashion. But the monuments themselves are generally unpretending and in good taste, and the inscriptions often simple and affecting. The papal government, though it defrayed the expenses of the enclosure, will not permit any allusion to hopes beyond the grave to be carved upon the monument to a heretic ; and, for this reason, the inscriptions of this cemetery merely set forth the virtues and graces of the deceased, and say nothing of the resurrection and a future life. Though a grave-yard of strangers, who have died in a foreign land, many of them friendless and alone, and nursed by cold and mercenary hands, is an object to awaken sad thoughts, yet the general aspect of this cemetery is soothing and even cheerful. Every thing about it is kept with that exquisite neatness which makes it look like a bit of England transplanted to Rome. The turf, even in the heart of winter, is freshly green, and there is a profusion of flowers, both wild and cultivated. The common monthly rose of our conservatories grows here with great luxuriance, and is always in bloom, hanging its flowers over the monuments, and filling the air with a delicate and spiritual fragrance. The sun lies long and warm upon its southern slope, and the hum of insects and the chirp of birds lend to the silence a pulse of life ; while over it the blue sky of Rome bends like a benediction.

A very large proportion of the monuments bear the names of natives of England. The most interesting of these is a plain slab, which marks the grave of Shelley, that intense and

ethereal spirit who was called away from earth before he had completed his twenty-ninth year, — just as his wild visions were yielding to truth and experience, and his fervid mind was working itself clear by its own effervescence, — a fact which should always be borne in mind, both in estimating his genius and forming an opinion of his character. A few Germans are also buried here; among others, the son of Goethe.

THE VALLEY OF EGERIA.

About a mile from the Porta San Sebastiano is a pretty pastoral valley, or gorge, as quiet and secluded as if in the heart of the Apennines. On one side is a wooded hill, crowned with the ruins of a temple of Bacchus; and on the other, at some distance, a gentle elevation on which there is a graceful structure which some call a temple, and some, a tomb. This is the valley of Egeria, — the spot where Numa met his shadowy counsellor. We must draw near to it in the spirit of faith, and let no clouds of doubt darken its tranquil beauty. We look around for the fountain by the side of which the lovers sat and talked, expecting to see something in unison with the simple grace of the tradition; a natural spring of pure water, clasped by a margin of green, overshadowed by a tree, and flowing away with a murmur so low as only to be heard in the pauses of speech. But such is not the fountain of Egeria, as we see it; and, unless he be forewarned, the romantic traveller will experience a slight shock of disappointment. The fountain, so called, is a vaulted grotto, scooped out of the hill-side, lined and floored with brick, with three niches on either side; and a larger one at the extremity, containing a mutilated statue. At this extremity, the water flows through a slender orifice, and is received into a small shell-like basin; from which, falling upon the floor, it glides down into the valley; and, swelled by tributes from the moist soil, forms a rivulet, takes the name of the Almo, and finally mingles with the Tiber. The vigorous productiveness of nature has long struggled, and not unsuccessfully, with the intrusive works of man's hand. The walls are overgrown with moss and evergreen and trailing plants; all drawing an exuberant life from the water which oozes and drops around and upon them.

The legend of Numa is one of the most genuine flowers of poetry that ever started from the hard rock of the Roman mind. It is the symbol of a truth which psychology teaches and history confirms, that periods of solitary self-communion are

necessary preparations for the claims and duties of active life; and that he who would influence men permanently and for good must draw alike from the depths of his own spirit, and from the inspiration of a power higher than himself, his elements of encouragement and support. The strength that comes from self-contest, and the patience that springs from self-discipline, alone give to the movements of the mind that tranquil power which is most likely to win success because it is best prepared to encounter failure.

I visited the valley and grotto of Egeria with a party, most of whom were young and some of whom were beautiful. The painter who had wished to embody his visions of the airy nymph need not have wandered from the spot on that occasion; for we could have furnished him with faces which breathed alike the purity and the loveliness of that conception of the rugged heart of old Rome. Thus surrounded, it was not difficult to feel the genius of the place in all its power. But the mood of the hour was drawn rather from youth and hope, than from traditionary memories and the solemn shadows of the past. The silence was broken by playful speech and unromantic laughter; but the deep-souled Numa himself would not have frowned upon the smiles which were the natural language of hearts as innocent as they were gay. A shower that broke upon us as we walked home was borne with invincible good humor; and such of us as were old enough to speculate could not but draw the moral that such cheerful spirits and such sunny tempers would go far towards making up a domestic Egeria.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CARNIVAL IN ROME.

The Duke of Wellington was once asked which was the best description of the battle of Waterloo; and in the course of his reply he said that it was impossible to describe a battle: each person could recall and relate the incidents in which he himself took part, but nothing more; whatever was beyond his own observation could make no impression on the memory. This remark applies with more or less force to every thing which comprises the elements of time and movement. A picture or a bas-relief may be described distinctly and minutely; but a series of actions, only in detail, by parcels, and more or less imperfectly. A landscape may be painted with the most minute fidelity, but no eye can catch, no memory retain, the successive and fleeting impressions made upon it by a violent storm.

This is especially true of the gay movements and genial frolic of a Roman Carnival; every description of which must needs be unsatisfactory to those who have never witnessed it, and disappointing to those who have. Each one who sees or takes part in this festive hurly-burly can recount what he observed or what he did, but he cannot paint to the readers the moving panorama, which is ever changing, yet ever the same. He can tell of quaint disguises, of voluble speech, of rapid gestures, of showers of bouquets, and a steady rain of sugar-plums, of streets gorgeous as an autumn wood with hanging tapestry, and of balconies with women wearing their gayest gowns and their brightest smiles; but he cannot transfer to his page the atmosphere of frolic which hangs over all, interprets all, and reconciles all, — to which each contributes his part, while all feel and share its electric influence.

> 'The delicate shells lay on the shore
>
> . . . . . .
>
> I wiped away the weeds and foam,
> I fetched my sea-born treasure home;
> But the poor, unsightly, noisome things
> Had left their beauty on the shore
> With the sun and the sand and the wild uproar.'
>
> EMERSON.

To judge fairly of a Roman Carnival, we must view it in connection with the prevailing tastes, the ordinary amusements, and every-day life of the Roman people; and inquire into the causes which have made it, here, so much more an absorbing and characteristic a spectacle than in other Catholic capitals. The taste of the populace of Rome has been in some degree formed by those splendid and imposing ceremonials of the church with which they have been so long familiar; by the gilding and marble of their churches, the rich vestments of the clergy, the clouds of incense curling up from censers of silver, and all the other shows and pomps of their worship. They delight in 'the pride of the eye.' On all holiday occasions, they hang out from their windows strips of bright-colored cloth. They take great pleasure in illuminations, torch-light processions, and, especially, in fire-works, which are no where seen in such perfection as in Rome. Even death itself is not exempt from the influence of this ruling passion. The funerals of distinguished persons take place at night, are illumined by the blaze of torches, and attended by solemn music and trains of ecclesiastics. Thus, the Carnival is linked by natural laws to the remaining portions of the year. It is merely the annual flowering of that taste which is always in leaf.

Something is also to be ascribed to the peculiarity of the place — the Corso and the streets immediately adjoining — to which the show is confined. The Corso is about a mile long, but disproportionately narrow, — being on an average only about thirty-five feet broad, — and bordered by lofty houses, nearly all of which are furnished with projecting balconies, constructed with especial reference to this spectacle. When apartments are let in this street for the season, the period of Carnival is not included, except by a special agreement, and for an additional consideration. Temporary structures of wood are usually put up, where permanent balconies are wanting. Thus, the already narrow space between the houses is abridged by these unglazed oriels and projections, and the persons occupying them are brought within speaking, or, at least, communicating, distance; near enough to interchange bouquets, sugar-plums, and smiles of greeting. And as the street between is densely filled with carriages and foot-passengers, the chain of magnetic influence is unbroken. All are brought so near together as to act and re-act upon each other; and the effect of a crowded in-door audience is produced in the open air. Were the Corso as wide as Broadway, one half of the mirth and movement of the Carnival would vanish; and that essen-

tial spirit which is now preserved by compression would evaporate.

The Roman Carnival extends over the eleven days which immediately precede Ash Wednesday, though only eight days are actually given up to its gaieties; the two Sundays and Friday being put under the shadow of the church. Nor does the sport last through the whole of each day, but only from about two o'clock till dark, in the short days of February; so that the Romans, even in their hours of license, feel the truth of Hesiod's saying, that the half is more than the whole, and know that fine flavors can only be preserved by abstaining from deep draughts. The course of each day is substantially the same, except that the uproar goes on with an increasing impulse, as the end draws near. The reader will then have the goodness to walk with me into the Corso, at about half past two on a Carnival day, and follow with the mind's eye the sketch of the moving scene which I shall attempt to draw; and in this, our airy substance, we can penetrate to the heart of the crowd much more easily than if we were making the effort in our proper material persons.

First of all, the aspect of the long and narrow street draws the admiring eye. The usually rather commonplace and unexpressive fronts of the houses have suddenly put on a life and bloom, like that which a mass of multiflora in full flower gives to a dead wall. Gay streamers of red, yellow, and blue, flutter in the breeze, and heavier pieces of the same vivid colors hang from the windows in such numbers, that to a fanciful mind it looks as if a rainbow had fallen from the sky, and its shattered fragments been caught and arrested ere they reached the earth. Far as the eye can pierce, the balconies are crowded with spectators, of whom a large proportion are gaily dressed women; some with beautiful, and all with animated, faces, prepared to enjoy the scene and not unwilling to be admired. The street below is filled by two rows of carriages slowly moving in opposite directions and filled with gay occupants, and by a motley crowd of foot-passengers, composed, principally but not exclusively, of men and boys, some with masks and some without. All this concourse, comprising every rank in life, from an adventurous English nobleman to the lowest ragamuffins in Rome, are engaged more or less actively in one common occupation, that of pelting one another with various kinds of missiles; so that the air is quite filled with the harmless ammunition of their mock warfare.

These missiles are of three classes, — rejecting all minor subdivisions as unworthy of the dignity of history, — these

three are flowers, bon-bons or sugar-plums, and confetti. For many days before the Carnival begins, flowers are brought into Rome from the neighboring country; and the stock on hand to respond to the universal demand seems boundless. They are so arranged as to meet the various capacities of purse or the higher or lower points of profusion; the scale of choice ranging from costly bouquets of the delicate and fragrant products of the conservatory to little bunches of wild flowers, the natural growth of the Campagna, of which a large basket-full may be bought for a few baiocchi. They are, as with us on the eve of a ball, a graceful and permitted attention which might be too marked, if proffered on other occasions; and there, as here, a sharp eye may draw auguries of hope or fear from the manner in which they are received and acknowledged. The instinctive and universal taste of mankind selects flowers for the expression of its finest sympathies, their beauty and their fleetingness serving to make them the most fitting symbols of those delicate sentiments for which language seems almost too gross a medium. In some instances, these Carnival bouquets are crowned with a living bird whose legs and wings are imprisoned in flowery bands, and whose drooping head wears a forlorn expression of surprise and terror, awakening a feeling not in unison with the mood of the hour.

As the sugar-plums are good to eat, they have a homely savor of utility and fall short of the ethereal expressiveness of flowers; but, as tributes, they are valued by young and old: especially when tastefully enclosed in pretty boxes and cones of gilded paper, bearing likenesses of damsels with pink cheeks and invisible mouths. Of the cheaper sort, a considerable proportion falls upon the pavement, and is eagerly scrambled for by the ingenuous youth of Rome, who dart in and out under the wheels of carriages and the hoofs of horses with a courage worthy of a better cause.

The third class of missiles — the confetti — are bits of lime, of which the average size is about that of a well-grown pea, forming quite a serious weapon of attack. Indeed, discreet persons, who mean to go through the thick and thin of a Carnival, protect their faces by masks of wire against assaults which might otherwise do lasting harm, especially to the eyes. These confetti are sometimes thrown by the hand and sometimes skilfully ejaculated through a tin tube. When a quantity of them is forcibly and unexpectedly hurled into the unprotected face, the first sensation is as if the points of a thousand needles had been suddenly shot into the skin; and then a cloud of darkness settles down upon the eyes, which gradually passes

off in a rain of tears,— leaving the sufferer, if of an irritable temper, much disposed to 'pitch into' somebody. Foreigners, the English especially, are said to abuse this privilege of the confetti. The Italians, whose temperament allows only a short transition from gentle courtesy to fiery excitement and the drawing of knives, and who do not understand the good-humored horse-play of rougher nations, rarely use them.

The most animated contests with these different missiles take place where two carriages, occupied by young persons of different sexes, are detained opposite to each other by a general lock, or under a balcony which sparkles with more than an average proportion of beauty. On these occasions, and at these points, the air is darkened with sugar-plums and flowers, the ladies receiving them gracefully as a just tribute that conquerors do not return. The confetti, be it observed, with persons of good taste, are never used except in masculine encounters.

Of the mass which elbow one another through the crowded streets, the greater part are in their ordinary garb; though disguises are common enough not to attract any particular attention. Among the most usual masks are punchinellos with portentous noses and protuberant waistcoats; harlequins in striped costume and daggers of pasteboard; quack doctors with ludicrous nostrums for all sorts of diseases; and advocates in gowns and wigs, that threaten the passers-by with indictments for a thousand fanciful crimes. Many of the masks carry an inflated bladder at the end of a stick, with which they strike most resonant blows to the right and left, — a form of practical joke which never seemed to lose its point, nor failed to call forth peals of laughter. Many of the women appeared in male attire, partially or entirely; a style to be ascribed more to convenience of locomotion in such a crowd than to any innate propensity of the sex to assume what does not belong to them. At any rate, the change was a sacrifice; for the feet and ancles of the Roman women are made for use and not for show. Some persons simply draw over their common garb a dress of coarse, white cotton, adopted as much by way of protection against the lime of the confetti, as for a disguise. When to this attire a white mask is superadded, the wearer looks like the ghost of a miller walking abroad at noon-day. I remember one adventurous person who presented a tolerable impersonation of a green monkey.

In the carriages which pass in a straight line up and down the Corso, there is such a variety as to form by themselves an entertaining spectacle. Many of them are the common equipages usually seen in the streets, containing grave or elderly

personages, who come simply to look on and not to take part There are also many which are prepared especially for the occasion, consisting of an open frame-work, resting upon wheels, rudely and hastily put together, but successful in the general effect. Sometimes they are contrived to resemble a ship, sometimes, a moving forest; and, in all cases, the decorations and the garb of the occupants are in what Tony Lumpkin calls 'a concatenation accordingly,' so that the sense of congruity is not disturbed. In carriages of this class, very elaborate and effective costumes may sometimes be seen. I recall two young ladies in rich Albanian dresses, who attracted much attention; and also a party of young men, in the velvet doublets and feathered hats of Sir Walter Raleigh's time. The coachmen appear in some fantastic and extravagant garb, their horses garnished with flowers and ribbons; the great object being to attract notice.

There are three modes of seeing and sharing in the festivities of the Carnival; one is to look at the scene from a window or a balcony: another, to ride up and down the Corso in an open carriage: and the third, from which ladies are debarred, is to mingle with the crowd in the street. An adventurous young man will probably make experiment of all. To be merely a passive spectator soon wearies the eye, and, if in a cynical humor, provokes a critical spirit and a wonder that men and women can behave so like boys and girls. To rough it in the street requires a stout frame and nimble feet. The carriage is the best medium, making the occupant at once an actor and a spectator. It is quite curious to remark how a fastidious dignity melts away under the contagious influence of the general riot: to see how soon a middle-aged gentleman, who gets into the carriage with a sheepish air of self-reproach and a look of intense self-consciousness, abandons himself to the genius of the place and the hour, and is seen throwing confetti and bouquets with all the ardor of twenty. Between taking a part and merely looking on, there is the same difference as between dancing and seeing others dance. The mob, gentle or simple, seems uniformly good-humored, though sometimes a little self-command must be exerted in order to maintain this genial mood. A handful of confetti is suddenly slapped into your face, bringing a vision of ten thousand dancing stars before your eyes, — or, as your hand hangs listlessly for a moment over the side of the carriage, with a choice bouquet in it, for which you have a particular destination in your mind or heart, a cunning varlet snatches it from your grasp and disappears in a twinkling, — all which must be taken as a part of the fun.

and endured with a smiling composure. Many shafts and sallies of verbal wit pass to and fro among the Italians which are lost to the foreign ear. On one occasion, when riding in the Corso with a young friend, whose blooming complexion and light hair, joined to an expression at once frank and fine, made him an attractive image of Saxon beauty, we were met by a carriage moving in an opposite direction, in which was a lively Italian girl, her dark eyes running over with frolic and mischief, who, when she saw my companion, threw a bouquet at him, calling out at the same time, in a loud and laughter-broken voice, 'Beefsteak et pomme de terre,' — a phrase by which the English are known all over the continent.

Nowhere does beauty find a more marked or more abundant homage than in a Roman Carnival. The Italians, with their vivid temperament and susceptible organization, are quick to detect its presence, and expressive in the acknowledgment of its claims. A fine countenance gathers a harvest of applause, and brings round its owner a shower of substantial tokens of admiration. In looking down the Corso, wherever a denser crowd is seen gathered together, wherever a brisker fire of flowers and sugar-plums is observed to be going on, one may be sure that the cynosure is a beautiful face that beams from a neighboring balcony. Our own fair countrywomen had, at least, their full share of the general tribute. Two lovely sisters in particular, one of whom, from the rare combination of blonde hair and dark eyes, was an object of much admiration to the Italians, were almost the belles of the Corso; and one of the pleasures of each day was to witness the sparkling triumph with which they showed the various offerings which had been laid at their feet.

I noticed in the hands of some of the young men on foot a curious contrivance for the transmission of flowers to the upper windows. It is a sort of frame-work of wooden slats turning upon pivots. When folded together and lying horizontally, they occupy but little space; but by a sudden movement they can be elongated some fifteen or twenty feet, darting up into the air like a rocket. A bouquet, fastened to the end of this, and held in a firm grasp, thus mounted in safety, and reached the very hand for which it was predestined.

And thus the merry-making goes on till about five o'clock, when preparations begin for the running of the horses. Mounted dragoons appear in the Corso, and the carriages one by one diverge into the neighboring streets on the right and left; and in a short time all disappear, and foot-passengers alone are left. A detachment of cavalry moves slowly down the Corso and

returns on a brisk trot. In the meantime, the horses which are to run have been brought to the starting-point in the Piazza del Popolo, and are rearing and snorting with impatience to be let go. A temporary semicircular range of seats has been previously erected in the Piazza, looking down into the Corso; and just in front of these seats is the barrier, behind which the horses are ranged. Each horse is led up by a showily dressed groom, who stands at his head till the signal for starting is given. The impatient animals rear and plunge, and the struggles which ensue between them and their keepers, often graceful and vigorous young men, lead to fine exhibitions of human as well as animal power. Accidents sometimes occur, especially when the number of horses is large, as the space in which they are crowded is only of moderate extent. The signal is at last given, the confining rope falls, and the horses bound forth, swallowing the ground with fiery leaps. They rush down the narrow Corso, the people opening a passage for them like waves before the keel of a ship, and then closing up behind. When I first witnessed this plunging of these spirited creatures into a thronged street, it seemed to me a perilous sport, and I asked if accidents never occurred, and was told that they never did; but the question seemed to be prophetic, for on that very day one man was killed outright, and two or three were wounded. The horses run without riders. They are goaded on in their course by leaden balls, into which sharp points are inserted, and so hung upon their backs as to pierce them with every movement. They run the length of the Corso and are brought up at the Piazza Veneziana, where a temporary seat is erected for the judges who award the prizes. The horses are a light limbed and spirited breed of animals, but they have little opportunity to show their real qualities of speed or endurance in a race of this kind. From the narrowness of the street, also, an unfair advantage is given to the one or two that get the start at the beginning, which lessens the interest in the result. Goethe, who was in Rome in 1788, says, that at that time carriages were not driven out of the Corso before the running of the horses, but were merely drawn up in a line on each side, leaving only the narrow space between them for the race-course; and that sometimes the horses would dash against the wheel of a carriage with such force as to kill themselves.

With the running of the horses, the out-of-door amusements of the Carnival cease. The crowd in the Corso disperses, and in a few moments the streets are restored to their usual quiet and silence. In the evening, there are various social enter-

tainments, and commonly a masked ball at some one of the theatres.

Such, substantially, was the Carnival of 1848 as it dwells in my memory. I confess that before the eight days were over, it began to grow wearisome. It was like a Christmas pantomime acted by daylight. There were, however, some adverse elements at work which impaired the effect, and threw a dispiriting influence over the whole proceeding. The weather was unfavorable, and this was an untoward circumstance which no energy of resolve could entirely overcome. The sun rarely shone during the whole period, and the only change was from a dull gray sky to a drizzling rain. For such raree-shows the presence of sunshine is indispensable. The gay colors look intrusive and impertinent under a monotonous and leaden sky. The mummers and maskers, stumping through the mud and trying to ignore the rain, reminded one of a flock of peacocks disconsolately pacing round a farm-yard in an easterly storm, — their fine feathers draggling in the wet or plastered to their sides with moisture. In this, as in so many other instances, our daily speech expresses the general sense of mankind. It is not without reason that we say that our ardor has been damped, and that cold water has been thrown upon our zeal. All out-of-door amusements, picnics, water-parties, civic processions, military reviews, are dreary failures, unless the sun looks down upon them with a benignant countenance.

At the bottom there was no great amount of heartiness and abandon, and a good deal of make-believe. There was a sufficient reason for this state of feeling, in the political excitement at that time so rife among the Roman people, and in the vague and glowing hopes which played before their dazzled eyes. All Italy, it need hardly be said, was at that time in a feverish mood, and, all around the horizon, dark clouds were gathering in the heavens. In various parts of the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom, collisions had taken place between the citizens and the Austrian soldiers, in which many persons had been killed and wounded. In consequence of these transactions and by way of sympathy with those who had fallen, the people, at the suggestion of their political leaders, gave up the usual concluding amusement of the Carnival, the Moccoletti, in which every person carries a lighted taper, and endeavors to protect his own and extinguish that of his neighbor. It was in the midst of the entertainments of the Carnival that we heard of the French revolution of February, 1848, an event which broke in upon the frivolous piping and dancing, like the clashing stride of an earthquake. After this astounding intelligence, it was

difficult to enter into the spirit of the scene, or to bar the mind, for even a moment, against the stern realities that knocked for admittance. To a thoughtful spirit, aware of the pregnant significance of this outbreak and not least of all to the Romans themselves, the frisking and capering of the crowds in the Corso seemed like the dancing of a parcel of monkeys over a powder magazine. It is evident from the accounts of former travellers, that the interest and animation of the Carnival are gradually passing away. Indeed, it can hardly be otherwise. Communities, as well as individuals, have their periods of youth, manhood, and decay. As the people of Rome grow older and more thoughtful, as the sense of the duties and responsibilities of life presses upon them more heavily, — especially if they should emancipate themselves from their state of political minority, — it cannot but happen that the inclination towards a style of amusement so essentially boyish must pass away. Tasso, in one of his prose writings, says, 'Le allegrezze sono conformi all' etá degli uomini siccome i frutti alle stagioni, laonde quel che diletta alla giovinezza non suol piacere all' etá matura parimente.' A Carnival will not be in unison with the ripened taste of a people that have reached the full stature of moral and mental manhood. Goethe has given a description of this amusement as he saw it at the close of the last century, in a sketch full of grace and spirit, — written in that beautiful and transparent prose which forms not the least among his great literary merits, — from which the reader may see how much the Roman Carnival has been tamed and sobered in the course of sixty years. But if it has lost in vivacity, it has gained in refinement and decorum: the better taste of to-day would hardly tolerate some of the incidents which he records.

CHAPTER XV.

General Aspect of Rome — Piazza del Popolo — Piazza di Spagna — Monte Pincio — Piazza Navona — The Ghetto.

GENERAL ASPECT OF ROME.

Modern Rome presents few striking architectural points or combinations.* The houses which are generally stuccoed, have no marked character; they have commonplace fronts pierced by commonplace windows, — looking like convenient dwelling-places, but bare of memories and traditions. In walking through the Corso, or the streets that diverge from it on either hand, the eye lights upon few of those fine pictures in stone which are so frequent in Bruges or Nuremburg. Though some of the palaces can boast of façades of conspicuous merit, yet many present upon their fronts palpable indications of the periods of bad taste in which they were erected. Indeed, in these narrow streets, grand architecture would be thrown away. In the Corso, the sublime mass of the Riccardi Palace at Florence would look like a line-of-battle ship anchored in the Tiber. For the same reason, the indifferent fronts of so many of the churches are the less to be regretted, because in their unfavorable positions beautiful structures could not be appreciated.

But Rome enjoys a great advantage in the picturesque inequality of its surface. Besides its immemorial seven hills, it

* In republican and imperial Rome the heights were crowded with population, but the low plain bordering on the curve of the Tiber, then called the Campius Martius, was an open space, used for public assemblies and gymnastic and martial sports. But now this latter region is the most densely peopled part of Rome; while the highlands are comparatively deserted. This change of the seat of population was probably determined, in a great measure, by the nearness of the river. The ancient aqueducts were destroyed, or abandoned to neglect and decay, during the dark centuries of Rome. The restoration of such as were restored was comparatively recent. For many generations, a large part of the inhabitants could have depended only on such sources of water as were within the walls. On this account, the poorer classes would naturally fix their habitations as near as possible to the Tiber.

now includes three others, the Janiculum, the Monte Pincio, and the Vatican; to say nothing of the artificial Monte Testaccio. The ground every where, except in the central portions, rises and falls, swelling into bold or gentle elevations and sinking into valleys more or less depressed. The effect of converging lines of perspective is enhanced from the fact, that the point of meeting is in a different plane from that of the eye. Here, we look up to a group of conventual buildings crowning an eminence; there, down into a cavernous abyss of crowded dwelling-places; or we see a church closing a vista made up of a long descent and a long elevation. It is only necessary to choose a commanding position in Rome, to find pictures unique in themselves, attractive to the eye, and delightful to recall. The view from the Pincian Hill, for instance, is that with which strangers are most familiar; and let us consider for a moment some of its peculiarities.

An American eye is first struck with the absence of that dingy red brick which predominates so tyrannically over all our cities; to the despair of artists and the discomfort of those who are born with the sense of art. This glaring color is quite unknown in Rome. The buildings are, as a general rule, of stone, or covered with stucco; or if brick be used, it is painted; and the different hues of the architectural scene, being variations of the same ground tone, blend to the eye in one uniform tint of cream or stone color, with patches of ashen gray; all which is in beautiful unison with the blue sky, and the green ring of plain and mountain in which the city is set.

The next most conspicuous peculiarity is the variety and irregularity of the air line. The formal horizontal monotony of our blocks of building is nowhere to be seen. Though there are no spires properly so called, — for they are Gothic in their origin, — there are multitudes of towers and domes, obelisks, columns, belfries, stately palatial masses, convents, and churches. To these are to be added the irregularities of the surface of the soil. Thus, the outline or profile traced upon the sky by the projection of all these architectural forms is singularly indented, irregular, and broken. Rome shoots out into the gulf of the sky a great number of capes and promontories. The two elements of color and outline are both favorable to the training of the artist; for, on whatever spot his eye may light, it falls upon something which has a pictorial possibility, — which may be incorporated into a sketch. This picturesque character of Rome is the great secret of that magic spell which it throws over every artist who dwells within its borders; an influence which, like that exerted by a fine climate upon a

sensitive frame, is more felt after it is removed than while it is enjoyed. Artists, like all mortal men, are sometimes unreasonable and inconsistent, and will speak of Rome with disparagement or indifference while it is before them; but no true artist ever lived in Rome and then left it, without sighing to return.

From the irregularity of surface in the site of Rome, and from the power thus afforded of looking down, as well as above and around, we are admitted to view many interior pictures, and to see the reverse side of the tapestry of life. Rome is a city of wide spaces, and luxuriates in elbow-room; and the buildings are not crowded, shoulder to shoulder, except in a few places. All the larger houses are so built as to enclose a court-yard, and many of them have patches of garden-ground in the rear. In looking down into these court-yards, the observant eye will meet with frequent subjects and hints for the artist; in the moulding of a window, in a projecting balcony, an ornamented frieze, or in an orange-tree, whose dark foliage and golden fruit stand out in the happiest contrast with the gray hues of the wall.

Rome is, indeed, full of the picturesque; which is seen not only in its well-known ruins, its renowned churches, its sparkling fountains, its obelisks, its arches, and its columns, — in those objects which are described in guide-books and sit for their pictures in sketch-books, but comes upon us at every turn. It is found in combination, not merely with beauty and finish, but with dilapidation and decay. Here, we see a fragment of antiquity wrought into a modern wall; there, an old house with quaintly carved 'coignes of vantage:' here, a massive gateway of stone, with a pine or an orange-tree overhanging it. The interior scenes into which we glance, as we walk along, have the same character. Here, is the open door of a sculptor's studio into which we peep, and through the marble-dusted atmosphere mark a silent congregation of busts, or a form of beauty or grandeur struggling into symmetry. There, is a shop of a dealer in antiquities, strewn over with pictures, engravings, vases, antique furniture, books, armor, and plate, —a collection of nicknacks over which Jonathan Oldbuck would have gone wild with delight, — all in dusty disarray, but looking none the less like a Dutch interior. Here, is a window full of bewitching bronzes, all of which we wish straightway to buy; and, near to it, another, rich in mosaics and cameos, equally tempting to our fair friends.

The charm of cleanliness belongs neither to Rome nor its people. The sense of beauty and the sense of neatness and order do not necessarily dwell in the same natures. The

Italians who have so much of the former, are sparingly endowed with the latter. But in Rome, even dirt becomes picturesque. The shops of grocers, butchers, and vegetable dealers, are deficient in that careful propriety, that exquisite niceness, that absence of everything distasteful and unsightly, which we observe in similar establishments in the large cities of our own country, and still more in London; but even here there will be something to mark the perception of beauty, and an eye accustomed to pictorial combinations. The grocer's shop will have a dirty floor, and a dingy, stained wall; but he will dispose his hams, his round buffalo cheeses, and his strings of Bologna sausages so as to produce a certain picturesque effect · he will ornament his wares with flowers and branches of laurel, and, on the evenings of the great church holidays, will set up an image of the Madonna, and burn candles before it. The shop, or stall, of the dealer in vegetables will be littered with decayed leaves, orange-peel, and refuse fragments of every description; but his green melons, his purple egg-plants, his snowy cauliflowers, his blood-red tomatoes, will be so grouped as to bring out contrasts of color which an artist need not disdain to study.

The living features of this landscape also share in this common element of the picturesque. In Rome, as in middle and southern Italy generally, more of the occupations of life are carried on, and more of its wants are provided for, out of doors than the climates in less genial latitudes will permit. Here, is a cobbler's stall; there, an old woman roasting chestnuts in a small oven, the ruddy charcoal of which gleams with a pleasant smile of invitation in a winter twilight: here, a young maiden, with a classic head and hair braided as in one of Raphael's pictures, sits patiently all day long before a table spread with little ornaments of marble; there, is a booth in which a sort of pancake is cooked and sold, filling the air with savory odors and a comfortable sound of simmering. In a quiet corner, is an elderly man in spectacles, clothed in a decent suit of black, with a pen stuck in his ear, and implements of writing before him. He is a 'segretario,' or letter-writer, and earns his bread by writing letters for those who cannot write, or reading them for those who cannot read. Some travellers may have the good luck — which did not befall me — of seeing a dark-eyed peasant girl breathing into his impassive ear her messages of love and trust, with glances and blushes more expressive than her glowing words.* Further on is an osteria, or shop where

* Such a group forms the subject of a very pleasing picture, painted in Rome by Davis, an English artist, engravings of which are frequently to be met with.

wine is sold, — with doors hospitably open to all who have a few baiocchi in their pockets, — in which is a group of peasants or laborers listening, with a flush of interest upon their swarthy countenances, to the impassioned declamation of an improvisatore, — for improvisatori are nearly as common in Rome as stump speakers in America, — whose subject is Rinaldo and Armida, or that wandering knight, Æneas, whom the Holy Virgin brought to Italy. In the middle of the street is a heavy wain drawn by buffaloes, whose sullen movements express a perpetual protest against captivity, and whose fierce eyes seem always glaring round in search of a victim, — or by those magnificent oxen of the Campagna, of the color of Quincy granite, colossal and mild-visaged, the finest images of gentle strength which the animal world exhibits: or perhaps a wine-cart, as primitive in its structure as that in which the boy Virgil drove the produce of his father's vineyards to Mantua; with a movable canopy of foliage to shelter the driver from the noonday sun, and the horse's head adorned with vine leaves and flowers.

Rome is also remarkable for the number and variety of the costumes seen in its streets. In Italy, as in continental Europe generally, the various ranks in social life are marked, more or less broadly, by a distinctive costume. The cast-off garments of one class are never worn at second-hand by another. The rural population dress as their fathers and mothers did before them, and attach a certain element of dignity and self-respect to this adherence. The different localities in the neighborhood of Rome — such as Albano, Frascati, Subiaco — are marked generally by certain distinctive peculiarities, especially in the costume of the female portion of the population; though there is a common likeness running through them all, like the resemblance of features in the members of the same family. The peasant who comes to Rome in the cold days of winter wraps himself up in the folds of an ample brown cloak, which he wears with ease and sometimes with grace. In fine weather, he sets off his steeple-crowned hat with flowers or ribbons. His waistcoat, revealed by a scanty jacket, is of scarlet cloth, adorned with the gayest of buttons, and perhaps embroidered with gold or silver. His breeches are tied at the knee with showy ribbons, or fastened with silver buckles; and his legs are protected by strong leathern gaiters. Around his waist he wears a woollen scarf, and the ends of a smart cravat flutter in the breeze.

The peasant woman wears a bodice of gay color, often divided into two parts and bound together in front by ribbons. Her gown is short enough to allow full justice to be done to the

shining buckles in her shoes. But the most striking part of her costume is the head-dress, which with many slight variations according to the locality, is always handsome and becoming. It is usually of white linen, lying in a square fold upon the top of the head, and fastened to the hair, which is gathered in a mass on the back of the head, by a silver arrow; the shape of which designates the condition of the wearer, whether married or unmarried. Sometimes this linen head-dress is disposed more like a veil — or it is gathered in the form of a hood, — or it blends with a similar covering over the shoulders and bust, in a way which a masculine pen is not competent to describe, nor a masculine memory to retain; but it serves so well the purposes both of embellishment and protection, and, being always scrupulously clean, is so suggestive of purity, that we have every reason to be grateful that these sturdy women have resisted the general invasion of bonnets.

The great number of ecclesiastics who are found in Rome also contribute to increase the variety of costume which is noticed in the streets. The Roman Catholic idea of the character and functions of the clergy, whether secular or monastic, requires that they should be marked by a distinguishing dress, as men severed from all the common ties and relations of life, and dedicated exclusively to spiritual duties. One cannot look out of a window in Rome, without seeing one or more figures in flowing robes of black, and capacious and overshadowing hats, moving gravely along, and hardly taking cognizance of the world around them. Even the youths who study in ecclesiastical establishments appear in a similar garb, which is in marked contrast with their quick movements and animated faces. Mixed with these are the Capuchin friars, who wear a robe of coarse, brown woollen, girded around the waist with a cord; a dress well-suited for the purposes of an artist, but repulsive from the want of cleanliness which it suggests. The cardinals and higher dignitaries of the church never appear in the streets on foot.*

Nor should the artists be overlooked in summing up the characteristic peculiarities of Rome. They form a numerous class,

* This rule is inflexible. The Church will not permit its cardinals to be exposed to such involuntary disrespect as might happen from the crowds in a street. Cardinal Rohan, Archbishop of Besançon, asked as a particular favor from Gregory XVI. that he might walk from his lodgings to the Trinità de' Monti, where he said mass, as the distance was short. But, in spite of his illustrious birth, the great sacrifices he had made for the church, and the personal friendship of the pontiff, his request was refused. The pope desired him to ask anything else, but *that* was impossible Gaume: 'Les Trois Rome.' Tom. 1. p. 407.

and their identity of pursuits and interests goes far to obliterate the distinctions of birth and language. They affect, especially the younger portion of them, certain eccentricities and fantasti calities of dress, which serve to point them out to the eye and mark their profession. They seek to escape from the sober and prosaic costume of the day into the more flowing outlines of older periods or more remote climes. They wear jaunty caps, or hats of flexible felt moulded into quaint shapes; sometimes brown, sometimes green, but commonly drab. They are fond of velvet or velveteen coats, loosely and 'curiously cut;' often ornamented with braid, and sometimes garnished with buttons as big as dollars. Their waistcoats are of the gayest patterns, daubed over with great blotches of color jumbled together like a distracted rainbow. Their trowsers are of Turkish dimensions, and often emancipated from the tyranny of braces. Razors, with hardly a single exception, are an abomination in their eyes. Their beards are of all shapes — some, square, and spade-like; some, 'great, round beards;' some, like tongues of flame flickering on the chin; some, mere tufts like the stroke of a pencil — and of all colors, black, brown, yellow, red, or 'orange-tawny.'

Such are the figures and costumes which are constantly to be seen at Rome, and so identified with it that one never recalls the city itself without some of these attendant shapes gliding in to complete the vision. About Christmas time, there appear in the streets some picturesque and characteristic groups not noticed at other periods of the year. There are the Piferari, so called, shepherds from the Abruzzi and the Sabine mountains, who make an annual pilgrimage to Rome to play before the various portraits of the Virgin. They are frequently seen in companies of three; an old man, a man of mature age, and a boy. Their instruments are of the most simple kind; an uncouth bagpipe, and a long, straight pipe, pierced with holes and furnished with a mouthpiece of reed, — the primitive form of the clarionet, — and sometimes a triangle. Their appearance is wild, almost savage. Their dress is partly of coarse cloth, and partly of skins; and they wear a kind of sandal upon their feet, bound round the ancles with thongs. Their conical hats, which they always reverently lay aside when playing, are adorned with gay ribbons. Dark eyes, gleaming through long elf-locks of glittering black, give a marked character to their countenances. They arrive about a week before Christmas, and during that time they employ themselves with the greatest diligence, not only during the day but often late into the night, in going about the streets and playing before the

various images of the Madonna, with a grave and earnest expression of face, showing that they regard their occupation to be the performance of a religious duty. The groups which gather around them on these occasions always listen with devout attention. Their music is wild, loud, and piercing; but, when heard in the stillness of night, and at a short distance, it is plaintive and impressive. The effect which it produces is enhanced by those associations which link these pastoral groups with those shepherds of Bethlehem that were sent by angel voices to the manger where the child Jesus lay. After Christmas, they play no more, and soon return to their native mountains, coming like birds of passage and like them departing.*

PIAZZA DEL POPOLO.

Such are some of the general features of Rome, visible everywhere and at all times, and stamping a common character upon the whole city. There are besides some particular localities which have peculiar points of interest, and deserve to be singled out from the rest.

* These musicians have simple songs which they sometimes sing to the accompaniment of their instruments. The Abbe Gaume has printed one of them, from their dictation.

'O verginella, figlia de Sant' Anna,
Nel ventre tuo, portaste il buon Gesu.
Gl' Angioli chiamarano: venite Santi,
Andate Gesù bambino alla capanna,
Partorito sotto ad una capanella,
Ad' ove mangiavan il bove e l' asinelli.
Immacolata vergine beata
In cielo, in terra sia avocata.
La notte di natale, è notte santa,
Questa Orazion che sem cantata
Gesù bambino sia representata.'

'O Virgin sweet, St. Anna's child,
That bore the infant Jesus mild;
The angels said: "Ye saints, arise,
See where the new born Saviour lies;
A stable is his lowly seat,
Where asses and where oxen eat."
O blessed Virgin, undefiled,
Be thou our intercessor mild!
This Christmas night — this holy tide —
O may our songs to Heaven glide,
And Jesus hear them, by thy side.'

A majority of the travellers who come to Rome enter it by the Porta del Popolo, for that is the gate where the roads leading from Florence terminate The gate itself, though designed in part by Michael Angelo, is not a structure of any conspicuous excellence; but the Piazza del Popolo, upon which it opens, is an imposing square, though not corresponding to the ideal image of Rome which the scholar forms. It is an irregular area of some three or four acres in extent, in the middle of which rises the noble obelisk of Rhamses to the height of one hundred and sixteen feet; itself an architectural pilgrim, with as little affinity with the structures which surround it as the figure of the Wandering Jew would have with the gay crowds of a carnival. At the base of the obelisk is a fountain, with four rounded basins radiating from a common centre like the leaves of a stalk of four-leaved clover, — a stream of water gushing into each basin from the mouth of a lioness carved in stone. The sides of the Piazza are crescent-shaped, bounded on the right by a row of trees, — behind which are some of the finest private residences in Rome, — and on the left by the sloping and terraced walks which lead to the heights of the Monte Pincio. The central point of either crescent is marked by a fountain adorned with colossal statues in marble; none of which are of much merit, but all escape criticism by the appropriateness of the position, and the harmonious relations in which they stand to the objects about them. Opposite the gate are two churches, exactly alike in size and form, each furnished with a dome and tetrastyle, and looking like architectural twins, claiming admiration not for their beauty (for the design is commonplace) but for their resemblance. These two churches mark the converging point of the three principal streets of Rome, the Corso, the Via di Ripetta, and the Via Babuino.

The Piazza del Popolo, though, as has been before remarked, not corresponding to one's conceptions of the venerable and decaying majesty of Rome, is, from its ample space, its noble proportions, its obelisk, its fountains, its trees, and its fine buildings, a becoming entrance to a great city. It is seen to peculiarly good effect in the afternoon of a fine day in the autumn or spring, — when it is enlivened with equipages returning from a drive in the Campagna or passing up the inclined planes which lead to the Pincio, and with pedestrians strolling in the same direction, — and when the sunshine lies in rich masses upon the architectural façades and silvers the spray of the fountains. It also presents a beautiful view when seen from the heights of the Pincio. Its general aspect is gay, fresh, and smiling: it is not strewn with the wrecks of the past. With

the single exception of the obelisk, there is no object in it which carries back the thoughts to the fashion of the antique world. Its smart buildings, its vigorous young trees, its bright marble fountains, and the gay equipages that drive over its smooth pavement, all shine with the varnish of the present. If it be not our visionary Rome, it is yet a fine image which it would be ungracious to repel; as the morning light is welcome, though it shatters dreams brighter than realities which it reveals.

PIAZZA DI SPAGNA.

Of the three streets which diverge from the Piazza del Popolo, that which is on the left or eastern side — the Via Babuino — leads to the Piazza di Spagna, which is only a few rods distant from the Piazza del Popolo. The Piazza di Spagna is an area of a triangular form, with the buildings of the Propaganda at its southern extremity, and the palace of the Spanish ambassador — from which its name is derived — on the western side; and, with these exceptions, mostly occupied with hotels, lodging-houses, coffee-houses, and shops. This is the most active and least Roman part of Rome; being wholly given over to the descendants of those blue-eyed and fair-haired barbarians who once subdued the Eternal City with steel, as their children now do with gold. Here the English speech is the predominating sound, and sturdy English forms and rosy English faces the predominating sight. Here are English shops, an English livery-stable, and an English reading-room, where elderly gentlemen, in drab gaiters, read the Times newspaper with an air of grim intensity. Here English grooms flirt with English nursery-maids, and English children present to Italian eyes the living types of the cherub heads of Correggio and Albano. It is, in short, a piece of England dropped upon the soil of Italy.

The open space in the midst of the Piazza is the principal carriage-stand of Rome, where vehicles of various shapes and sizes may be hired by the hour or the course. Few of them are neat and unexceptionable in their appointments; and the clumsy and time-worn joints of most of them rattle and shake in their passage over the pavements to the great discomposure of irritable nerves. The horses are a small and wiry breed of animals, showing no signs of nice grooming; deficient in action, but by no means in 'go;' being well able to get over the ground at the rate of six or seven miles an hour. The

drivers are, in costume and expression, a hybrid race between the ostler and the bandit. They sit with great patience upon their seats in the warm, sunny days when business is comparatively dull, and solace themselves with long naps in the intervals of enforced idleness; their constitutions, like those of most Italians, enabling them to bear a great deal of sleep. Let no man with a Saxon face enter one of these carriages, without making a bargain beforehand as to the price to be paid, unless he wishes to buy experience at the highest rate at which that costly article is sold.

Mixed with these carriages and horses there may be seen, in fine weather, a motley assemblage of loungers dispersed about the Piazza, — for this is the exchange where all the idlers in Rome congregate, — some standing apart wrapt in their cloaks, some chatting in groups, and some lying down in the sunshine of a sheltered angle. These are the representatives of that nondescript class, larger in Rome than any where else, who pick up a wretched and scrambling subsistence from the crumbs which fall from the stranger's table, — made up of vetturini seeking passengers, valets-de-place seeking sight-seers, and beggars seeking alms, — to say nothing of baser offices and more degrading functions, — all lying in wait ready to pounce upon the fair-haired barbarians, and avenge upon their pockets the wrongs of former centuries. Dark, penetrating glances fall upon the stranger, as if measuring the extent of his inexperience and gullibility; and his ears are assailed by the whine of the mendicant, the whisper of temptation, and the loud offer of the man of business. Here is always a living and moving picture to be seen. Here the pulse of vitality beats, and its heart is heard to throb. So many are the occasions that bring the foreign residents to the Piazza di Spagna, that an Englishman or American, who should station himself in the midst of it, on a fine day, would, in the course of a few hours, be able to speak with nearly all his acquaintances without stirring from the spot.

The fountain in the Piazza di Spagna is in the shape of a boat, from which its name, Fontana della Barcaccia, is derived. This form was adopted from necessity, as the head of water is not sufficient for a jet of any considerable height; and the designer should rather be commended for what he has done than blamed for what he has not. As an object of taste, the fountain neither pleases nor offends. But we overlook its defects, or more properly its wants, in view of the magnificent flight of steps of travertine at the base of which it is placed. This flight of steps leads from the Piazza di Spagna to the promenade on the Pincio, and, crowned as it is with the façade of

the Church of the Trinità de' Monti, and the Egyptian obelisk in front of the church, it forms one of the noblest architectural combinations to be seen in Rome or any where else. The steps of which it is composed are one hundred and thirty in number, and the ascent is so gradual, the landing-places so broad and commodious, and its whole design so imposing to the eye, and so suited to the purpose for which it was contrived, that no one, not very old or infirm, can ever ascend it without pleasure.

That portion of this flight of steps, which is between the Piazza di Spagna and the first landing-place, is frequently occupied by persons seeking to be employed as artists' models, whose picturesque costumes are in unison with the fine architecture around them. Here may be seen the invariable figures of an Italian landscape. An old man clad in a flowing robe, with a venerable white beard, a staff in his hand, and a scallop-shell on his breast, stands for a pilgrim. A sturdy contadino, in a smart jacket, a conical hat gay with feathers and ribbons, goat-skin breeches, leggings, and sandals, can be turned with a few strokes of the pencil into a bandit or a shepherd. A young mother, in a red boddice and head-dress of snowy linen, with one child in her lap and another sporting at her feet, presents a group that may be idealized into a Madonna with the infant Saviour and St. John. Young men and women, half-grown lads and budding maidens, dressed in the various costumes of the neighborhood of Rome, — the mountain air brown upon their cheeks and the mountain spirit sparkling through their eyes, — stand ready to walk into the canvas to give life to an Italian vintage or harvest-home. Some of the young women wear an expression of embarrassment and consciousness, and drop their eyes with a smile and half-blush when they meet the glance of a stranger, but most of them take it very coolly and in a business-like way.

The landing-place near the top of this flight of steps has for many years been appropriated by a beggar, — one of the most noted personages in Rome, — whose pertinacious and original system of levying blackmail every visitor has many times had occasion to observe. He is a living Torso, — his figure from the hips upward being vigorous and manly; but at that point the creative energy of nature has paused, and to this sturdy trunk are appended the feeble and boneless legs of a new-born infant. He sits in a sort of a wooden bowl, and on the smooth, broad platform which he has made his own, he shuffles to and fro with extraordinary activity, by the help of his athletic arms: his hands being guarded against the constant attrition of the stone by pieces of wood. From his post of observation his eye

commands the whole sweep of the steps, and his victim is singled out and marked down for attack long before he gets within ear-shot. Vain are the attempts of the young and active to escape him. With scrambling haste he overtakes their flying steps, greets them with a most professional smile, and, with a whining 'Buon giorno, Eccellenza,' solicits their charity. As the landing-place where he sits is flanked by a flight of steps on either hand, he is frequently thrown into a momentary access of indecision by the approach of two persons from below, at the same moment; one preparing to mount the steps on his right hand, and the other, on his left: but his quick eye soon points out to him which of the two is the more vulnerable object, and after him he shuffles, magnanimously renouncing the other. So wearisome are his pertinacious assaults, his simulated and stereotyped smile, and his long-drawn whine, that I have known of more than one case in which a bargain has been made with him, by which, on condition of receiving one or two scudi at the beginning of a season, he has agreed to forbear his approaches; and it is but fair to state that he has always observed his engagement most scrupulously, and only greeted the party so contracting with a friendly nod of recognition. He is said to be a man of some substance, and the head of a family: and he certainly rides every day to his place of business upon a donkey, climbing to its back and crawling down from it with much activity and address.

While I was in Rome, my attention was often attracted to a 'younger and brighter form,' who had selected the street in front of the Trinità de' Monti, as the scene of his mendicant energies. He was a boy of about fourteen, rather smartly dressed in a blue jacket, a red waistcoat, brickdust-colored breeches, brown gaiters, and a conical hat. He carried in his hand a rude kind of flageolet, from which he extracted mangled fragments of sound, which no musical skill could have put together so as to make a tune. He was a handsome varlet, with round, brown cheeks, and roguish black eyes that seemed to be dancing in his head with fun and animal spirits. He would begin his begging in the usual professional drone, and with a proclamation of hunger and want of food, but when this was parried by a joke upon his excellent condition, his fat cheeks, and the sturdy little frame which filled up his dress, as a grape does a grape-skin, his face would break into a beaming and contagious smile, revealing a set of teeth of dazzling whiteness, which looked capable of eating their way through the strongest fortress of bread and butter. He had the advantage of the Torso in many respects; and especially in the possession of a pair of excel-

lent legs, which were in perpetual motion. I am afraid that the good looks and picturesque garb of the little reprobate made his occupation quite profitable: he certainly had the air of a person who had found a thriving business. He was as characteristic a feature in the streets of Rome as a newspaper-boy in those of New York; and had he been soberly scolded for his ignoble calling, he might have replied with a question not easily answered, 'What else is there for me to do?'

MONTE PINCIO.

Having ascended the splendid flight of steps which leads from the Piazza di Spagna to the Trinità de' Monti, the traveller, turning to the left, will reach in a few moments' brisk walking the public promenade known to the Roman world, foreign and indigenous, as the Monte Pincio. The fine building passed on the right is the Villa Medici, which has, perhaps, the very noblest situation in Rome, at once elevated and secluded, and commanding a wide prospect of the most varied beauty. To Michael Angelo is ascribed the architecture of the garden façade, which is rich and showy, and has a general resemblance to the designs introduced by Claude Lorraine into his landscapes. The gardens, upwards of a mile in circuit, are laid out in rectangles and formal alleys, and divided by broad gravel walks, overhung with trees. Many fragments of ancient sculpture are scattered through them. They are neatly kept and freely accessible to the public; which, however, does not often avail itself of the privilege thus courteously proffered. To those whose taste or temperament leads them to shun the noise of crowds and choose the soothing presence of retirement, these gardens present an attractive scene. Though within a stone's throw of the most animated part of Rome, they are, as a general rule, given over to silence and solitude. In their narrow alleys, bordered with high walls of verdure, and darkened by the shade of sombre foliage, no sound of human life is heard. The hum of the city does not penetrate into these leafy wildernesses. The flow of pensive thought will be interrupted only by the dash of a fountain the rustling of a leaf, or the chirp of a bird. On the eastern side, the gardens are flanked by the walls of the city, and in this direction a grand expanse of mountain and plain unfolds itself to the eye.

This villa is now, and has been for many years, the seat of the French Academy of Fine Arts. Twenty-four students, in

the department of painting, sculpture, music, and architecture are maintained here at the expense of the government, for a certain number of years, after having giving proofs of ability enough to earn the privilege. At the head of the institution is a director, who is changed every six years. He is usually an artist of eminence; but his direction and supervision are mainly nominal, and the young men are left to cultivate their genius pretty much in their own way.

The rooms of the academy are thrown open to the public in the month of April, when an exhibition is made of the works of the pupils in painting and sculpture. Disinterested critics who have attended these exhibitions admit a general level of cleverness and correctness in the performances, but feel a want of those vigorous individual traits which give to art its true vitality and power; and they are constrained to confess that such works do not furnish a sufficient answer to those who maintain that the results produced by this academy bear no proportion to the expense which its maintenance involves. This inquiry brings up the whole question as to the effect of academies upon art, which belongs to that numerous class of controversies in which 'much may be said on both sides,' and upon which high authorities are directly at issue.

Between the Trinità de' Monti and the promenade of the Monte Pincio, there is another object which deserves a moment's pause. It is a fountain, not remarkable for size or beauty, being nothing more than a small, perpendicular jet of water, falling into an unadorned, circular basin of stone; the whole overshadowed by a wide-spreading tree. But it is an attractive sight, not merely from its good proportions and unpretending simplicity, but from its fine position and its harmony with the objects around it. The view of St. Peter's, over its flowing and restless waters, though not set down in the guide-books, is well worth a long and patient look. The massive and silent bulk of the distant dome is brought into vivid contrast with the dancing sparkle and silvery foam of the fountain, while the wide extent of the city and the Campagna, bathed in floods of rich light, seen from this quiet, shadowed nook, forms a picture not easily forgotten.

The Monte Pincio itself is a space of only a few acres in extent, planted with trees and shrubbery, comprising a circular drive for carriages and rectangular walks for foot-passengers. There is nothing at all striking in the manner in which it is laid out; and, indeed, the limited extent of surface forbids any attempt at the fine effects of landscape gardening. Trees fountains, gravelled walks, and parterres of formal cut, dis-

posed with monotonous regularity upon a level plain which one could run round in a few minutes, would soon weary the eye and the spirit, if enforced by no other attractions. The ring in which the carriages drive is so very small, that each of them completes it and re-appears in about five minutes; recalling one's juvenile recollections of the way in which half a dozen pasteboard horses used to multiply themselves in the play of the 'Forty Thieves.' But the charm of this promenade consists in the splendid prospects which it commands on every side. On the north and east, it overlooks the varied and undulating grounds of the Villa Borghese, with their fountains, their picturesque edifices, and the walks that wind and turn under broad canopies of oaks and pines. Beyond these, a superb panorama of the Campagna and the Sabine and Alban hills is embraced at a glance. On the west, where a fine terrace is formed by a wall enclosing three sides of a square, the view comprises the greater part of the modern city; including the Janiculum, the Vatican, St. Peter's, and the regular outline of Monte Mario, crowned with its dark line of cypresses.

The fashionable hour of resort to the Monte Pincio is that just before sunset. At this time, the gravelled terrace on the western side begins to be thronged with pedestrians. Carriages arrive in rapid succession, and, wheeling into line, move round in an unbroken succession, and soon are brought so near to each other, that no one can stop without deranging the economy of the whole circle. Nowhere in the world is seen a greater variety of equipages than on the Pincio, on a fine winter's afternoon. English taste, French elegance, and Roman state may be studied in vehicles which to the instructed eye betray their origin at a glance. But these occur at rare intervals; the rank and file being composed of rickety and tumble-down carriages, which seem old enough to have been driven by Jehu in his nonage, — groaning and shaking so dismally, that one expects every moment to see them give up the ghost and fall to pieces on the spot, — and drawn by horses which look like the rats in Cinderella, arrested half-way in their transformation. Most of these are hackney coaches hired for the hour, but some are the private property of decayed families, who live in bondage to the miserable weakness of 'keeping up appearances.' Rome is said to be the paradise of priests, the purgatory of foot-passengers, and the hell of horses. Certainly, it seems to be a city of refuge for worn-out steeds, and a hospital for decayed carriages; and the last stage of both may be observed on the Monte Pincio.

The company on foot forms also a motley and miscellaneous

assemblage. Among them are comely English matrons, and blooming English maidens, attended by gentlemen in shooting jackets and gray trowsers, with that air of intense determination which characterizes the sons of Albion, all the world over, when engaged in the solemn service of taking exercise, — French and German artists in velvet sacks, fantastic hats, and unrazored chins, — and a few Italians, mostly young men, attracted by the blue eyes and golden locks of the fair Saxons; for the Italians, generally, are not a peripatetic race, and rarely walk for the sake of walking. Our own country, too, sends its representatives; the gentlemen being known by a dress of finer materials and smarter cut; and the ladies, by their smaller hands and feet, their lighter movements, and more delicate features.* In fine weather, children of various ages may be seen sporting about the walks, and animating the scene with their lively movements and innocent faces.

There is probably no spot on earth from which the spectacle of sunset is seen to greater advantage than from the Monte Pincio, when we take into account the natural beauty of the panorama and the sacred light of association which hallows every object on which it falls. When the air is clear, and the dome of St. Peter's, the pines of the Pamphili Doria, and the cypresses of the Monte Mario, relieved against a burnished sky, seem to quiver and burn in golden flame, — when the last rays of the sun have left in shadow the plains and valleys, and linger only upon the domes and hills, — there is no heart so impassive, there are no perceptions so dull or worn, as to resist the solemn beauty of the scene. The most listless steps are arrested, the most careless voices are hushed, and, for a moment's space, at least, all acknowledge the genius of the place and the hour. For some days in the winter, the setting sun, the dome of St. Peter's and the terrace on the western side of the hill, are in the same line, so that the spectator sees the rays shining through the windows in the drum on which the dome rests, producing a fine effect, and apparently cutting off the dome from the rest of the structure by a glowing zone of fire. The beams of a setting sun form an appropriate light

* Reumont, in his 'Neue Roemische Briefe,' written some ten years since, speaking of the Pincian Hill, says, The boys in the streets of Rome are indifferent to strange sights, and but little attention was awakened by a Yankee curiosity, who for some time paraded up and down here: his face overshadowed by an immense red beard; in a black velvet frock lined with red, and adorned with shining metal buttons and a flowered silk collar; a gray hat; a red cravat; ruffles to his shirt; a very gay waistcoat, and light-blue pantaloons.' Who could this apparition have been?

to the landscape which is seen from the terrace of the Pincian Hill. The sinking orb and the declining city are in unison with each other. To each belong a vanished splendor, a glory that has passed, a power that is gone. Is there a morning for Rome as for that slow-descending sun? Will she, who has twice slid from a zenith of pride, — who now for the second time is shining with pensive and faded light, — once more flame upon the forehead of the morning sky, and again climb up the great vault of time?

There is but one drawback to the simple and elevating pleasures which a walk on the Pincian Hill brings with it. The labor of taking care of the grounds is performed for the most part by convicts, in their uncouth dresses, chained together two by two, and guarded by soldiers armed with loaded muskets. Such a spectacle was a hideous shadow upon a sunny landscape; painful and not profitable to those who were compelled to witness it, and hardening and degrading to the out casts thus exposed to the common gaze.

PIAZZA NAVONA.

The Piazza Navona is an irregular area, of an oblong shape, about eight hundred and fifty feet in length, and one hundred and eighty in breadth. The most conspicuous object in it is an immense fountain in the centre, which is one of the heaviest sins against good taste that ever was laid upon the much-enduring earth. In the midst of an enormous circular basin, huge blocks of stone are tumbled together, and so scooped, hollowed, and indented as to represent the natural inequalities of the living rock. To these blocks are appended four colossal statues in marble, representing four great rivers in the four different quarters of the globe; the Danube, the Nile, the Ganges, and the La Plata. Below the statues, at opposite points of the circular basin, are a lion and a seahorse, also in marble. The whole is crowned by an obelisk of about fifty feet high, resting on a pedestal of about sixteen. The entire combination is a cold and extravagant allegory, hardly inferior in absurdity to the monument to Dr. Arne, where he is represented playing on a harpsichord in the river Thames, with tritons and sea-nymphs sporting around him. Nor is there any special merit in the execution of the statues, to awaken a forgiving spirit towards the bad taste and want of simplicity in the design. Modelled by Bernini, and executed under his direction, they have the largest measure of his faults, redeem

ed by the smallest proportion of his peculiar merits. They are sprawling, grotesque, and monstrous; with as little dignity about them as the giants of a travelling caravan. Nothing, however, can be said against the water which foams, gushes, and leaps from every part of the uncouth structure, in streams which are as pure as they are copious. Its curves of breaking silver and its voice of mellow music plead, and not unsuccessfully, in favor of the absurd caricatures which it embellishes. There are three other fountains in the Piazza, neither of which has any thing remarkable about it; but the fact of there being four in a space of such limited extent is worthy of mention as showing the copious supply of water which Rome enjoys.

In the Piazza Navona, many characteristic traits of Italian life and manners may be observed. A vegetable market is held here once a week, attended by the country people from the neighborhood, when groups of men and women may be seen all over its surface, dressed in picturesque costumes and engaged in bargaining and chaffering, in the most animated manner; for Italians put more of discourse and gesture into the buying of a cauliflower, than we should, into the buying of a house. The Piazza also abounds with shops and stalls for the sale of all sorts of second-hand articles; and no where else have I ever seen such quantities of broken pottery, old iron, disabled household utensils, and all conceivable kinds of trash piled together: awakening wonder, at every step, that any one should ever buy such rubbish, or could put it to any use when bought. Here, too, are shops of higher pretensions, though not imposing in their outward apppearance, occupied by dealers in pictures, engravings, cameos, intaglios, antique gems, and the like; and it is said that those who have time, patience, and money, will sometimes light upon very good bargains.

On Saturdays and Sundays in the month of August, the sluices which carry off the waters of the great fountain are stopped, and all the central portions of the Piazza are overflowed to the depth of one or two feet. The populace then, obeying that impulse which draws all living things towards water in hot weather, rush to the temporary lake in eager crowds. Horses, oxen, and donkeys are driven into the cooling waters; vehicles of all kinds, from the stately coach of a Roman principe to the clumsy wagon of a contadino, roll through them; equestrians ride through them carefully with shortened stirrups; and boys, with bare feet and rolled-up trowsers, splash their elders with that noisy satisfaction which their Boston contemporaries manifest, when a wandering snowball hits a respectable black coat between the shoulders. On these occasions

the outer margin of the Piazza, not reached by the water, and especially the capacious steps of the Church of St. Agnes, are occupied by crowds of idlers; the windows of the shops and houses are filled with gay faces and bright dresses, and the whole spectacle is described by those who have witnessed it as one of the most agreeable in Rome.

THE GHETTO.

As regards the privileges and social position of the Jews, the cities of Leghorn and Rome present two extremes. Nowhere on the continent are they better off than in Leghorn; nowhere are they worse off than in Rome. In Leghorn, there is little or nothing to wound their sensibilities, or remind them of the ill-will of their Christian brethren; in Rome, the iron of persecution and insult is every day driven into their souls. Such are the different results of the wise lessons of commerce and the exterminating spirit of religious bigotry!

Previous to the reign of Paul IV., who was made pope in May, 1555, the position of the Jews in the Papal States was comparatively favorable. That dark and fervid bigot, whose character is drawn with so much life and vigor by Ranke, launched against this unhappy race, in the first year of his power, a merciless enactment. He forbade them to reside in any other place in the Papal States than Rome and Ancona, and in these cities they were restricted to a particular region. He compelled them to wear a visible badge of separation, which for men was a yellow hat, and for women a yellow veil or handkerchief. Jewish physicians were forbidden to prescribe for Christian patients, and Jewish families were not allowed to employ Christian servants. In their trades and occupations, the Jews were also teased and injured by many arbitrary regulations.

Since that time, the Jews in Rome have been restricted to a particular quarter, which is called the Ghetto. It is a cluster of narrow and crooked streets, bounded on one side by the Tiber, and situated near the island where the river makes a sudden bend. The ruins of the Theatre of Marcellus, the Palazzo Cenci, and the Piazza delle Tartarucche, with its graceful fountain, are points of interest along the line which divides it from the rest of the city. It is entered by eight gates, which, until the accession of the present pontiff, were closed from Ave Maria till sunrise.

On entering the enclosure, the aspect of the place and its

inhabitants leaves an uniform impression of poverty, desolation, and filth. The streets are narrow, crooked, and dark; the houses, which have a look of mouldy decay, are crowded with life, so that, in fine weather, the occupants swarm out, like bees, and sit on the steps or on the pavement in front of the door, and there pursue their usual avocations. There are many shops, but usually of a humble class. The Jewish race is here seen in its saddest and lowest plight, not gilded by even a ray of its old glories. There is nothing that betokens the existence of wealth and the power that wealth bestows. There are no dignified forms; no keen and penetrating brows; none of those beautiful children who, in other lands, remind their countrymen of the youth of their nation: none of those superb black eyes which blend the passion of Judith, the softness of Esther, and the sadness of Rachel. The general countenance is commonplace; stamped with the impress of sordid cares and homely occupations: touched by no sparkles of pride or hope. The complexion seems colorless, — reminding one of plants that have grown in the dark, — the result of meagre living, dark abodes, and imperfect ventilation. The imagination of D'Israeli would find nothing here suggestive of proud recollections or animating hopes; but only a forlorn and crushed life, which dwells in the petty wants and works of the present, and borrows no dignity from the past or the future.

In spite of the disadvantages under which the Jews have so long labored at Rome, so powerful are the cords which bind us to our place of birth, or so completely has the heart of enterprise been trampled out of them by the heel of oppression, that at this moment there are nearly four thousand of them crowded together in this twisted knot of streets, where of sun and air they have not enough, and of water only too much; being always the first and greatest sufferers in those frequent inundations by which the Tiber vindicates its old reputation for turbulence and insubordination. The men, excluded from most attractive callings, are generally petty shopkeepers, pedlers, and dealers in old clothes and second-hand articles. The women have great skill in mending and repairing garments, and in this craft their services are in requisition all over the city. Many of them give themselves to higher and finer kinds of needle-work. I have seen pieces of lace, so rich and massive that they seemed rather to have been carved than wrought, which were the fruit of adventurous exploring expeditions into the Ghetto, and obtained at prices which were pronounced very cheap, but to a masculine judgment were nothing less than awful.

Among the other disabilities laid upon the Jews in Rome,

they are not allowed to hold real estate in fee. Most of the houses in the Ghetto are owned by religious or charitable establishments, and the tenants are so rarely disturbed that their interest is transmitted or assigned like any other property. As they are compelled to live within certain limits, much extortion might be practised upon them in the way of rent, by short-sighted selfishness, were it not that this class of relations has been settled by a sort of customary law, which the tribunals respect, and by which the owners of houses are not allowed, except under extraordinary circumstances, to enhance the price to the tenants; a measure which, in a city which has come to a full stop like Rome, is, perhaps, both just and politic.

At the beginning of the Carnival, it is the custom for a deputation of Jews to wait upon the Senator of Rome, in one of the palaces of the Capitol, and acknowledge a sort of feudal dependence by paying a small sum of money, and presenting pieces of cloth of gold and silver, of velvet, and of brocade. These are distributed as prizes to the owners of the successful horses in the races which take place in the Corso, on the closing days of the Carnival. By a bull of Gregory XIII. in the year 1584, all Jews above the age of twelve years were compelled to listen every week to a sermon from a Christian priest; usually an exposition of some passages of the Old Testament, and especially those relating to the Messiah, from the Christian point of view. This burden is not yet wholly removed from them; and to this day, several times in the course of a year, a Jewish congregation is gathered together in the church of S. Angelo in Pescheria, and constrained to listen to a homily from a Dominican friar, to whom, unless his zeal have eaten up his good feelings and his good taste, the ceremony must be as painful as to his hearers. In the same spirit of vulgar persecution, there is upon the gable of a church, opposite one of the gates of the Ghetto, a fresco painting of the Crucifixion, and, underneath, an inscription in Hebrew and Latin, from the second and third verses of the sixty-fifth chapter of Isaiah — 'I have spread out my hands all the day unto a rebellious people, which walketh in a way that was not good, after their own thoughts; a people that provoketh me to anger continually to my face.'

The Ghetto, from its appearance, its filthy and narrow streets, its old and mouldering houses swarming with a population whom all the fountains in Rome would not be sufficient to wash clean, would seem to be the very hotbed of disease. Here we should expect to find all the plagues and pestilences which have desolated the earth in former ages preserved as in

a morbid museum ; and here, too, we should look to have new forms of death invented from time to time. But the reverse is the fact. It is in some respects the healthiest part of the city It is not only the most free from malaria, but, when the cholera was in Rome in 1837, the proportion of deaths was less than elsewhere.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Campagna — The Appian Way — Torre di Schiavi — Walks in the Campagna.

THE CAMPAGNA.

The Campagna di Roma is the name of a region which nearly corresponds to the ancient Latium, extending from the mouth of the Tiber to Terracina, and from the sea on the south-west to the lower ranges of the Apennines on the north-east. Its length is about sixty-two miles, and its greatest breadth about forty-five. In spite of its name, it is not wholly a plain; but is divided into two regions, the highlands and the lowlands. But the term Campagna is usually applied to the lowlands of the Tiber, which, strictly speaking, are known as l'Agro Romano, or the territory of the city of Rome, comprising about four hundred and fifty thousand acres.

This region, the Campagna of tourists and of popular speech, may be likened to a green and motionless sea, of which the Sabine and Volscian Hills are coasts, and in which the Alban Mount is an island. In spite of the inexpressive monotony of its aspect when viewed from a distant and elevated point, — as from the tower of the Capitol or the heights above Frascati, — it is a tract of wide and various interest, alike to the geologist, the student of history, the artist, and the political economist. In its geological formation, it is deeply marked with the indications of that struggle between the elemental forces of fire and water which so many of the legends of the mythological period dimly shadow forth. Even to an uninstructed eye, it is obvious that this whole plain was once the bed of a deep sea, which washed the sides of the Sabine Hills, and, when lashed by storms, threw its spray over the rocky summit of Monte Cavi, the highest point of the Alban Mount. Still, however, the Campagna is more of volcanic than of marine origin. While it yet lay deep under a waste of waters, it was the scene

of a long series of volcanic struggles and convulsions which are traced to two central points, or foci; one being upon the Alban Mount, and the other, at Monte Cimino, near Viterbo. The ashes and scoriæ discharged from these volcanic vents, disposed in layers over the marine deposits, and gradually consolidated by great pressure, now appear in the several varieties of piperino, so much used as a building material in the early structures of Rome. The land slowly rose; the fuel of the subterranean fires burnt out; and now another agency, that of fresh water, was introduced. The streams which drain the Apennines did not at first flow into the sea, but spread themselves out into lakes; remaining long enough to deposit not only strata of sand and marl, but also those immense quarries of travertine, of which the finest buildings, as well as the most interesting ruins in Rome, are constructed. Thus, the Campagna of Rome is a vast tablet on which the action of salt water, of fire, and of fresh water, is recorded in lines which, to the scientific eye, are as legible as the inscriptions which proclaim the munificence of the last Pope.

Rome, peculiar in so many respects, is unlike all other European cities in the character of the region which lies immediately beyond its walls. Its suburbs are not gay with farms, gardens, country-houses, and villages. The solitude of a rural region is not reached by slow gradations, nor does the tide of population come imperceptibly to an end, like a spent wave that dies along a level beach. But, as soon as the gates are passed, we come upon a far-reaching tract of monotonous desolation, in which every pulse of life seems to have ceased to beat. Far as the eye can pierce, it rests upon a plain of dreary and sombre verdure, which extends in every direction, and, by the impressive melancholy of its scenery, prepares the mind of the traveller to pass into the solemn shadow of Rome. This plain is that world-renowned Campagna, which is so inseparably connected with the ideal image of Rome, — which is populous with so many visionary forms from the regions of history and poetry, vocal with so many voices of wisdom and warning, rich in the most solemn and touching memories, and which charms with such desolate and tragic beauty.

To the artist, the Campagna furnishes an inexhaustible field of interest, alike in its own essential features and the additions made by the hand of man. An immense plain, sloping by imperceptible descent towards the sea, and girdled by a distant belt of mountains, does not present those abrupt transitions and animated contrasts, which make the most striking landscapes; but it is a region rich in a certain pensive beauty which, from

whatever point it may be viewed, offers similar but not identical points.

Though the inequalities of the surface in the Campagna are inconsiderable, compared with its extent, — though, when seen from a distance, they disappear to the eye, and are lost in a level expanse of verdure, — yet the region is not by any means an absolute plain, like that flat dreary table-land, for instance, in which Munich is situated. The traveller who explores it on foot or on horseback will find his interest kept fresh by a constant undulation of surface, and by a succession of objects which, in their coloring and grouping, present ever-varying pictures. Sometimes the road abruptly descends into a hollow gorge, or glen, where the view is excluded on nearly all sides by hills, and where only a glimpse can be had, through a single vista, of the snow-covered summits of the distant mountains; sometimes it passes over a breezy upland from which a wide prospect is commanded; sometimes it winds along a lateral valley; sometimes it is shouldered on either hand by precipitous cliffs, which seem to have been torn apart by violence, and, in their sheer sides of yellow travertine, crowned with foliage, offer those fine combinations of form and color which the artist loves to transfer to his sketch-book. It is a region intersected and veined with streams, rivulets, and threads of water, and dimpled with lakes, pools, and fountains; some clear as crystal, some overgrown with mantling verdure, and some discolored and tainted by the products of a volcanic soil. Through the whole, the Tiber rolls its sluggish waves as slowly as if burdened by the weight of the memories and associations which it bears on its bosom.

Of that life which takes root and is fixed permanently to the soil, there is little or none in the Campagna. There are no cottages, with patches of garden-ground, and children sporting round the door; no spacious farm-houses; no sights and sounds of rural toil. The figures which are indigenous to the soil are a few shepherds with cloaks of sheepskin, attended by suspicious-looking dogs of dirty white, and, here and there, a mounted herdsman or overseer, armed with a long lance, whose locks and cloak stream back upon the wind as he rides, and whose figure, relieved against the sky, suggests that of a Bedouin Arab. But, in general, the living forms are only those which are connected, directly or indirectly, with the neighboring city, — an artist with his sketch-book; a fowler shooting birds for the market; a party of equestrians whose fresh complexions and firm seat betray their northern origin; a peasant from Velletri or Gensano driving a cart laden with wine-casks;

a ponderous wain drawn by gray oxen; a tumble-down and ague-stricken vettura, bound for Albano or Tivoli, crammed with life, like the hold of a slave-ship; and, occasionally, the smart barouche of an English millionaire, or the heavy chocolate-colored coach of a cardinal, perhaps drawn up by the side of a road, while the owner, in his red stockings, is solemnly pacing up and down, taking exercise.

But if there be few marks of man and his works, the life of nature is exuberant and abundant all over the Campagna. In the spring and early summer, it is gay with a luxuriant growth of wild flowers, — among which the red poppy predominates, spreading a crimson carpet over the landscape. The many kinds of flowering shrubs which grow here burst suddenly into bloom, — the air is filled with penetrating odors, and the fresh turf is so strewed with blossoms that the foot can hardly be set down without crushing them. This is the period at which the swarm of travellers are usually leaving Rome, and setting off upon their northern flight, so that few of those who pass the winter there ever see the Campagna in its vernal attire, of which those who have witnessed it speak with the most vivid pleasure. But this season of bridal splendor does not last long, for, as the heats of summer come on, the Campagna lays aside its flowery mantle. In this region, the sleep of the year is more in the summer than the winter. The fierce heats of July and August have a paralyzing effect, like that of the frost and snows of a northern winter. Then the rays of the vertical sun smite the earth like angry blows, the cloudless sky overhead seems a huge vault of glowing brass, and the ground is so hot that one almost expects to see his shadow curl up and disappear like a leaf thrown upon the fire. The flocks and herds are driven into the mountains; the buffaloes retreat to the swamps or immerse themselves in pools of water; and the few inhabitants who are compelled to remain on the spot seek a shelter in caves scooped out from the hill-sides, or in the spacious vaults of a Roman tomb. Streams that were of considerable size in the early spring entirely disappear, and leave only an unsightly trough of earth and stones to mark where they once flowed. The ground splits into rifts and chasms; the roads are calcined into ashes; and the grass is burnt to the color of hay.

But the rains of the early autumn breathe new life into this fainting region, and wake it from its long summer's siesta. A quick, luxuriant growth of grass springs up; daisies and violets start from the turf; and the clematis blooms along the hedges The flocks and herds return to their pasturage grounds; the labors of agriculture are resumed in the cultivated portions

and the Campagna puts on all the life that ever belongs to it. From this time until spring, its aspect does not materially change. Winter here is not the absolute night of the year, — the negation and reverse side of warmth and bloom and verdure, — but it is like the silvery twilight of a high northern latitude which prolongs till midnight something of the glow of noon. At no period of the year could a botanist walk over the Campagna without gathering an ample and living harvest from its abundant flora. The turf is green and fresh under the feet: the air is full of pleasant, earthy odors; in warm summer days, the lizards dart out along the hedges and around the margin of the ponds; insects hum in the air; and in the morning, the lark springs from the dewy grass and sings at Heaven's gate. The snow upon the tops of the distant mountains tells us that it is winter, but in the sunny and sheltered hollows it is often warm enough, even in January, to make the eye rest with pleasure upon their dazzling lines of cold.

The memorials of man which stripe and dot the Campagna are in harmony with the character of the scenery, and calculated to deepen the impression which its peculiar natural features make. The plain is a great historical palimpsest, from which the towns and cities of a subdued race have been expunged, in order to make room for the proud structures of a conquering people, which now, in their ruins, are no more than monuments of lost power and memorials of faded glory. The most striking objects upon it are the long lines of the Claudian and Marcian aqueducts, which stretch across the horizon for many a mile, — whose arches, in various stages of decay, sometimes bare and sometimes mantled with climbing plants and veiled in verdure, blend a general resemblance with differences in detail. There are no structures of man's hand which are woven so completely into the landscape as these aqueducts; and the relation between them and the soil over which they stride is so happy, that it probably furnished one reason, with a people so sensitive to impressions of form, for erecting them. Nothing breaks the monotony of a plain more agreeably to the eye than a succession of arches, high enough and of sufficient span to assume an imposing character when contemplated singly. How admirably the aqueducts of the Campagna are suited to the character of the scenery of which they form a part, may be apprehended by imagining the far inferior effect they would produce if transported to the neighborhood of Florence, and how much of their present dignity would be lost if they were seen panting up those steep hills, and hurrying down those sheer valleys, constantly dwarfed and overborne

by natural objects of grander bulk and superior height. But now they move along the floor of the Campagna as a stately procession moves through the piazza in front of St. Peter's; not lost in, but graced by, the space in which they are contained. In all points of view they are beautiful and animating objects; whether we contemplate them as a whole, and follow with the eye the decreasing perspective of their arches, till in the far distance the level entablature seems to melt into the earth; or whether, standing apart, we mark the rounded portals of blue which each arch cuts out of the sky, and thus set the landscape in successive frames. Just in proportion as these aqueducts have lost in usefulness they have gained in beauty. The hand of time and the mace of violence — which have broken their formal lines and shattered the smooth ring of their arches — which have made nooks and hollows for grass and wild flowers and running vines to take root in — have substituted variety for uniformity, and added that peculiar charm of the picturesque, which makes an old mill or a ruined bridge more attractive to painters than the perfect structure.

THE APPIAN WAY.

The best known of the Roman roads, the Appian Way, stretches across the Campagna from the Porta San Sebastiano, and, since the draining of the Pontine Marshes by Pius VI., forms the most travelled route between Rome and Naples. In some places, the original pavement is laid bare, composed of massive blocks of volcanic stone so strongly and compactly laid as to be impervious to the assaults of time. Such roads could not have been constructed, unless the very workmen who wrought upon them had been impressed with the idea of the eternal duration of Rome. The road, on either hand, is bordered by tombs in various stages of decay; some mere masses of shapeless brick-work, overgrown with ivy and other climbing plants, most of them without name or inscription, but some identified by the investigations of antiquaries. They are of various forms, some round, some square, and some pyramidal. Some, of larger size and higher pretensions than common show remains of architectural elevations, with pediments, columns, or pilasters. They are built of brick, or fragments of stone bedded in cement, or sometimes blocks of piperino. In their perfect state, most of them were doubtless more or less sheathed with travertine and marble, and adorned with bas-reliefs; but these have passed away, and we have only the

interior kernel, the chief materials of which offered no temptation to avarice or rapacity. Many of them are of considerable size, and are resorted to by the shepherds of the Campagna for shelter in bad weather; and some are used as places for temporary habitation. Among these monumental erections, the tomb of Cecilia Metella towers aloft in conspicuous and imposing grandeur. It is a circular tower of travertine, about seventy feet in diameter, resting upon a square basement. The blocks of which the circular portion is composed are of immense size, skilfully laid and admirably fitted without the aid of cement; and nowhere can one see a more striking image of solidity and endurance than those massive stones present. Time has not even brushed or roughened them in the lapse of nineteen centuries, and the courses of masonry are as smooth and bright as on the day on which they were laid. This structure, reared by the gentlest and purest of feelings, — the affection of a husband for the memory of a wife, — did not pass through the contests of the middle ages without having the seal of war set upon its front. It was converted into a fortress in the thirteenth century; and the unsightly and incongruous battlements on the top still prolong the record of the profanation.

The Roman custom of burying the dead along their roads led to strange proximities and incongruous juxtapositions. Our modern sense of propriety would be disturbed by seeing a race-course by the side of a cemetery; yet, near to, almost overshadowed by, the tomb of Cecilia Metella, are the remains of the Circus of Romulus, the best preserved of all such structures that have come down to us. Here the fervid and vigorous animal life of Rome put forth its trained energies, perhaps all the more earnestly from the silent admonition of that sepulchral tower, recalling the dark presence whose touch was destined to stiffen into clods those elastic and obedient muscles. It was not of the largest size, — although it held eighteen thousand spectators, — but it is valued by the students of the past, from the fact of its still preserving traces, more or less distinct, of all the various parts of which a circus was composed. For much of this knowledge, the learned world is indebted to an extensive series of excavations made in 1825 by the Duke of Bracciano, the owner of the soil, by which much curious matter was brought to light. A man's natural pride of ownership must be somewhat enhanced when he sees the item of a Roman Circus upon the inventory of his estate; though few would wish to turn over to the plough a soil so fruitful in associations.

Many other points and localities of interest lie along the Appian Way, or in its immediate vicinity, such as the church of Domine quo Vadis, the valley of Egeria already described and the basilica of San Sebastiano, much visited for the sake of its catacombs. Just before reaching the tomb of Cecilia Metella, the road ascends by a steep acclivity, and passes over a remarkable stream of lava, which flowed from the extinct volcano on the Alban Mount. This elevated position commands a very extensive prospect on every side, and enables the traveller to observe the characteristic features of the Campagna to great advantage. About five miles from Rome is a mass of brick ruins, known popularly by the name of Roma Vecchia, and supposed by Prof. Nibby to be the remains of a villa of the Emperor Commodius. It was not far from this spot that the memorable interview between Coriolanus and his mother is said to have taken place; and in this neighborhood the scene of the combat of the Horatii and Curiatii is to be sought. We know that these names and these events are but shadows, like the actors and revels with which Prospero entertained his guests before he had doffed his magic robes, but we may apply to the legendary history of early Rome that strain of argument, not more beautiful than true, with which Max Piccolomini justifies and explains the astrological pursuits of Wallenstein.

> 'A deeper import
> Lurks in the legend told my infant years
> Than lies upon that truth, we live to learn.'

Dreams and shadows have a language and a beauty of their own. Our interest in the localities associated with the name of Coriolanus no more dies, when we know that the whole narrative is but an airy legend, than does the charm of the 'Winter's Tale,' when we have learned that Bohemia has no sea-coast, and that the events of the drama are thus rendered impossible. Niebuhr was himself a man of deep feeling and vivid imagination, and no one was ever alive to the just significance of those legends which, with gentle and reverent hands, he removed from the domain of history. Over this region of the Campagna a light still hangs, more beautiful than its golden mists or the purple shadows that lie upon its distant hills. The spirit of the past dwells here, and breathes over the landscape the consecrating gleams of valor, patriotism, and filial duty.

Between the tomb of Cecilia Metella and the ruins of Roma Vecchia, — a distance of about two miles and a half, — Sir William Gell noted fifty-one tombs on the right, and forty-two on the left of the road; and he adds that doubtless many more

exist. From this fact we may surmise how numerous these structures must have been along the Appian Way, in the flourishing periods of Rome; especially in those portions lying near to the city. Near Roma Vecchia is a large castellated farm-house, built entirely from the plunder of ancient tombs. Manifold are the uses of the dead to the living. Mummies are split up to boil the tea-kettle of a travelling Englishman, and a Roman peasant sleeps in the tomb of the Metelli.

TORRE DI SCHIAVI.

One of the most picturesque and interesting points of the Campagna, is an elevation about three miles from the Porta Maggiore, on the road to Gabii; commonly known by the name of the Torre di Schiavi, upon which are some ruins of a villa of the Emperor Gordian. The ruins themselves have little either of beauty or expression. They consist of two principal structures, both built of brick; one, round and tapering like a light-house, the other, octagonal. They are near together, and have a sort of family likeness. There are, in each, niches hollowed in the walls, and rounded apertures for the admission of light. The purpose and meaning of these buildings are not distinctly known. The ground in their immediate neighborhood is thickly strewn with smaller fragments. But though these ruins are not much in themselves, they are so happily placed that they form a favorite subject for artists. They are on the circular summit of a beautiful elevation, and the ground about them slopes and falls away in softly undulating curves and sweeps, the lines flowing into each other by gentle gradations, like the limbs of an ancient statue. But the chief charm of the spot consists in the unrivalled beauty of the distant view which it commands; revealing, as it does, all the characteristic features of the Campagna. On the extreme left, towers the solitary bulk of Soracte, a hermit mountain, which seems to have wandered away from its kindred heights, and to live in remote and unsocial seclusion. On the right, dividing it from the Sabine chain, is the narrow lateral valley of the Tiber; and further on, the horizon is walled up by the imposing range of the Sabine Hills, whose peaks, bold, pointed, and irregular have the true mountain grandeur, and claim affinity with the great central chain of the Apennines. Conspicuous among them are Monte Gennaro, whose morning shadows fell upon the modest farm of Horace, and the lofty summit of Monte Guadagnolo. Many towns and villages are picturesquely perched

along the pointed elevations of the range; and, in the foreground, sparkling like a jewel on a giant's breast, is Tivoli, near which the headlong Anio breaks through its mountain gates and bounds into the Campagna. A very narrow plain divides the Sabine Hills from the Alban Mount, whose softer and gentler elevations present, as compared with the sterner and bolder line of the neighboring range, a certain character of feminine beauty. Still turning to the right, the slopes of the Alban Mount pass into the level surface of the Campagna, along which the eye glides till the plain blends with the shining mirror of the Mediterranean.

The Torre di Schiavi, on one day in the year, is disturbed from its usual propriety of solitude and silence. It is the custom of the German artists resident in Rome to make this spot the scene, or rather the starting point, of an annual spring festival; combining the character of a picnic and a masquerade. Here is their place of rendezvous in the morning, and of gathering for their return in the evening. Here their first and last songs are sung, and the edicts of their leader are promulgated. On these occasions, the waste region puts on the gayest aspect, and blossoms like a bed of tulips. Some of the artists come in carriages, some on horseback, and some on donkeys. The number and variety of the costumes surpass the wildest visions of an inspired tailor. Every garment that was ever shaped or painted, from a Roman toga to an hussar's jacket, — hats of all possible forms, colors, and decorations, — and forests of gay banners, enliven the scene. The day is spent in the wildest and most exuberent frolic; rarely or never, however, degenerating into vulgar license or coarse excess, but preserving the flavor of wit and the spice of genuine enthusiasm.

WALKS IN THE CAMPAGNA.

Some of my most agreeable recollections of Rome are associated with long walks over the Campagna, sometimes extending through a large part of the day, especially towards the end of winter and the beginning of spring. At this season, in sunny weather, there is a mixture of softness and elasticity in the air of Rome which makes exercise agreeable, and prevents it from being exhausting; nor is there any fear of an east wind's setting in to blight the heated frame with deadly chills. Then the Campagna opens wide its arms of invitation, and offers the freshest of turf, the brightest of skies, and the gentlest of airs and it is indeed 'sullenness against nature' to resist the call

There is always variety enough to supply the senses with perpetual interest, and keep the powers of observation in a state of healthy activity, so that if weariness come, it comes unawares. Besides the ruins, the aqueducts, the rich forms of vegetable life, the ever-changing surface of the soil, there are, especially at this season, the finest atmospheric effects to be seen, from the great extent of space over which the eye ranges at a glance. Nowhere do clouds play a more imposing part, or present a more glorious show, than on this boundless plain. How beautifully they lie among the furrows of the hills, or cluster round their sides, as if conscious of the grace they shed! With how stately a pace they wheel across the vault of blue, their shadows passing over the landscape like a rippling breeze over a mountain lake! With what pride they rear their snowy pavilions, and extend the long line of their airy architraves! With what purifying and dazzling power the sun smites upon their glittering edges, and into what lovely outlines the slow winds carve their marble whiteness! The low line of the coast is sometimes hidden in wreaths of vapor while the uplands are in sunshine; purple mists lie upon the distant heights; or a sudden shower breaks from a rain cloud, far enough off to permit the spectacle to be enjoyed in calm security. It is a peculiarity also observable on the Campagna, that while it is rarely absolutely calm, the wind is hardly ever blustering and clamorous. The breeze has a caressing quality, which may be felt but not described. It does not seem to blow from any one point, but to stir the air like the motion of a wing. In walking, it is hardly observed; but, when we pause to rest, it comes upon us like a ministering presence to fan the brow and refresh the senses.*

After these long golden days of ramble and rest in the Campagna, the architectural forms of Rome, seen in the mellow light of the setting sun, gave to the eye a fresh sense of beauty, — the straight line of its walls and houses, the graceful curve of its domes and clustering of its towers, relieving the sight, after the unbroken expanse of the Campagna, as a burst of music after long stillness. In the evening, it was pastime enough

* The infrequency of high winds seems to be a peculiarity in the climate of Italy. I hardly remember what we should call a windy day, during the whole of my residence in Rome. This was quite striking to one born and reared on the coast of New England, where the air is never still. In Rome, the visits of the wind are like those of a sympathizing friend, but with us they are like the calls of an importunate and intrusive creditor. Mr. Rose, in his entertaining 'Letters from the North of Italy,' remarks upon the windless character of the climate of the country, and states that he had never seen a windmill in Italy.

to recall the pictures of the day, and to compare them with the sketches of an artist or the descriptions of a traveller. With just enough of fatigue in the frame to enhance the enjoyment of repose, the mind, tranquil and not restless, received and returned the images thrown upon it, unwarped by the irritating influences of a day of over-action. Conversation flowed naturally, like a mountain-rill in its rocky bed, and not like the jet that is toilsomely wrung from the spout of a forcing-pump. And if there was music to fill up the pauses of speech, the grace and grandeur of the scenes we had just left were in perfect unison with the deep-hearted and impassioned strains of Beethoven or Schubert; and the language they addressed to the ear renewed and deepened the impressions which the eye had brought home. We seemed to hear again the breezes sighing among the pines of the Campagna, or sweeping across the broken arches of the Claudian aqueduct. The melancholy beauty of the region we had traversed appeared to live again in the composer's dreamy and ideal chords, and, like that, they seemed darkened with the shadow of vanished hopes, and strewed with the fragments of shattered ideals.

CHAPTER XVII.

AGRICULTURE OF THE CAMPAGNA.*

THE Campagna presents other aspects besides those which have been considered. Neither the artist nor the idealist holds the whole of life in his grasp. We have no right to look upon a landscape only as a picture, or to view it merely as a harvest-field for dreamy emotions or fine visions. When from any elevated point we survey a wide-extended tract of country, the considerations which are first in importance are those growing out of the relation of humanity to the soil on which we gaze. Who are the men that till these broad plains, these sunny hill-sides, and these shaded valleys? For whom are those golden harvests waving, and into whose laps will these ripening fruits fall? Does this fair landscape support a manly, an intelligent, a virtuous people? or does it yield only a miserable pittance to a population wasted by hopeless toil and paralyzed by poverty? Do we see the sparkle of self-respect in the laborer's eye, or the sullen and suspicious glances of a slave? Has some enormous capitalist spread his title-deeds over the whole horizon, or is the soil divided into modest proprietorships, so that the heart of the owner may pass into the sod which he tills, and love lighten the burden of labor? To overlook all these relations, to surrender ourselves, without question or protest, to the magic of lovely scenery, in spite of the shadow of human suffering which may rest upon it, — is to 'admire the plumage and forget the dying bird.'

Bonstetten says that if the statue of Rome which surmounts the tower of the capitol had human sympathies and could feel its position, its lot would have been most pitiable and forlorn, doomed as it has been, for so many centuries, to survey the dreary waste which on all sides surrounds the walls of the

* The authorities to whom I have been chiefly indebted in the preparation of this chapter are, Tournon, 'Études Statistiques sur Rome'; Sismondi, 'Etudes sur l'Economie politique.' Reumont, 'Roemische Briefe.' Neue Roemische Briefe.'

imperial city. I have before remarked upon the depopulation of the Campagna, — how bare it is of permanent habitations, — how its waste regions never ring with the cheerful sounds of human industry, — and how a shroud of death-like silence seems extended over its hills and valleys. In regard to their respective suburbs and neighborhoods, the city of Rome and the city of Boston stand at opposite points of a scale. Rome is a walled city, and so is Boston ; but one is walled by water, and the other, by stone. The boundaries of our peninsula are as well defined as those which are traced by the gates of Rome. But Boston is remarkable as being the nucleus and core of a population thickly clustered around it in every direction ; so that it is as hard to say where the city really ends and the country really begins, as to draw the dividing lines between two colors on a sunset sky. Within a circle of the radius of five miles drawn from the State-House as a centre, the number of inhabitants outside of Boston will be found to be not much less than that of those within. How infinitely complicated and extensive are the relations between the city and its suburbs may be fully felt by any one who will stand for an hour upon one of our bridges, either at the beginning or the close of the day, — or watch the coming and going of the early and late railway trains. It is a system of mutual help and mutual dependence. There are many branches of business in the city, the prosperity and even existence of which rest upon the support drawn from the country ; and multitudes of men and women whose bread is derived from the same source. The city is a centre of distribution, from which innumerable radii diverge in every direction. It is a network of relation, with lateral and convergent threads crossing and re-crossing each other, and forming an organic whole sensitive in every part. We may imagine, but we can hardly calculate, the desolation and blight which would fall upon Boston, were that flourishing belt of towns and villages with which it is now girded suddenly swept away from the face of the landscape, and the whole range of country visible from the top of the State-House wore the dreary monotony of the flat marshes between Chelsea and Lynn.

What Boston would be under so appalling a change Rome substantially is. After passing by its suburban villas, and those various structures, ecclesiastical and secular, which as much belong to it as if they were included within the walls we come upon the solitude of nature. There are none of those distinct communities which are at once independent in themselves, and yet connected with the metropolis by the

strong tie of mutual interest. Farm-houses, or casali as they are called, are scattered over the plain, often composed of several buildings of massive structure, clustered round a court-yard, — sometimes defended by a battlemented wall and a towered gateway, and presenting an appearance at once imposing and picturesque; but these are no more than islets of life in a sea of desolation and silence. For many miles around Rome there are few or no spots which are hallowed to human beings by the sacred associations of home; where lovers have exchanged their vows; where the solitary have been set in families; where children have been born, where life has gladdened, and death has sanctified, the mute forms of nature.

It was not always so. In the early periods of Roman history, the whole Campagna swarmed with life, and was the seat of numerous independent communities, who cultivated their several parcels of soil with industry, and defended them with valor. Rome was nearly four hundred years in subduing these little commonwealths, and succeeded only by the exercise of indomitable courage and the most obstinate perseverance. The struggle with Veii, in particular, the site of which was only ten miles distant, was a struggle of life and death; and it cost a siege of ten years to put down a city the walls of which, in a clear day, could be seen from the Capitol. The training which was the fruit of this desperate and long-continued strife prepared Rome for its future career. The conquest of the world was comparatively easy, after that of Latium had been achieved. But the depopulation of the Campagna was not the immediate result of its passing into the possession of Rome; for it was the policy of the Romans to mingle their own blood with that of the communities which they conquered, taking part of their lands, opening a vent to their own redundant population, and thus at once extending and consolidating their empire.

The evil which now broods over the Campagna rests upon it with the accumulated weight of centuries. The causes of its gradual depopulation are kindred with those which led to the decline and fall of the Roman empire itself. They are to be found in that grasping spirit of the favored classes against which so many agrarian laws were directed; in the power of property to attract property; and in the prevalence of a system by which enormous estates were gathered into a few hands, while the mass of the community was doomed to a depth of poverty which was fatal to virtue, because fatal to hope. The emphatic and often-quoted words of the elder Pliny: 'verum confitentibus latifundia perdidere Italiam, imo

et provinciis,' explain the desolation of the Campagna. The influences which we have enumerated had begun to exert an unfavorable effect upon it, before the fabric of Roman greatness had felt the touch of decay. In the closing days of the republic, the land was held in large portions by wealthy proprietors, whose villas were scattered along the sea-coast and the favorable situations of the interior; but wide tracts were left untilled and unoccupied, and both Cicero and Livy allude to the unhealthiness of its lowlands. These evils increased with the declining fortunes of the Western empire, and, when the successive hordes of Northern invaders laid waste the Campagna, and blotted out whatever of life yet clung to the soil, they only completed a work of destruction which had long been going on.

The history of the Campagna during the middle ages is but a record of the disasters and devastations of the city itself, only in more abundant measure; for while Rome was protected by its walls, the Campagna had no shelter against the storms of war. It was a perpetual field of battle, witnessing the last struggles of the Roman empire against its foreign invaders, and, at a later period the civil contests of the powerful feudal barons with each other. Its tombs were converted into fortresses, and it was given over to the noble and the slave, the robber and his prey. But when that period of darkness and turbulence had passed away; when the new day-spring of civilization, Christianity, and civil order had gone up the eastern sky; when arts, literature, science, agriculture, and manufactures had revived, and Italy once more put on the beauty of youth and hope, — the Campagna did not share in the general resurrection. Nor has it since been waked into life; it still presents essentially the same features and has the same character as when the Colonna and Orsini fought together on its plains, and the youthful Rienzi mused amid its ruins, and found a motive for generous effort in that dreary solitude from which the inspiration of his impassioned eloquence was drawn.

Political economists are divided upon the question of the extent of subdivision of land; whether the agricultural resources of a country may be best developed by large farms requiring considerable amount of capital, and cultivated for the most part by hired labor; or by small possessions in which the soil is tilled by the owner or the lessee, for his own benefit. As to the mere aggregate of wealth annually added to the sum total of the capital of a country, the solution is not without difficulty; but when we take into account the element of social happiness, the amount of moral and material well-being, which each sys-

ren. espectively creates and sustains, the inquiry becomes still more embarrassing and complicated. A large landed proprietor, whose estate is cut up into farms of moderate extent and tilled by tenants who hold leases and pay rents, sits down in his study and calculates, that by expelling these tenants and their families, converting his whole domain into an immense sheep-farm, he can add ten per cent. to his income; and he feels that the question is settled as to him, and takes his measures accordingly. But what would be the effect upon the community at large, were such a change to become frequent or extensive? a change by which great numbers of families are uprooted from the soil they cultivated, which, in its turn, helped to cultivate in them the social and domestic virtues, — which compels them to choose between emigration or a descent in the social scale, and fills their places with day-laborers bound neither to the land nor its owner by any ties but those of self-interest. The highest function of land is the growth of man and not the growth of wealth. That country is declining and not advancing, in which, while the rich are growing richer, the poor are growing poorer, — even though the sum of national wealth be on the increase.

As to the subdivision of land, the Campagna of Rome and the greater part of France stand at the opposite extremes of the scale; and the experience derived from both confirms the judgment that in this, as in most things, there is a point at which the greatest amount of good and the smallest measure of evil are blended; and that this point is to be sought by observation and not established by *a priori* reasoning. In France, the number of separate proprietaries is about eleven millions, and that of separate proprietors about six millions. The disastrous effects of this minute subdivision upon the productive resources of France, and the hardly less malign influence it has exerted upon its politics, are obvious to any candid observer who has watched the course of events in that country since the general peace of Europe in 1815. In the Campagna of Rome, we see the injurious results of the opposite extreme.

The Agro Romano, or territory of Rome, so called, according to the survey of Nicolai, contains one hundred and eleven thousand and four hundred rubbii, the rubbio being about four acres. This territory belongs to one hundred and seventy-seven proprietors, of whom one hundred and thirteen are individuals, and sixty-four are corporations. Of the individual proprietors, the largest is the Prince Borghese, who owns nearly fifty thousand acres. The largest proprietors among the corporations are the chapter of St. Peter's, which own about forty-

five thousand acres, and the hospital of Santo Spirito, which has about thirty-two thousand. The number of separate farms is four hundred and seventeen, of which seventeen are of more than two thousand acres each. The estate of Campo Morto — which lies beyond the limits of the Agro Romano, about thirty miles from Rome, but still within the Campagna, properly so called — is the largest in the Papal States, being about twenty thousand acres in extent. It belongs to the chapter of St. Peter's. These estates, immense as they are, are not managed by the owners themselves on their own account, but a further process of aggregation takes place through a system by which the Agro Romano, and indeed much of the Campagna which lies beyond it, are let to a powerful body of middle-men, called Mercanti di Campagna, merchants of the Campagna. They are about fifty in number, residing in Rome and forming a sort of corporation; and, as such, recognized and protected by the papal government. The enterprise which they undertake requires a great amount of capital, as may be inferred from the fact that the estate of Campo Morto pays an annual rent of five thousand pounds. As these merchants reside in the same place and collectively wield a vast amount of capital, and as their interests are absolutely identical, it may well be conceived that by a concert of action, and by a skilful combination of their powers and resources, they may exert an unnatural influence upon the price of agricultural products, — like that of a conspiracy of brokers upon the market value of some particular stock. From the magnitude of their operations, their establishments in Rome are like the counting-rooms and warehouses of extensive merchants; and there is probably no other case in which so much of the spirit and method of commerce is infused into the processes of agriculture. Farmers, indeed, they can hardly be called; their business being the manufacture and distribution on a gigantic scale of agricultural products.

The mercante himself visits only occasionally his rural kingdom. Residing in Rome, his time and thoughts are sufficiently occupied in the purchase of the articles necessary for the cultivation of his estates, and in negotiations for the sale of its products. The immediate labors of agriculture are entrusted to the management and supervision of an agent, called ministro, whose functions are precisely those of the overseer of a southern plantation. From the great size of the farms committed to his charge, the ministro is obliged to pass the greater part of his time on horseback; and the proper discharge of his duties requires an active mind, a vigorous frame, a watchful eye, discretion, authority, and self-command. Under him and subject

to his orders, are various subaltern assistants, as each department of labor has its own separate chief with a gradation of subordinates, all forming a staff of aid-de-camps, who are mostly occupied with the direction and oversight of the numerous laborers by whom the work is actually done. It thus happens says M. de Tournon, that in the largest establishments there are thirty or forty persons who are paid, not for working themselves but for making others work.

The buildings attached to these great estates bear no proportion to the extent of territory cultivated, or to the number of persons employed. They consist, commonly, of a dwelling-house of stone, a store-house, or granary, and a stable. Here the ministro and his various subordinate assistants reside, but no permanent substantial shelter is provided for the great mass of laborers. These are divided into two classes; those hired by the year or longer periods, and those engaged for a single season or by the day. Among the former are the herdsmen, the shepherds, and what we should call the teamsters, or wagoners, who are employed in transporting the products of the farm to their place of sale or export, and in bringing from Rome the needful supplies. Among the latter are those hired to break up the soil and prepare it for tillage, and to collect the harvest. Each farm consists of arable land, meadow land, grazing ground, wood, and underwood. The rearing of animals is a much more remunerative employment of capital than the cultivation of the soil; and to this, consequently, the efforts of the mercanti are principally directed. The animals raised upon the Campagna are horned cattle, sheep, horses, swine, and buffaloes. Upon each of the farms the laborers are divided into two great classes; those occupied with the care of animals, and those engaged in the raising of various crops. The former are usually permanently attached to the estates, and the latter, hired by the day or for the season.*

The cattle of the Campagna are a fine race of animals, of that gray color so well known to all travellers in Italy. From them the supplies of the markets in Rome are drawn. Large numbers of oxen are required for agricultural purposes, as horses in Italy are not used in farming operations. Of the milk of the cows very little use is made. The cattle live constantly in open pastures, which makes them wild and sometimes dangerous. The operation of capturing them, and sub

* Upon the estate of Campo Morto there were, in 1818, four thousand sheep, four hundred horses, two hundred oxen, seven hundred cows, and about two thousand pigs. — *Chateauvieux.*

duing them to the plough, when they have reached the proper age, requires courage and address, and is attended with some danger. The lasso is used on these occasions as in the plains of South America. To those with whom the flavor of excitement is heightened by a dash of the perilous, these scenes are full of interest. The herdsmen, in picturesque costumes, armed with lances and provided with coiled ropes, are mounted upon spirited horses. Their loud cries and rapid movements, the daring which they display, and the spirit and intelligence of the fine animals on which they ride — all this upon the broad horizon of the Campagna, and under a Roman sky — make up one of the most animating spectacles which can be found in the tame regions of European civilization, dignified by a sense of danger wanting in a fox-chase, and not stained by the cruelty of a bull-fight.

Buffaloes are also kept in considerable numbers on the Campagna, and their uncouth forms are mingled with every visitor's recollections of Rome. Their value consists in their prodigious strength, and in their aquatic habits. They are used for towing vessels against the current of the Tiber, and for the dragging of carts so heavy and clumsy that no other domesticated animal could endure the toil. Their services are especially valuable in low and marshy lands, which are intersected by streams of water, across which they readily draw their burden; keeping their heads above the stream and blowing like grampuses. Their flesh is sometimes sold in the Roman markets, and small, round cheeses made from their milk form conspicuous objects in the shops of provision dealers. Their temper is sullen and ferocious, but they are susceptible of personal attachment. Each buffalo receives a particular name which he learns to recognize, as well as the person of the herdsman who calls him. When provoked, however, they have been known to kill their keepers. The milking of the females is done in the dark by a person who glides under them, covered with a buffalo skin.

The sheep of the Campagna migrate to the mountains in the warm weather; and return to the plains in winter. They form the most important item in Roman agriculture, their flesh, their wool, and their milk being all valuable products. The labors of the shepherd are constant and monotonous, but not severe. At the dawn of day, he conducts his flock to the particular pasturage place assigned to them. He is attended by one or more dogs of a yellowish-white color, large, powerful, and faithful. Two of them are said to be a match for an ordinary wolf. The duties of the shepherd during the day are reduced to super-

vision, his dog fulfilling the rest. Hour after hour, he may recline at ease beneath the shade of a tree, watching the changes of nature or soothing his solitude with the drony and lacrymose sounds of a zampogna.* But at night, a more serious course of labors begins. The flock is gathered together and conducted to the fold. The ewes are first carefully milked, and the milk, gathered into large caldrons, is subjected to a quick fire of brushwood. The curd thus formed is made partly into cheese, and partly into *ricotta*, that delicacy so tempting and so dangerous to a weak stomach, and the whey is consumed by the dogs. The habitations of the shepherds, especially those for winter, though rude and homely enough, are yet such as to furnish shelter against the elements, and the means of lighting a fire. Sometimes they are substantial structures of stone, and sometimes mere huts, covered with a thatched roof and their sides plastered with mud mixed with straw. In the summer season, the shepherds and also the herdsmen of the Campagna often find shelter in a ruined building, or a decayed tomb, or in some of the natural caverns of a volcanic soil.

The condition of the herdsmen and shepherds of the Campagna, hard as it is, is not without its favorable points. They are permanently attached to their posts of duty, and have inducements to earn a character for industry and fidelity, and to make their own interests identical with those of their employers. Their wages are tolerably good, and when the toils of the day are over they find a place of shelter and repose which, in some imperfect measure, represents a home. The lot of the purely agricultural laborers is not so fortunate. As I have before remarked, the raising of cattle is a more lucrative occupation in the Campagna than the tilling of the soil, and it is consequently the object towards which the capital and energies of the mercanti are chiefly directed. Of the arable land, there is probably not more than one-tenth under cultivation at any one time, although the soil is very fertile, and especially adapted to the cereal grains. Wheat, the principal crop, is sown once in three or four years; the land in the intermediate years, according to its quality, lying fallow, or producing Indian corn, oats, or beans. There is no system of manuring, and the soil is left to its own unaided energies. The proportion of land actually under cultivation, moderate as it is, would be still less, were it not that the ground must be broken up and laid down to tillage once in a few years, in order to produce grass

* A kind of bagpipe.

in the abundance, and of such a quality, as the necessities of pasturage require.

We will suppose that the manager of one of these large farms proposes to break up a tract of pasturage land, which has been lying fallow for two or three seasons, and lay it down in wheat. In this interval, the vivid energies of a rich volcanic soil have covered it with a rank growth of sturdy shrubs, which must first be cut down with hatchets and rooted up with pick-axes. Then it is ploughed carefully and repeatedly, and the seed grain is dropped into the furrows, and the plough again passes over the tract, in order to cover the seed with earth. Then succeeds the process of breaking up the clods, pulling up the roots of such weeds as still remain, and giving to the furrows a regular form. The young plants, as they appear above the ground, are weeded and hoed, and the ground is kept loose about their roots. These duties, extending from October to April or May, are very severe, employing a great number of laborers who are hired by the season or by the job, and often come from a considerable distance. They are engaged not singly but in troops or companies comprising whole families, the bargain being made with a caporale, or head man, under whose charge they move to the scene of their labors like a gipsy settlement or an Arab encampment. Here they find no permanent and substantial places of shelter, but must live in tents or rude huts of reeds and branches of trees. Sometimes, however, they find a sleeping-place in the buildings of the casale, in which case they are compelled to walk three or four miles after the toils of the day, and the same distance in the morning before they begin. Their food is meagre and poor, and they are imperfectly clad, so that they can offer but feeble resistance to the fatal influences of the climate, being often exposed to days of great heat, and damp and chilly nights; and thus sickness and death make sad havoc among them, and fill the hospitals of Rome from their numbers. M. de Tournon mentions it as an honorable trait in the 'noble and pious family of Pamphili-Doria,' that upon each of their estates they employ a vehicle for the transportation of their sick laborers to the nearest hospital.

Between the last of these preliminary labors and the harvest, which usually occurs about the middle of June, there is an interval of only a few weeks. During the season of harvest the Campagna puts on an unusual expression of animation and life. As the grain ripens over great tracts, belonging to different proprietors, the element of time becomes very important and it is essential that a considerable number of supernumerary

laborers should be under command during that limited period in which the ripe wheat must be cut. Messengers are despatched beforehand into the neighboring mountain towns to collect the necessary recruits, and large stores of bread and wine are laid in at the casale for their refreshment and support. When all the preparations are made, the work of cutting the grain begins at early dawn, each band of laborers continuing by itself, under the direction of its caporale, and the yellow stalks fall fast under the vigorous attacks of a long line of flashing sickles. The open plain resounds with shouts, songs, and bursts of laughter. The ministro and his assistants, and often the mercante himself, or some members of his family, ride up and down the field, to stimulate and encourage the toil. Carts laden with wine and with water pass slowly along, and the laborers refresh themselves with liberal draughts. In the neighborhood, fires are kindled, at which an abundance of food is cooked, more generous than their usual fare. M. de Tournon speaks of having been present at the estate of Campo Morto, on one of these occasions, and seeing between seven and eight hundred reapers, ranging along a line of a mile and a half in extent, engaged at their work, and forming, by their variety of costumes, the vivacity of their movements, and the wide expanse of the scene, a striking and attractive spectacle. The harvest laborers are engaged for eleven days, and, if their labors are prolonged beyond that time, they are paid by the day. They have three meals a day, and are allowed to sleep two hours in the hottest part of the day. Sleep may be had at this time without danger; but not so at night. As a general rule, the harvest-laborers have no shelter provided for them; but, upon the very spot of their daily toils, they throw themselves down for their nightly repose, their frames bathed in perspiration, and exhausted with the fatigues of the day. Then the chill winds and heavy dews which so often succeed the burning heats of the sun fall upon them with silent, deadly power, and the poison of fever passes into their veins. Each day the number of the healthy and able-bodied is diminished, and when their task is done and they have received their wages, many have no more strength than enables them to crawl home and die at their own doors.*

* Chateauvieux, who visited the estate of Campo Morto in the summer of 1813, thus describes what he saw: 'A signal being given they quitted their work, and this long troop fled off before us; there were nearly as many women as men; they all came from the Abruzzi. They were bathed in sweat; the sun was intolerable; the men were good figures, but the women were frightful; they had been some days from the mountains, and

Such are the conditions upon which the Campagna is cultivated, and so little regard is paid to the life and health of the forlorn laborers by whom its golden harvests are sown and reaped. Such are the cruel and heartless results which ensue, when men act wholly upon the principle that property has its rights and forget that it has also its duties. The beauty of the Campagna, to the eye of humanity, is turned to ashes; and, to its ear, the breezes which sweep over it seem laden with the sighs of the sick and the groans of the dying. The deep-hearted Sismondi has written upon this subject in a strain of generous sympathy, and with a full sense of the wrong which man has here done to man. Endowed, according to his own frank confession, with little sensibility of art, and, from a defective visual organization, unable to catch the tints of crimson and gold which hang their glories round a Roman sunset, the moral and social aspects of the melancholy waste which encircles Rome presented themselves to his mind with no veil of enchantment thrown over them. Political economy may question the soundness of some of his conclusions, and experience may doubt the fulfilment of some of his sanguine hopes; but the spirit of his essay will commend itself to the heart of humanity, and they who differ from him will admit that he has studied his subject faithfully, and expounded it candidly. From his essay, and the elaborate work of Tournon on the statistics of Rome, I have drawn most of the facts which I have here presented. From the same sources may be derived the means of correcting one or two of the impressions usually left upon the minds of superficial observers, who record the observations of a hurried visit to Rome, and especially of qualifying that sweeping censure which Protestant travellers are apt to pass upon the Papal government. The desolation of the Campagna is sometimes ascribed to the blighting influence of an ecclesiastical administration, by those who forget that within the States of the Church are comprised some of the most thriving and populous portions of the Italian peninsula, and that the same political causes cannot breathe beauty and fertility over one region, and the silence of death over another. The Papal

the foul air had begun to attack them. Two only had yet taken the fever, but they told me from that time a great number would be seized every day, and that, by the end of harvest, the troop would be reduced at least one-half. What then, I said becomes of these unhappy creatures? They give them a morsel of bread and send them back. But whither do they go? They take the way to the mountains; some remain on the road, some die, but others arrive, suffering under misery and inanition, to come again the following year.'

government, though liable to many objections, is not the worst in Europe; and the men who administer it are, as a general rule, not inferior in intelligence to the statesmen of other Catholic countries, and probably superior in purity of life. The Catholic Church is eminently democratic in principle, opening freely the path to its highest honors to talent, learning, and worth; and although family influence doubtless exerts here, as everywhere else, an unquestioned power, yet there are always many men in the college of Cardinals who have risen to that high position, solely by personal merit. But in its relations to the Campagna, the Papal government presents itself in a most favorable aspect. For more than three centuries, with various longer or shorter intervals of time, it has been engaged in a contest with the proprietors and lessees of this region, in which it has shown a laudable perseverance and a generous humanity; though not always an enlightened judgment, a due respect for the rights of property, or a knowledge of the principles of political economy. To give the history of this struggle in detail would require too much space, but its leading objects may be briefly stated. The Popes, looking at the question from the true point of view, seeking to diminish the sum of human suffering, and to increase the sum of human happiness, have endeavored to remove the unhealthiness of the Campagna, and to increase its permanent population. By various edicts, some of very stringent character, they have sought to prevent the abandonment of wide tracts to the purposes of grazing, and to stimulate the growth of wheat and other cereal grains, by laborers resident on the spot. But they have encountered a steady opposition from the proprietors and lessees, who, taking a material and selfish view of the subject, and starting from the position that land is dormant or inactive capital, contend that they have a right to draw from it the largest amount of return which, with the aid of active capital, it can be made to yield; and that when they have shown that pasturage is more lucrative than tillage, they have met all the elements in the case. The gist of the controversy is contained in a statistical calculation presented to the government by the proprietors in 1790, and afterwards restated in 1800. By this it appeared that a capital of eight thousand crowns, invested in the cultivation of wheat, yielded a net return of only thirty crowns; while the same capital, invested in a flock of sheep, brought a return of nineteen hundred and seventy-two crowns. This was esteemed an unanswerable and decisive argument in favor of the superior advantages of pasturage. But, as Sismondi observes, this comparison is not between two tracts of land of equal extent but between

two equal sums of money devoted, one to pasturage and the other to tillage; and it virtually involves a begging of the question. The profitable employment of this amount of capital in grazing requires a quantity of land ten or twelve times greater than that which the estimate assumes to be necessary for its use in tillage; while it gives support to only twenty-nine persons in winter, and eighteen in summer. It is thus an extravagant waste of land, and a reduction of the number of those deriving support from land to the smallest amount. What is the net return derived from the flocks and herds that roam over the unpeopled tract, to the aggregate wealth that might be drawn from the soil, were the population at the rate of two hundred to the square mile, as in other parts of the pontifical states? Thus the state suffers by the absence or non-existence of all those persons whom this mode of using the land prevents from inhabiting it. It is not in the neighborhood of Rome alone that this process is going on, and that an enlightened and humane spirit is putting its veto upon changes sanctioned by that political economy which tells us that it makes no difference whether a great proprietor spends his income upon the estate from which it is derived, or in a distant capital. The conversion in Scotland of arable land into sheep-walks and deer-forests, by which whole hamlets of cotters and small farmers were swept from the soil, is of the same kind, and no calculations of a heartless science can ever reconcile humanity to such changes.*

In the contests between the government and the proprietors, the latter, as might be expected, have had the advantage. The great evil of the Papal government is the frequent changes of

* 'Campo Morto, one of the estates belonging to the patrimony of St. Peter's, lying between here (Gensano) and the lake, is let to a farmer. It contains 4309 rubbii, or about 4400 plebeian hides. We will suppose half of it to have been forest or common land — for the old Romans were not so wise as our rural economists, who parcel out every thing; thus, two thousand two hundred families would live on this estate. Now it supports

'1. The farmer-general, with his family, in great comfort.

'2. The rent constitutes the revenue of about thirty canons, many of whom save out of their incomes, but as others receive pensions in addition: we will set the latter against the former.

'3. On the land itself there live about a hundred laborers, nearly all unmarried.

'4. In the spring, a few hundred laborers come to work for a few days, and in the summer, five hundred come from Abruzzo to get in the harvest for eleven days' food and wages. The rural economist will say how many useless hands he spares! and the pious must rejoice that, instead of two thousand two hundred families of heathens, thirty gentlemen now live upon the land, who sing mass while others listen to them.'— From a letter of Niebuhr to Savigny. 'Life of Niebuhr,' Vol. III. p. 166, 2d ed.

system which arise of necessity from its constitution. The popes are usually old men when chosen to their office, and thus have but a short time to mature and execute projects of improvement; nor are the plans of one pontiff usually taken up and carried on by his successor. Indeed, it not unfrequently happens that the election is influenced by the opposition which these plans have awakened, and the partisans of the new incumbent are those who were the enemies of his predecessor. But the force of selfishness is as inevitable and as calculable as the force of gravitation. The interests of the proprietors and their lessees, the mercanti, have been always the same and they have ever presented the same unbroken front of opposition. In the long run, the dogged obstinacy and sharp-sighted vigilance of selfishness will be more than a match for the philanthropy of legislation. Government must enunciate general principles. It cannot follow a supple and flexible selfishness through all the winding turns along which it slips and glides: self-interest tires out all competitors, and is sure to be in at the death. The well-meant efforts of so many popes to increase and widen the belt of cultivation, to reclaim the wastes of the Campagna, to dry up its swamps, and to dot its surface with radiating centres of population and activity, — have produced little or no effect. The same evils that provoked attention in times less humane and less enlightened than our own still present themselves to the more experienced mind and more susceptible heart of to-day. There is the same dreary depopulation, the same deadly malaria, the same frightful waste of human life. Nor to the sober and unimpassioned reason, which will not believe a proposition simply because it wishes it to be true, is there much hope for the future. The essay of Sismondi, to which I have before alluded, points out the elements of encouragement in a sanguine, but not an extravagant, spirit; and he certainly proves that the reclaiming of the Campagna is not an impossible enterprise. The events which have taken place since the date of its publication do not, however, tend to make the desired consummation more probable. We meet upon the threshold this inexorable dilemma; the Campagna cannot become healthy till it is more thickly peopled; and it cannot be more thickly peopled till it becomes more healthy. To overcome this difficulty — to solve this problem — would require a concentration of powers and a command of means, such as the ordinary flow of events can never call forth. It might be done by a man who added to the large capacity, the iron will, the piercing insight, and boundless resources of Napoleon, the energetic and pertinacious benevolence of Oberlin but that such a man should spring from the exhausted soil of

Rome would be a miracle hardly less striking than if an angel should come down from heaven, and in a single night cover the Campagna with smiling villages and a vigorous population. Were a region like this, fertile and sickly, lying in the track of western emigration in our own country, it would present but a brief obstacle to the advance of that great wave of population which flows so steadily towards the setting sun. The first generation would fall before the deadly influences of the soil; but their places would be supplied by new comers, and the contest be continued by fresh frames and unworn spirits, and man would triumph at last over nature. But the conquest which would be possible to the boundless energies of a young democracy like ours, is beyond the feeble powers of a decrepid state, which can do no more than struggle against natural decay and repair the breaches of time.

The statements of the condition of the Campagna may also tend to correct another of those wrong first impressions into which travellers are apt to fall. From the multitude of beggars and idle persons in the streets of Rome, they jump to the conclusion that the Romans, and the Italians generally, are a race of incorrigible idlers, who will not work and therefore deserve to starve. But how many of those who form or second this hasty judgment have put themselves into a situation to ascertain the willingness or unwillingness of this unemployed population to embrace the opportunity of work when offered to them? Rome, of course, has little or no foreign commerce; and, as has been before remarked, has no rural population connected with and dependent upon it. Its support is derived mainly from two sources; from the great influx of strangers drawn to it by its unique attractions in art and history; and from the tributes, prescribed or voluntary, offered to it as the capital of Catholic Christendom. Were these sources cut off, a considerable part of its population must either starve or move to some other place. The manufactures of Rome, more considerable than is commonly supposed, are mostly confined to objects of taste and beauty. Here are produced pictures statues, engravings, cameos, bronzes, works in marble, artificial pearls, and the like; but no one, that can help it, employs a Roman tailor, dressmaker, shoemaker, or hatter, no one buys a Roman carriage or Roman furniture, nor anything that is there made of linen or cotton or wood or glass or porcelain. Thus, the range of employment is very limited, and there are numbers of persons who beg because there is nothing else that they can do. But the conditions under which the cultivation of the Campagna is carried on are alone

enough to remove the reproach of idleness from the population of the Papal States. We have seen that in the hot months of the year such as May, June, and July, the labors of agriculture are attended with serious risk, not only to health but to life, and that every year there are many persons who carry home from these fatal plains the seeds of death. And yet, in spite of this confirmed experience, each successive season sends forth its fresh recruits to be decimated by the inglorious and invisible foe that creeps along the dark morass and falls from the sky upon the dewy ground. The reapers, who are the most exposed to the noxious influences of the soil and climate, usually carry home about five dollars; and for this humble pittance the inhabitant of a mountain village leaves his breezy home, and toils for perhaps a fortnight with a distinct consciousness that the chances are, to say the least, not against his being stricken to the heart by the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noonday. Could the rich foreigner who spends this sum upon a cameo, or a bronze ornament, in the course of a morning drive, have a fact like this brought home to him, he would probably repress the impatient ejaculation called forth by the importunate beggar at his carriage door. There is something inexpressibly affecting, even heroic, in the quiet devotion and self-sacrifice of these reapers of the Campagna, who bravely encounter the chances of death or lifelong sickness, that they may carry home to their families a handful of silver. They are soldiers who go down to a field of battle in which victory is without spoils and defeat is death.

The condition of these forlorn persons is, however, but an extreme instance of the weight of hopeless toil and suffering that rests upon the laboring population of a large part of Europe. Everywhere the heart is torn by the visible presence of irremediable distress. Everywhere we see men who are made old, while yet in their prime, by overwork, meagre food, and wretched shelter, — women, from whose forms and faces their native dower of grace and beauty has been crushed out by the weight of toil too great and too early laid upon them, — children, whose little faces are already shadowed with care or pinched with hunger. Everywhere the grand and lovely scenes of nature are associated with the sharp penury or hopeless prostration of man. Such sights, and the disproportioned masses of wealth that meet our view at the other end of the social scale, awaken pity or indignation according to the observer's temperament. A benevolent temper is often united with a fierce and rebellious spirit; and, where such a combina-

tion exists, who can wonder that the protest of humanity should take the form either of distrust of God's providence, or of a blind and desperate assault upon all existing institutions? That there are constant troubles in Europe is not so much a matter of surprise as that there should ever be a considerable period without them; and, what is saddest of all, the wiser mind is forced to confess that those struggles and convulsions spring from such motives, or are attended with such conditions, as make failure inevitable. The apostle Paul told the Romans of his time, that 'the earnest expectation of the creature waiteth for the manifestation of the sons of God.' It is so now; and, now as then, the spirit of God must help the infirmities of man, before the bondage of corruption can be broken.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Journey from Rome to Naples — Naples — The Museum.

JOURNEY FROM ROME TO NAPLES.

On Thursday, March 9, at eleven o'clock in the morning, I left Rome for Naples, occupying, with two friends and countrymen, the rotonde of a diligence. A diligence has three divisions: the coupè, in front: the intérieur, in the middle; and the rotonde, behind. They correspond to the boxes, the pit, and the gallery, in a theatre. The rotonde, says somebody (quoted by Murray), 'is the receptacle of dust, dirt, and bad company.' Our route was along the Appian Way, passing through Albano, L'Ariccia, Gensano, and Velletri. The weather was fine, and such views of the region we traversed as could be caught from our narrow confine were beautiful; especially when illumined by the yellow rays of a setting sun.

The shades of night fell upon us as we entered upon the monotonous plain which extends from the Alban Mount to Terracina, and we lost the sight of the desolation of the Pontine Marshes. The diligence stopped about an hour at Terracina, a delay for which, in logical language, there was no 'causa causans;' but the 'causa sine quâ non' was, that we were in Italy, where time is of no value, and the whole movement of life is adagio. For persons of an impatient spirit a residence of a few months in that country may be prescribed as a good medicine: it will either kill or cure. I could not but murmur at the darkness which hid everything from the sight except the interior of a dirty post-house, — enclosing with its ebon wall the striking features of Terracina itself, as well as the view of the distant Monte Circello, which tradition has fixed as the seat of the Circe's enchantments. Some obstinate sceptics have doubted this, because the localities do not all correspond with Homer's description; but the weight of evidence is against them, for there is a cavern in the rock which is still called,

'The Witch's Grotto,' 'La Grotta della Maga,' and Valery states that the swine which are raised in the neighborhood attain a size which can only be explained by the fact that they are the lineal descendents of the unhappy companions of Ulysses.

The glittering rays of the morning sun revealed a beautiful scene, different in character from the neighborhood of Rome. To the right, the curved shore of Gaeta, as the light fell upon the rippling line of the breaking waves, shone like a sickle of silver, and the gulf which it clasped was of the darkest blue It was pleasant to be so near to the sea once more, — to catch again the deep beatings of its mighty heart, and to hear the sound of oars, and of keels grating upon a pebbly bottom. For some distance, the road ran close to the water's edge; and the sandy beach, the boats drawn up along the shore, the children dabbling in the waves, and the freshened air, reminded me of some points in the coast between Boston and Nahant; only that the outlines had every where a softer character. But to the left, the land view awakened no familiar associations. Every thing was abrupt, salient, and picturesque; elevations, more or less high, shot up suddenly from the plain. The landscape was full of startling antitheses, if I may be allowed such an expression The line of hills which blocked up the horizon was indented and irregular. The towns and villages crowned the heights and hung, like nests, from the walls of rocky precipices. The forms of vegetation approached more nearly the tropical types. The cactus grew in the hedges; orange and lemon-trees stood out boldly, open to all the air, and not crouching behind walls and in sheltered court-yards. Fig-trees wore a sturdy and defying look; and the vine, though not at that time in leaf, had the independent character of a child of the soil. Men and women, with countenances and costumes alike marked, were at work in the fields. The general aspect of the scene was glowing and impassioned; and differed from the scenery of more northern regions, as the changeable features and fervid gesticulation of a Neapolitan differ from the grave and calm demeanor of an Englishman or German. Indeed, at Terracina the gates of a new region are thrown open to us, through which we pass into the precincts of the warm South. The face of nature and the face of man differ from those which we have left behind. Flowers of more vivid coloring, fruits of finer flavor, men of more restless passions, — all show that we are drawing nearer to the sun.

The region which lies south of Terracina, embracing the Bay of Naples, has another element of interest, as the scene of what may be called the romantic literature of antiquity

Here was the abode of Circe, — a beautiful enchantress, smiling but malignant, — the earliest type of a character which has been multiplied to so infinite an extent in all subsequent periods At Formiæ, Ulysses and his companions met with the adventure, since so often repeated, of the Læstrygons, whose king is a man-eating giant, and who has a wife of the same homicidal and cannibal propensities. From the scars of violent volcanic action in the neighborhood of Naples, from the gloomy shades of Avernus and traditions of streams of lava, the ancients formed their pictures of Tartarus and the Styx. The airy and imaginative shapes of the Greek mind passed into the literature of Rome from the south of Italy. The elements that came from Etruria were sterner and gloomier. That was a land of sombre superstitions, and gave to Rome the system of omens and divinations, so interwoven with its history and poetry.

We passed through Fondi,* Itri, Capua, and other places, striking from their situation, or interesting from their associations; but I can only recall a general picture of rich, warm sunshine, of a cloudless sky, a blue sea, a luxuriant vegetation, towns and villages perched upon heights, and with steep and narrow streets occupied by men and women, dark, dirty, and picturesque; very good to put into sketch-books, but by no means looking as if they would make comfortable neighbors. There was so much work for the eye to do, — there was such an amount of form, light, and color dashed upon the canvas of the horizon, — that in the whirl of impressions there was neither time nor patience to rest upon details. The whole route was much infested by that ravenous brood of animals that feed upon trunks and passports. I will not attempt to record how many times we fell into their devouring jaws, — nor how great was the sum of delay and vexation occasioned by them, — nor what was the aggregate of tribute they levied upon us, — but will

* Fondi was, in 1534, the residence of Julia Gonzaga, widow of Vespasian Colonna, the most beautiful woman of her age. The fame of her charms had reached the ear of the Sultan Solyman, at Constantinople, who commissioned the corsair Khair-Eddyn Barberoussa to make a descent upon Fondi and carry her off. The attack was made, the town carried by assault, and all so suddenly, that the lady had only time to escape to the mountains in a night-dress. Such an adventure must have had its alleviating elements. It would be curious to speculate to what extent her fright and sufferings were soothed by the proud consciousness of the beauty from which they flowed. The trouble and the consolation came from the same source, as the rust of Achilles' spear cured the wounds it made. I will not believe the tradition which says that she caused a gentleman, who assisted her in her flight, to be assassinated, because he had seen her in so much of an undress.

only enjoin it upon those who may hereafter have occasion to journey on that route to fortify their souls with patience, and their pockets with pauls.

We reached Naples after dark. The streets glittering with gas and filled with people presented a marked contrast to the comparative silence and gloom of Rome. A turn of the carriage brought Vesuvius before us in all its glories and terrors. The sight was beyond the hope. A ruddy coronet of flame burned upon its summit, and its side was streaked with veins of fire. But, after a vigil of thirty-six hours, nature claimed her rights; and the great torch of Vesuvius, hanging over the Bay of Naples, was eclipsed in attraction by the candle that lighted me to bed.

NAPLES.

My stay in Naples lasted only a fortnight; and even that short period was abridged by several days of bad weather. Of course, under such circumstances, only general impressions could be gathered. But for Naples, in this as in so many other respects unlike Rome, we do not need the help of time to grasp and hold the spirit of the place. The veil of the past is not here to be uplifted slowly and with reverend hands. A single look from a favorable position puts the traveller in possession of what is most striking and characteristic. The entire outline is traced ineffaceably, and afterwards nothing more is required than to cut the lines more deeply. At one touch, the gates of the mind are opened and the glorious pageant enters. Rome is like a fresco, in which only a measured portion can be painted each day; but Naples is a sun-picture taken in an instant.

It is indeed a curious fact that in Naples itself there are very few objects of interest or curiosity. In architecture, there is almost nothing that deserves a second visit. There is not a church or a palace or a public building of any kind, of such conspicuous merit that one need regret not to have seen it. Why this city — more than double the size of any other in Italy — should languish in such architectural poverty, is a mystery not easily explained. All the works of art of any consequence are to be found in the Museum; and the great attraction of this collection is not in its pictures or marble statues, which seem but crumbs fallen from the tables of Rome and Florence but in its unique relics from Herculaneum and Pompeii. It cannot be denied that, after the excitement and exhaustion of Florence and Rome, it is a relief to find ourselves in a place

where there are no churches to visit, no picture-galleries to go through, no palaces and villas that must be examined, — where no inexorable Nemesis chases us with a guide-book in one hand and a watch in the other, — where we may, without self-reproach, surrender ourselves to unforeseen impulses, and not rise in the morning with a duty, in the disguise of a pleasure, set against every hour in the day.

The beauty of Naples and its environs can as little be described as exaggerated. The extreme points of the two projecting arms which enclose the bay on the northwest and southeast are about twenty miles distant from each other in a right line. They are similar in their shape and character, but by no means identical. The southern promontory stretches farther out to sea; but the balance is restored by the island of Ischia on the north, which is much larger and more distant from the land than its southern sister Capri. The curve of the gulf lying between them is not regular, but the line of the coast makes nearly a right angle at Naples and also at Castellamare; the intervening space being nearly straight. Vesuvius occupies a point about half way between the projecting points. The whole space is crowded with human life, and comprises within itself nearly every form of beauty into which earth and water can be moulded. On one side, from a liquid plain of the most dazzling blue, a range of mountains, the peaks of which are for many months covered with snow, rise into the air. Forests of oak and chestnut encircle them midway. Between them and the sea there is hardly a terrace of level land, and the cliffs that line the tideless shore are often crowned and draped with luxuriant vegetation. In another direction, the primitive features are less grand; but the action of volcanic agencies has given great variety of surface within a small compass. Numberless points are crowned with villas, monasteries, and houses, linked together by a glowing succession of orange groves, vineyards, orchards, and gardens. Over all the unrivalled scene, Vesuvius towers and reigns; forming the point of convergence in which all the lines of beauty and grandeur meet. I have never seen a mountain that so impresses the mind as this. Although not quite four thousand feet high, it produces all the effect of a much greater elevation, because its whole bulk, from the level of the sea to its summit, is seen at a glance. Besides the peculiar interest which belongs to it as a volcano, it is remarkable for its flowing and graceful outline, and the symmetrical regularity of its shape. A painter could no where find a better model from which to draw an ideal mountain. But when to this merely lineal beauty, we add the mysterious and awful

power of which its smoke and fire are symbols, and those tear ful energies of destruction which the imagination magnifies at will, it becomes a feature in the landscape, which, considering its position and proximities, has no parallel on the globe. It would seem as if volcanic agency were necessary to crown the earth with its most impressive loveliness and grandeur, just as a human face never reveals all its beauty till passion burns in the eye and trembles on the lip. The action of fire alone heaves up those sheer walls and notched battlements of rock, and sets the mountain lake in those deep and wooded sockets, by which the most expressive landscapes are formed, and through which great effects are produced without the aid of great space. Water shapes and smooths the earth into something like a Grecian regularity of outline, but fire sharpens and points it after Gothic types.

The whole line of coast from Pozzuoli to Sorrento repeats and renews the same curves and waves of beauty. The land is rounded, scooped, and hollowed; holding out jutting promontories and projections, like arms of invitation, to the sea. No rigid lines of defence are thrown up; no castellated masses of granite stand along the coast like line-of-battle ships drawn up for an engagement; nowhere is an expression of defiance stamped upon the scene. Along the rocky and iron-bound shores of New England, the junction of the sea and the land is like the meeting of enemies under a flag of truce: even the sunshine and the calm speak of conflicts past and to come. Upon the practical and unromantic coast of England, their meeting is like that of men of business who have come together to talk over a bargain. But in the Bay of Naples, the meeting of the sea and the land is like the embrace of long-parted lovers. The earth is a beautiful and impassioned Hero, and the waves lie upon her bosom like the dripping locks of Leander.

Naples itself is only the core and nucleus of this fertile and populous shore, which everywhere swarms with life and glitters with human habitations. In respect to situation, the cities of Naples and Edinburgh have an element in common; or rather, they leave a similar impression upon the observer's mind. In both, the towns, the buildings, the works of man's hands, are subordinate to the grand and commanding features of nature around and above them. This is never the case with a city standing upon a plain. In Edinburgh, the houses look, in comparison with the mountain ridges near them, like a handful of toys upon a giant's lap. Naples is not only stretched along a winding coast, but scattered over the terraces and spurs of a

range of semicircular hills; and is brought into immediate proximity with commanding heights and a grand expanse of water. Thus, when it is seen from the sea, — which is the finest point of view, — the magnificent lines and sweeps of the landscape fairly eat up the city itself; and its white buildings look like rows of China cups and saucers ranged along the shelves of a crescent-shaped closet. But though it is easy to tell what Naples suggests, it is not easy to tell what it is. What words can analyze and take to pieces the parts and details of this matchless panorama, or unravel that magic web of beauty into which palaces, villas, forests, gardens, vineyards, the mountains and the sea are woven? What pen can paint the soft curves, the gentle undulations, the flowing outlines, the craggy steeps, and the far-seen heights, which, in their combination are so full of grace, and, at the same time, expression? Words here are imperfect instruments, and must yield their place to the pencil and the graver. But no canvas can reproduce the light and color which play round this enchanting region. No skill can catch the changing hues of the distant mountains, the star-points of the playing waves, the films of purple and green which spread themselves over the calm waters, the sunsets of gold and orange, and the aerial veils of rose and amethyst which drop upon the hills from the skies of morning and evening. The author of the book of Ecclesiasticus seems to have described Naples, when he speaks of 'the pride of the height, the clear firmament, the beauty of heaven, with his glorious show.' 'See Naples and then die,' is a well-known Italian saying; but it should read, 'See Naples and then live.' One glance at such a scene stamps upon the memory an image which, forever after, gives a new value to life.

THE MUSEUM

The Museum of Naples, comprising an extensive library, a picture gallery, a large collection of works in marble and bronze, a wilderness of vases, and all the spoils of Herculaneum and Pompeii, is contained in a building of vast extent, originally designed for a training-school for cavalry; subsequently appropriated to an university, and, at the close of the last century, dedicated to its present purposes. Its proper name is Palazzo de' regj Studj. The most interesting portion of this vast storehouse of art and antiquity is found in the rooms which contain the multifarious and innumerable objects which have been brought here from Herculaneum and Pom

peii. These possessions are absolutely unique They defy rivalry, and can never be damaged by comparison. A large part of all that we know of the private life of the Romans has been revealed to us from these open graves of the past. It is a curious fact that we owe the preservation of these most impressive and instructive memorials to means and causes which, of all others, would seem the least likely to accomplish such a result. It is difficult to conceive of a more destructive agency than that put forth by the eruption of a volcano; nor is there any wrath so consuming as the wrath of fire; and yet, in this instance, their spell has been reversed, and they have sheltered from decay, and returned unharmed, a world of objects which air and light would long ago have destroyed. Long buried beneath a sea of lava, or shrouded in a grave of ashes, the domestic life of Rome has awakened from its sleep of centuries, to startle the present with an authentic voice from the past. Many persons have regretted that these things were ever taken from the localities in which they were found, — feeling that by this removal the proper relation between them has been lost, and that all these curious and beautiful objects, arranged in show-rooms and exposed in glass cases, are like an exhibition of cut flowers as compared with a garden in bloom. Upon this, which may be called the sentimental side of the question, — the side upon which Lord Byron looked at the transportation of the Elgin marbles to London, — much may, no doubt, be urged. But Herculaneum is shrouded in the deepest night, so that nothing can be seen beyond the small circle of light shed by the torches; and at Pompeii it would have been necessary to maintain an army of keepers and guardians to protect the treasures there found from the rapacity of travellers. Upon the whole, therefore, we must be content with the arrangement as we find it, and not let what might be cast a shadow upon what is.

A suite of several rooms is devoted to articles in iron and bronze; lamps, candelabra, cooking utensils, agricultural implements, and weapons of offence and defence. The collection is especially rich in lamps and candelabra, many of which are most elaborately wrought, and of rare beauty of form. The difference between ancient and modern taste — the former running to the beautiful, and the latter to the useful — is nowhere more strikingly seen than in contrivances for artificial light. The lamp by which I am now writing, if set down by the side of the superb works of art which delight the eye in the Museum of Naples, would look as homely as a barn-yard goose sailing about in a fleet of imperial swans. But, on the

other hand, it gives ten times as much light as the best of those antique beauties. The Roman wick was but a bit of thread drawn through a hole, casting only a feeble glimmer, and, in a well-ventilated room, it must have flared and fluttered to the great discomfort of sensitive eyes. May we not accept circular wicks and glass chimneys as a fair compensation for the beauty which we have lost? Seen by daylight, it must certainly be admitted that these Roman lamps and candelabra are a perpetual pleasure to the eye. The most graceful forms of animal and vegetable life were imitated and reproduced in their ornaments, — such as the claws of lions and griffins, the legs of goats, the branches of trees, the stems and flowers of liliaceous plants, — and these are ingeniously combined with minute architectural details, bas-reliefs, and heroic or mythological forms. It is the same with the vessels of metal destined for the homely offices of life. In the outline, the decorations, and especially the shape and fashion of the handle, we see the claims of an eye that exacted beauty in every object on which it fell. In a vase found at Herculaneum, and deposited in one of these rooms, the handle represents an eagle grasping a hare. In the first room which I entered are several balances and steelyards wrought with the same taste and elegance, the weight representing the head of a hero or demigod. In the same room is a small portable furnace, and, scattered through the collection, are many other articles of kitchen furniture. there is also an urn of very elaborate construction. In one of the rooms are various pieces of armor and weapons of offence, swords, lances, bucklers, and helmets, — some richly ornamented with chased work. Distributed in cases around the same room, as if to mark the contrast between peace and war, are agricultural implements, such as hoes, pickaxes, spades; also locks, hinges, bits for horses, door-knockers, and keys. Scattered through the various rooms are a multitude of miscellaneous objects, such as tripods, musical and surgical instruments, bronze inkstands, styles for writing, articles belonging to the toilet, — such as mirrors, combs, pins, and even cosmetics, — playthings for children, dice, — some of them loaded, — tickets of admission to the public games made of ivory or bone, moulds for pastry; and, not the least curious of all, a variety of articles of food, charred by the heat, such as nuts, many sorts of grain, fruits, and loaves of bread with the baker's name upon them. In short, these marvellous rooms present an epitome of the whole domestic and daily life of Rome under the empire. By the help of the innumerable objects contained in this unique collection, we can follow our

all the hours of a Roman day, in their several duties or amusements. We sit, or rather recline, with the wealthy nobleman of Pompeii at his meals, and criticize his table furniture, and almost pronounce upon the flavor of his dishes, or the age of his wine. We peep into the dressing-room of his wife, and see her toilet apparatus spread out before us; her rouge, her mirrors, her ornaments; in short, all the weapons with which she fought off the approaches of time. We penetrate into the kitchen, see the charcoal lighted in the brazier, hear the water bubbling in the urn, and snuff the steam of the dishes that simmer in the saucepans. We sit with the student in his library, go out into the fields with the farmer, visit the shops of mechanics and artisans, and accompany the surgeon in his professional calls. We go with the respectable citizen to the theatre, and with the wild, young man to the gaming-table, and see him lose his money to a Greek blackleg. From all that is spread before us, we gather the truth that man is an animal with but very few tricks; that the same wants impelled, and the same passions disturbed, him, in those days as now; that the same dangers lay in his path, and the same temptations led him astray; and that life was the mingled web of suffering and enjoyment in Pompeii, eighteen hundred years ago, that it is to-day in London or New York.

A spacious room in the Museum is devoted to the paintings found upon the walls of the houses and public buildings of Pompeii, which have been skilfully detached from their original positions and assembled here. As these paintings are very numerous, and comprise a great variety in style and design, and as they are huddled and crowded together upon the walls of a single apartment, in such a way as shows that economy of space was a primary object of consideration, the whole effect is somewhat confusing and bewildering. I believe that of late years the practice of removing these paintings has been discontinued, and that in the recently excavated houses they are allowed to remain on the walls without being disturbed. These pictures have been greatly admired, and highly, perhaps too highly, praised. They certainly affect the imagination so powerfully as to leave us in a frame of mind not exactly suited for calm criticism. We are so astonished to find the drawing, expression, and coloring so good, that we are inclined to overstate their excellence; in the same way as civilization is more than just to the poetry and eloquence of savage tribes. The number of paintings which the excavations of Pompeii have brought to light is astonishing. The use of this form of decoration in ornamenting the walls of houses was universal, and the specimens

preserved to us show as great a variety of merit as is included between the daubs of an itinerant portrait-painter and the best works of Stuart or Copley. There were decorative artists of every gradation of excellence, and suited to ample and moderate incomes.

These paintings are popularly called frescoes; but, as a general rule, they are painted in distemper upon a dry wall. Their chief merits are grace and flowing ease of outline, and the spirit of the attitudes and movements. The perspective is often defective. The finest thing in this room, and perhaps the finest picture yet found in Pompeii, is the celebrated group of Achilles and Briseis, so well known by the admirable engraving and enthusiastic description of Sir William Gell. The colors are sadly faded, and I cannot but think that the head of Achilles is seen to some advantage in the spirited engraving in the 'Pompeiana.' Two other well-known subjects, which have been often engraved, are also here; the sacrifice of Iphigenia, — in which Agamemnon is pictured with his face covered, and Iphigenia is grasped by two priests in a very unceremonious manner, — and Medea meditating the murder of her children. Both of them have much merit in design and execution. The general character of these paintings, and of those which are left on the walls of Pompeii, is light, airy, and sportive. Those heathen views of life and death which breathe through the poetry of Horace, in exhortations to crowd the short span of time with music, wine, and flowers, before the dark hour of renunciation came, shed also a sunny gleam of grace and beauty along the walls of Pompeii. Female dancers, draped and undraped, Bacchantes and Fauns, groups of Mars and Venus, nymphs, centaurs, and rope-dancers are frequently recurring subjects. Many of them are full of comic power, and instinct with the sense of the ludicrous, — not unlike the caricatures of modern times. Animals are sometimes represented in grotesque positions and quaint combinations, which remind us of Granville's illustrations of La Fontaine. The aim of the artist seems to have been to produce an atmosphere of agreeable sensations, and to exclude every object which could bring the shadow of reflection over the spectator's mind. Every thing must suggest life and movement, — the opening bloom of pleasure, and the sparkling foam of careless mirth. How different is the prevailing sentiment of a modern Italian gallery, with its Martyrdoms, its Crucifixions, its Pietas, its Madonnas, and its Magdalens! The modern artist does not hesitate to lay his hand upon the deepest and most solemn chords of the human heart; for the echoes they awaken are not returned from the chambers of

the tomb, but from the vault of heaven which bends over them.

The gallery of bronzes is rich in works of the highest merit. Those which I recall as of conspicuous excellence are the following.

A bust of Democritus, powerful and individual.

A very pleasing bust of Berenice.

A group of Athletes, full of spirit.

An admirable bust of Caracalla, containing authentic evidence of its being a good likeness.

A beautiful bust of Antinous, with the drooping head and melancholy lips with which he is uniformly represented.

An noble and expressive bust of Scipio Africanus.

An admirable bust of Archytas.

A bust of Seneca; perhaps the most striking in the whole collection; stern, grim, and lifelike; with massive lips and hair falling in ragged locks over the brow.

Three Fauns; one, of small size, dancing, — a light, airy, and graceful figure; one, sleeping; and the third, a little larger than life, represented in a state of genial intoxication. This last is a very admirable work, — in spite of the subject, — and a good illustration of the power of the ancient artists in idealizing a coarse object. In the attitude and expression there is the utmost of madness and frolic, and the least of vulgar brutality, which art can possibly combine. He has been drinking such wine as might have been pressed from grapes that grew upon the grave of Anacreon.

Mercury in repose. This is perhaps the finest bronze statue in the world. The figure is of the size of life, in a sitting posture, the left hand resting on the knee, and the right slightly supporting the figure against the base on which it is seated. The right leg is loosely extended, and the body slightly leaning forward. The air and attitude of the figure are those of a person who is enjoying the luxury of rest, after considerable muscular exertion. The limbs are in the soft bloom of early manhood. The proportions are beautiful and the expression perfect; in every respect, a work of the highest class. This admirable statue was discovered at Portici, about the middle of the last century.

A horse's head, of colossal size, full of life and spirit.

Besides these, the room contains a very curious object in the shape of an immense water-cock, made of metal, found in the island of Capri, — in which a considerable quantity of water still remains, after the lapse of two thousand years. It is always shaken by the attendant officials, for the benefit of incredulous ears.

The collection of marble statues is arranged in several halls and corridors, and contains not a few works which would hold up their heads and claim admiration, even in the Vatican. The following are some of those which most impressed me.

Psyche, a fragment, but full of feeling, grace, and beauty; by some, ascribed to Praxiteles.

A bust of Caracalla, animated and lifelike.

Two equestrian statues of Balbus and his son, found at Herculaneum; simple, noble, and dignified.

A beautiful bas-relief of Dædalus and Icarus.

A fine head of Alexander.

The Hall of the Muses derives its name from the statues of these goddesses arranged in it. They were found at Herculaneum, and many of them are very good. In this apartment is a large vase of Greek marble, carved in relief with a subject representing the education of Bacchus. The history of this vase is curious. It was found at Gaeta, where it had been used by the fishermen to tie their boats to; and the marks of the ropes are still visible upon it. It was rescued from this degrading service, and removed to the Cathedral at Gaeta, where it was used as a baptismal font; and finally brought to the Museum. A beautiful statue of Adonis gives its name to one of the apartments. In the same room is a curious and well-executed composition of Cupid entangled in the folds of a dolphin.

In the Gallery of Flora is a colossal statue of that goddess, of great merit, especially in the disposition of the drapery, although the exaggerated dimensions are not in unison with our conceptions of the goddess of flowers. This statue was found in the Baths of Caracalla, at Rome. In the same apartment is a fine statue of Juno, full of dignity and expression. Here, too, is now deposited the celebrated mosaic found at Pompeii, representing the decisive moment in the battle of Issus between Darius and Alexander. In composition and perspective, this is one of the finest remains of antiquity. The struggle, terror, and confusion of a deadly hand-to-hand encounter; the exulting and victorious expression of the Macedonian hero; the despair and agony of the Persian king, as he sees the tide of battle setting against him, and his faithful friends falling around him, — are all admirably represented. This mosaic had been injured by an earthquake with which Pompeii was visited some years before its destruction, and the repairs it underwent in consequence are detected by the inferior character of the workmanship.

In the gallery of the Flora is also deposited the finest work

in the whole collection, the noble statue of Aristides,* — the grandest embodiment of high intellectual power and calm dignity of character that ever was expressed in marble. The attitude, the simple and expressive disposition of the drapery, and the elevated air of the head, make this statue one of the most precious legacies which antiquity has bequeathed to us.

In one room is gathered together a little congress of Venuses and the visitor may study and compare all those modifications of beauty and grace which the ingenuity of ancient artists contrived to throw around their conceptions of the goddess of love and smiles; and mark the essential character of the figure combined with unconsciousness, with playfulness, with coquetry, and with wantonness.

The colossal Hercules of Glycon is overloaded with masses of muscle; and this exaggeration of animal power and the small size of the head make the statue look too much like an overgrown gladiator, and not the duty-obeying demigod, whose heroic strength was ever governed by heroic sentiments. The Torso at Rome is better, so far as it goes. The celebrated group of the Farnese Bull, which stands in the same hall, is a noble work, in which the intellectual conception of the artist is not at all overlaid by the weight and bulk of the material. This group was found in the Baths of Caracalla at Rome, much injured, and restored by Bianchi, a Milanese sculptor.

Besides the above, there is a fine composition of Ganymede embracing the eagle.

A capital group of Hercules and Omphale, with a sort of comic power about it, like the laugh-in-the-sleeve which runs through the poetry of Ariosto.

A striking head of Jupiter Ammon, with horns.

A sitting statue of Agrippina, the mother of Nero, a work of great character and expression, which Canova has imitated, but not improved upon, in his statue of the mother of Napoleon.

One room is devoted to works in colored marble. Here is a striking statue of Apollo, in porphyry; of a size larger than life; represented in a sitting posture, holding a lyre in his hand, — the lyre and the extremities of the figure being in Carrara marble. The drapery, in spite of the hardness of the material, is wrought with infinite patience and skill, and hangs in such delicate folds that it looks as if the breath of summer would move them. There is also a Meleager, in rosso antico;

* By this name the statue has long been known, but it probably represents Æschines. — Murray's Hand-book for Southern Italy, p. 169.

two barbarians, in pavonazzetto, in a kneeling posture, and supporting an entablature; an Egyptian priest, in basalt; and a very fantastic statue of Diana, in oriental alabaster and bronze, looking like a macaronic poem in two languages.

The Egyptian Museum contains the usual assortment of articles found in such collections; vases, figures in bronze and terra cotta, sarcophagi, and ghastly-grinning mummies, — by no means a cheerful company. To pass from a hall illumined by the light of Greek genius into one of these grim and dingy Egyptian museums, is like going from a garden to a cellar.

A spacious and well-lighted room is dedicated to the patient labors of the scholars who occupy themselves with unrolling and deciphering the rolls of papyri which have been discovered at Herculaneum and Pompeii. Some large cases contain a quantity of the rolls as they are found; looking like small cylinders of charred wood, and so little like what they really are, that, when first brought to light, large quantities were destroyed by the workmen in mere wantonness. Two or three of the machines used to unrol them were in operation. They resemble somewhat the sewing frames of the bookbinders. The papyrus, as it is unrolled, is attached to gold-beater skin, by means of a weak solution of glue. Infinite patience is requisite in the process, as a single rash pull at the capstan may undo the work of days. Some of those which have been most successfully unrolled are ranged round the room in glass cases. By an inexperienced eye, the letters can be just traced by a rather stronger line of black. In an inner room are the books which have been published. It is melancholy to reflect that, after all the expense of time and money given to this pursuit of knowledge, nothing of the least value has been brought to light.

The picture gallery contains a number of indifferent works and a few good ones. Among the latter is:

A Holy Family by Raphael, called 'Madonna col divino Amore,' in which the Child, seated on the lap of the Virgin, is blessing the Baptist, who kneels before him on one knee, holding a cross in his hand. Elizabeth supports the arm of the Child which gives the benediction. Joseph is standing in the background. There is much in this picture which is characteristic of Raphael, but the action of the Child seems hardly consistent with his age, and too much like a dramatic performance.

The Madonna della Gatta, so called from a cat which crouches in one corner, is by Julio Romano, from Raphael's design; a refined and beautiful conception, interpreted by a coarser hand.

The marriage of St. Catharine, by Correggio, — a subject

often repeated by him, — is a very beautiful picture, so far as the human element involved in the subject is concerned. The Child and Catharine are two lovely children, playing at what they do not quite understand. The smiling and arch surprise with which the child looks up into his mother's face is full of the peculiar charm of this fascinating painter.

By the same artist is the Madonna della Zingarella, in which the Virgin is resting with the Child, during the flight into Egypt, — a pleasing and expressive work.

By Titian, are a very noble portrait of Philip II. of Spain; a Magdalen, and a Danae, both splendid specimens of coloring, but neither of them remarkable for refinement of feeling or elevated expression.

The 'Carita,' by Schedone, is a very striking work, — a little melo-dramatic in its general tone, and with an atmosphere of exaggeration hanging over it, but full of vivid power and animated life. It breaks upon the eye like a burst of military music upon the ear, and it is quite difficult to turn away from it and look at any thing else.

There is a fine and expressive portrait by Parmigiano, which every American will look upon with curiosity, because it bears the name of Columbus. But it is certainly not the portrait of the illustrious navigator, and it is difficult to understand why it ever came to be called so; for the fine and delicate features are those of a scholar, artist, or poet, and not of a resolute and indomitable man of action.

CHAPTER XIX.

Excursion to Pompeii — Camaldoli Convent — Ascent of Vesuvius

EXCURSION TO POMPEII.

A SINGLE day spent at Pompeii gives time enough for only general impressions. The buried city lies about thirteen miles from Naples, and is now approached by a railway, which passes through Portici, Torre del Greco, and Torre dell' Annunziata. A railway to Pompeii! There was infinite matter for reflection in this contrast of ideas. One of the most wonderful results of modern civilization brought into immediate relation with the most striking monument of the arts and life of the past! To me there was nothing discordant in a combination which disturbs the sensibilities of many. It seemed appropriate to be transported from the living and smiling present to the heart of the dead past, by the swiftest and most powerful wings that modern invention has furnished.

The situation of Pompeii must have been beautiful. It was built upon a gently swelling elevation; the base of which was a bed of lava, the product of some eruption of Vesuvius long anterior to the earliest historical period. The loveliest of seas spread its ample bosom in full view of the inhabitants, — its cooling breezes sweeping over the town without any intervening object to break their power. Vesuvius was about five miles distant; and, after a sleep of many centuries, its sides were covered with gardens and vineyards, its broken summit crowned with forests of oak and chestnut. It was then an object of beauty and grandeur, and a bounteous source of corn and wine; not, as now, a mere shape of awful and unmeasured terror, ever watched with uneasy glances, like a sleeping lion or a rising thunder cloud. A navigable river, the Sarnus, flowed through the city in a clear and rapid current. Blessed with these natural advantages, living in a delicious climate, upon a thickly-peopled coast most strongly stamped with the luxury of

Rome, the inhabitants of Pompeii might well have felt that the lines had fallen to them in pleasant places.

The first aspect of the resuscitated city did not correspond exactly to my expectations. It looked somewhat like a square in a modern city which had been partially destroyed by a conflagration. All the excavated rubbish had been removed, and there was nothing to prove that it had been so long buried under a shroud of earth. When we reach the end of the excavated portion, and are stopped by a sheer wall of gray ashes, of some eighteen feet high, with trees and vines growing upon it, we begin to comprehend the unique character of the place.

As is well known, the utmost wrath of the volcano was not let loose upon Pompeii. It was not destroyed by streams of lava, but by showers of cinders mixed, as is supposed, with liquid mud which penetrated and flowed into all the lower parts of the houses in a way that dry ashes could not have done. The ruin effected by the first eruption was by no means complete, and there are indubitable proofs that the inhabitants returned and carried off many of their valuables. The bed of earth which now lies over a portion of the city is disposed in several successive layers, and is the deposit of many distinct eruptions. It grows finer in grain as it approaches the surface; the upper part having been more exposed to the disintegrating action of air and moisture. It is no where so light and volatile as wood-ashes, but is more like fine gravel: the color is dark gray. The volcanic eruption was not the first calamity which fell upon this devoted city. Sixteen years before that event, it had been desolated by an earthquake, — the first premonitory symptom of the reviving terrors of the long-slumbering Vesuvius, — and many indications of the destruction occasioned by this disaster are visible among the ruins.

The traveller will always find a guide at the railway station, and if the one who took charge of me and the friends by whom I was accompanied be no more than a fair specimen of his brethren, I should speak highly of their courtesy and intelligence. To dwell upon details; to ask my readers to follow me to every building and point of interest to which we were conducted; and to repeat the expositions which our cicerone glibly recited, — would be a wearisome catalogue, since particulars are nothing without minuteness or accuracy; and what chance is there for being minute and accurate, upon the strength of a single visit, in which you are marched about and presented to forums, temples, basilicas, theatres, and houses, till the mind becomes an architectural chaos, in which columns, pilasters, pediments, mosaics, statues, and pictures whirl and dance like

the broken images of a feverish dream? I will therefore confine myself, substantially, to such general impressions as were gathered from an examination of a few hours.

When we begin to look about us, we are immediately struck with the extreme narrowness of the streets, which finds no parallel in any modern city of Europe, unless it be Venice. It is, indeed, a city not of streets but of lanes and alleys. Many of these are so narrow that a man can step from one curb-stone to the other; and, where they are wider, a raised stepping-stone has been placed in the centre of the crossing, so that no more than two strides are required to pass from one side to the other. Of course, the vehicles adapted to such streets must have been of proportionate dimensions between the wheels; and as each one must have occupied the whole space between the curb-stones, we are left without any means of conjecturing what expedients were resorted to, or what police regulations were in force, when two carriages, moving in different directions, met each other. The streets are very well paved with large, irregular blocks of lava, in which the ruts worn by the chariot wheels are distinctly discernible.

Many private houses and villas have been excavated in Pompeii, differing from each other in elegance and extent, as their owners were men of wealth, competence, or poverty; but still with a certain family likeness among them all. A single glance at these ruined mansions enables us to see that the views of domestic architecture, and the object which a man proposed to himself in building a house among the Romans, differed in many respects from those which prevail among us to-day. The causes of this difference are to be found, partly in the opposite requisitions of a hot and a cold climate, and partly in unlike habits, tastes, and ways of living.

In a northern climate, the necessity of using artificial heat for many months in the year is the controlling element in domestic architecture; but in Southern Italy houses were and are built with special reference to the warmth of the sun in winter, and an abundance of fresh air in summer. We must have compactness; but they required extension. A fine house in Pompeii consists of several enclosed spaces, some open to the sky, around which walls and colonnades are built. These communicate with each other by doors and passages. The atrium — which is the principal room entered after the vestibule — is a large and often elegantly decorated apartment, with a square or rectangular opening in the roof, which has a pitch towards the centre; and under this opening is a sunken cistern, called a compluvium, into which the rain-water drips.

Around this apartment, or hall, — like state-rooms around a cabin, — are ranged the sleeping-rooms: little, dark, narrow confined holes, without windows; and receiving light and air only through the door opening into the atrium, — without any of the comforts and conveniences of a modern bedroom; and often containing only a rude bench, rather than bedstead, on which the sleeper probably threw himself without taking off the clothes he had worn during the day.

In small houses, occupied by persons of modest fortune and inferior position, the atrium and its appendages made up the whole of the residence; but where the owner was a man of fortune and consequence, the atrium was used as a sort of public hall, or reception-room, and the family resided in suites of apartments opening from it. But the same primitive type of construction was repeated throughout. Sometimes the space devoted to the compluvium in the atrium was, in the inner halls, occupied by a small garden, or rather bed of earth, in which shrubs and flowers were planted. There are many of these baby-gardens at Pompeii, some not bigger than a hearth-rug. In the more imposing houses, the women of the family resided in a quarter exclusively appropriated to their use.

When we compare a Roman house in Pompeii with the houses in a New England town of the same class, we readily see a marked difference in the tastes, habits, and employments of their respective inhabitants. In general, in a New England house, the entry, or hall, is not conspicuous for size or ornament; whereas in a Roman house, the atrium — which corresponds somewhat to the spacious hall of an old-fashioned country-house — is the prominent portion, upon which the wealth and taste of the proprietor are most displayed; and a stranger who had penetrated so far would form an accurate notion of the extent and character of the whole mansion. In our houses, more provision is made for separate occupation and individual seclusion; a change wrought by many circumstances, conspicuous among which are the cheapness of books, the universal taste for reading, and the amount of time devoted to letter-writing; a result which we owe to the cheapness of paper, and to that inestimable blessing, — perhaps the most precious product of modern civilization, — the public post. In nothing are the advantages enjoyed by the women of our time, as compared with their Roman sisters, more conspicuous than in this matter of letter-writing. In Rome, the privilege of writing and receiving letters was reserved to a select few, — to men of fortune, of high rank, or conspicuous station, — and to the greater part of the female sex it was an unknown luxury. In

this department, modern literature owes much to the delicate and graceful genius of woman; but in this she has done no more than pay a debt of gratitude for a privilege which has contributed so much to her intellectual development and happiness.

A Roman house was constructed for general convenience, and not for the special tastes and exclusive accommodation of individuals composing the family. They lived together in the atrium or some corresponding apartment; seeking the sunny side, or gathering round a brazier, in winter, and, in the summer drawing a linen shade over the roof, and opening all the doors for the free circulation of air. The difference between the domestic habits of the ancient and modern world is nowhere more conspicuous than in the sleeping apartments of their respective houses. If a merchant or lawyer of Boston or New York could be carried back some eighteen hundred years in time, and become the guest of a householder of corresponding position in Pompeii, he would be received in an atrium adorned with mosaics, fresco paintings, marble statues, richly-carved columns, and stucco ornaments, — in comparison with which his own modest drawing-room would seem a very commonplace affair, — but when he came to retire for the night, his host would show him into a small, dark, miserable closet, without furniture and without windows, such as he would deem hardly fit for a dog that he loved. The ancient inhabitant of Pompeii, when he felt an exposition of sleep, asked only for a place to lie down upon, — like a Neapolitan beggar on a fine summer's night. His dressing-room was at the public baths, and there all the operations of the toilet were performed.

In decorations and embellishments, the difference is that in Pompeii they are seen in the houses themselves, but with us, in the appurtenances and appendages. We hang pictures and engravings upon the walls, but they painted the walls themselves. We spread costly carpets upon the floors; they trod upon marble slabs often inwrought with mosaics. We shade our windows with rich curtains; they dispense with windows altogether.

Most of the houses brought to light in Pompeii are small, and there must have been a good deal of packing and stowing to accommodate large families. As what may be called the common or public portions of each house absorb what seem to us a very large part of the whole, so the public buildings and places of public resort fill what seems to modern notions a disproportioned space of the whole extent of the city. The residents of Pompeii, like the inhabitants of Southern Italy to this day, were

a people of out-of-door habits. Their time was spent in places of public amusement, at the baths, in the courts of justice, at the temples, in lounging about the forum, and basking in the sunshine. Without books, magazines, and newspapers; without letters to write; and with a fine climate always attracting them into the open air, there was nothing to call them home but the requisitions of eating and sleeping. One or two facts are expressive upon this point. Pompeii was a city of two miles in circuit, and probably did not contain more than twenty-five thousand inhabitants. The portion which has been thus far excavated does not exceed one-sixth or seventh of the whole extent; yet, within that space, have been found an amphitheatre with accommodations for ten thousand persons, and a larger and smaller theatre; the former prepared for five thousand persons, and the latter, for fifteen hundred. When we compare these provisions for public amusement in Pompeii with those of a city of similar extent among us, we have a guage by which we may measure the comparative amount of domestic habits and resources in the two cases.

In one respect, the comparison between Pompeii and a modern Italian town is favorable to the former. Whenever a house is excavated and the walls and floors are first laid bare, every one is struck with the general air of neatness and freshness which characterizes it. The colors of the paintings glow as if they had just been laid on. The stucco is as pure and white as if the trowel of the mason had passed over it an hour before. The marble or mosaic floor is stainless and spotless. Frequent whitewashings, ablutions, and renewals of paintings, must have been the fashion of the place. The austere spirit of Dutch cleanliness must have presided over the housekeeping of Pompeii. I need not say that neatness is not a conspicuous virtue among the people who live around Vesuvius at this day, and that the houses of Torre del Greco or Resina would not stand the examination of a board of health, as well as those of Pompeii.

The public buildings of Pompeii, consisting of temples, basilicas, forums, and theatres, were, doubtless, imposing in their aspect and of fine architectural forms, but their ruins are somewhat disappointing from the nature of their materials. They were not built of marble or stone, but of brick covered over with stucco. This will do very well in a climate so mild as that of southern Italy; but nothing is more paltry and shabby than a brick ruin. Vegetation must give it grace and beauty, and there is none here. The visitor is conducted to a wide space strewn over with shafts and capitals of columns, with

fallen pediments, broken walls, yawning chasms half filled with rubbish, and shapeless masses of masonry, and he is told that here, was a basilica, and there, a forum and a temple; but, unless his eye be so trained as to see beauty in deformity and symmetry in disorder, he must turn away discouraged and disappointed.

Under the guidance of our well-mannered cicerone, we saw the usual points and objects of interest. Among these are a fine painting of Diana and Acteon on the wall of the house of Sallust; a beautiful altar, of marble, in the temple of Mercury; a Sphynx, of the same material, in the house of Faunus; the mosaic labyrinth which gives its name to the house where it was found; two pretty and graceful fountains of shell-work; the secret passage for the priests in the temple of Isis; a shop for the sale of oil and wine, with vessels set into the counter; a chest to hold money, made of bronze and wood, — some of the latter material still remaining.

The finest house we saw within the walls is one which had been discovered and laid bare about four months previous to the date of our visit, called the house of the Suonatrice, from a painting of a female playing on a pipe, at the entrance. This house was deemed of such peculiar interest, that it was under the charge of a special custode, and was only to be seen on payment of an extra fee. It was not of large size, but had evidently been occupied by a person of ample fortune and exquisite taste. The paintings on the walls were numerous, and in the most perfect preservation. In the rear was a minute garden not more than twenty or thirty feet square, with a fairy fountain in the centre; around which were several small statues of children and animals, of white marble, wrought with considerable skill. The whole thing had a very curious effect, — like the tasteful baby-house of a grown-up child. Every thing in this house was in the most wonderful preservation. The metal pipes which distributed the water, and the cocks by which it was let off, looked perfectly suited for use. Nothing at Pompeii seemed so real as this house, and nowhere else were the embellishments so numerous and so costly.

Pompeii, though a Roman city in its political relations, was every where strongly marked with the impress of the Greek mind. It stood on the northern edge of that part of Italy which, from the number of Grecian colonies it contained, was called Magna Græcia, — a region of enchanting beauty, in which the genius of Greece attained its most luxurious development. It has been conjectured that Pompeii had an unusually large proportion of men of property, who had been drawn there by the

charms of its situation and climate, and that it thus extended a liberal patronage to Greek architects, painters, and sculptors. At any rate, the spirit of Greece still lives and breathes in its ashes. Its temples, as restored by modern architects, are Greek. Its works in marble and bronze claim a place in that cyclus of art of which the metopes of the Parthenon are the highest point of excellence. The pictures that embellish the walls, the unzoned nymphs, the bounding Bacchantes, the grotesque Fauns, the playful arabesques, — all are informed with the airy and creative spirit of Greek art.

The ruins of Pompeii are not merely an open-air museum of curiosities, but they have great value in the illustration they offer to Roman history and Roman literature. The antiquarian of our times studies the great realm of the past with incomparable advantage, by the help of the torch here lighted. Especially, the knowledge we here gain, directly and indirectly, upon Roman civilization — using that word in its most comprehensive sense — is important both in character and amount. On this point, scholars, naturally enough, are led into exaggeration and over-statements, from taking one or two favorable elements as the standard by which the whole life is judged. What do we learn on this subject from the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum, and the researches which they have called forth; and what was the moral, intellectual, and industrial rank of their inhabitants, as compared with a city of the same size in Germany, England, or America? So far as the ornamental arts of life are concerned, their superior advantages will be admitted. The householder in Pompeii saw himself surrounded with finer works in bronze and marble than are found in modern houses; and his lamps, braziers, tripods, and table furniture gratified the sense of beauty more than our chairs, tables, and cups and saucers. Our paper hangings, too, are an inferior substitute for graceful designs drawn in lively colors upon a ground of the purest white and finest grain. But, in the useful arts, he was not nearly so well off as we are. His bolts, locks, and hinges were rude and clumsy. The use of glass windows was a rare and costly luxury. His house had no chimney for the escape of smoke. His garden and farming tools were heavy and ill-contrived. His dinners were not graced with the convenience of a fork, and his bed was a heap of garments spread upon the floor.

In all that relates to dress and ornament, the same inconsistency is observable. The rings, chains, bracelets, and brooches worn by the ladies and gentlemen of Pompeii were, to say the least, equal to the finest works of modern jewelry; but, in the

substantial articles of dress, our superiority is infinite. The substitution of silk, cotton, and linen for wool is an unspeakable advantage in health as well as comfort. Not that these materials were unknown to the Romans, but their use was so rare and exceptional as hardly to be taken into account. The imagination lights up at the sound of a Roman 'toga;' but, in point of fact, it was neither a comfortable nor convenient garb. It was an immense shawl, made of wool of the natural color, imperfectly cleansed from the animal oil, and by no means of the delicate and flexible texture of our fine flannels. Imagine a fine gentleman sweltering under this load of woollen, on a hot day in August, and we shall be disposed to credit the statement of Pliny, that the bath was sometimes resorted to seven times in one day. The grace and beauty of the female form are also seen in modern times to greater advantage, not only from the improvement in materials, but from the more becoming and convenient form and fashion of the garments worn. 'Tunica' and 'stola' have a more imposing sound than gown or petticoat; but their loose, flowing, and bagging character must have been awkward and unsightly, — confounding fine with ordinary forms, — and in a high wind must have kept their fair wearers in a constant state of alarm. Shoes and stockings, too, it will be admitted, are better than sandals, though sculptors say that the use of the former has spoiled the foot.

But the superiority of modern times is mostly seen in the greater variety of occupations and resources which they furnish, and especially in the higher character of those resources. Man is an animal that cannot long be left in safety without occupation: the growth of his fallow nature is apt to run into weeds. Imagine newspapers and periodical literature struck out of existence, and books and letter-writing confined to a favored few, and can it be doubted that all forms of demoralizing and corrupting amusement would put on a fearfully increased amount of temptation, — that the dram-shop, the gaming-saloon, the theatre, and haunts of yet grosser vice, would be resorted to by far greater throngs? What was the state of Pompeii? There, the wealthy citizen, leaving a house in which Grecian art had surrounded him with an atmosphere of ideal beauty, went to the amphitheatre, where he sat for hours witnessing the most cruel and brutalizing of sports, men hacking each other to pieces, or fighting with wild beasts, till the sand of the arena became soaked with blood. The tasteful amateur of art, when we look upon him from the side of humanity and philanthropy, is not much above a New Zealand cannibal. Nor is this all. The discoveries in Pompeii and Herculaneum present a fearful

weight of evidence, in addition to that which literature had previously furnished, that among the Romans the vice of cruelty was attended with its twin vice of licentiousness. The foulest epigrams of Martial, the grossest descriptions in Petronius and Apuleius, are illustrated to the eye in the remains of these cities, in sculptured and pictorial representations which cannot be described, hardly alluded to. The husband and father in Pompeii saw daily, before his own eyes and the eyes of his wife and daughters, subjects delineated which no man should ever look at a second time. Whether we regard such things as cause or effect, they are equally mournful to contemplate. What must have been the tone of conversation and sentiment, and the standard of morals, in a community where such atrocities were tolerated, not to say, favored? There is much in the character and history of the Roman people which we may justly admire; their energy, their perseverance, their constancy in adversity, their political wisdom, and especially their legislative and jural constructiveness; but we are not called upon, in so doing, to overlook the most obvious moral distinctions, and insist that the influences which formed their civilization were as efficacious in training the individual to excellence as in making the nation powerful.

The work of excavation at Pompeii goes on slowly. Sir William Gell, in 1835, estimated that about one-eighth only of the area enclosed by the walls and supposed suburbs had been laid bare; and the labors of the workmen have not proceeded at any greater speed since that time than before. The sheer wall of dark gray gravel which bounds the excavated portion cannot be looked upon without the deepest interest and curiosity; and the imagination busies itself in depicting the wealth which lies hidden in its silent depths. No one can view it without wishing to have his eyes touched with that magic ointment of the Arabian tale, which gave the power of seeing all the treasures which are concealed in the bosom of the earth. It is common for travellers to express impatience at the slow rate at which the excavations proceed, and to complain that the government does not employ the utmost available amount of force, until the whole city is uncovered; but there is something to be said on the other side. The shroud of earth and ashes preserves what it hides. As soon as a house is exposed to the sun and air, the process of decay begins. The fine colors of the frescoes fade, the rain washes away the stucco, and the whole aspect of things undergoes a deteriorating change. For the sake, then, of those who come after us, it is better that the work should go on moderately; that they may have the privilege of

seeing revelations as fresh as have been vouchsafed to us; and not be obliged to content themselves with records of faded beauty and traditions of decayed splendor.

CAMALDOLI CONVENT.

Tempted by the first day of sunshine and blue sky we had recently enjoyed, and by the convenient proximity of a little congress of donkeys, we one day chartered two of these quadrupeds and a biped guide for an excursion to the Camaldoli Convent, on the height above Naples, about five miles distant.

The donkey flourishes in great vigor on the soil of Naples, and he is well fitted for excursions in the neighborhood, where there is a good deal of up-hill work to be done, and where every body, who has an eye in his head, is willing to move at a slow pace. Justice has hardly been done to the moral qualities of this respectable quadruped. He is strong, sure-footed, and easy; and as to his obstinacy, we have never heard but one side of the story. If ever a misanthropic donkey should publish his autobiography, he may have much to say of the obstinacy of man.

The road to the convent was a gradual ascent. A few weeks later, the trees and vines would have been in full leaf, and given it a grace which then it wanted. But it was not too early for flowers, which grew all along the path in the greatest profusion; in some places, spreading a rich carpet which concealed the soil on which they grew. There were violets, periwinkles, and a species of aster; all as blue as the sky which hung over them. We reached the convent gate at about half past one, were received by one of the brethren, and conducted into the garden. The view from this spot seemed to me at the time, and seems now, as I recall it, the most beautiful I had ever seen. It is very extensive, taking in the whole bay, Vesuvius, Capri, Ischia, Procida, Nisida, and Cape Misenum. The proportion of land and water is precisely what the eye demands, and the forms into which the landscape is moulded embrace every element of softness, beauty, and grandeur of which the mind can conceive.

The monk who accompanied us was a good-looking young man, dressed in flowing robes of white woollen, with a mixture of apathy and dejection in his countenance, and a certain slowness and difficulty of speech, as if his articulating muscles were so rarely called into play that they had become stiff

He had the air of a man whose mind was fading away from want of nutrition, like the light of a candle burnt to its socket. When he learned that we were from America, he asked us for some tobacco, as a remedy for the toothache, with which he said he was troubled. For the first time in my life, I regretted my abstinence from the Virginian weed, in all its forms; and felt something like a pang that none of our party had the power of throwing this small pleasure upon his dreary path. His notions of localities in America were very crude. One of my companions remarked that he was a handsome man but knew little of geography. He made some inquiries about flowers, and especially the dahlia, which apparently he had never seen. Many of his brethren were slowly and silently pacing about the grounds, like white clouds drifting before the languid winds of noon. Our conductor led us into the room appropriated to the reception of strangers, and with hospitable kindness set some wine and water before us, and urged us to remain till some refreshment should be prepared; which we with proper acknowledgments declined. We offered him some money, which he at first refused; but, upon our pressing it upon him, he took it and gave it to one of a group of three men who stood near us, and who, as he told us, were out of employment and had come to the convent to beg.

There is nothing remarkable in the conventual buildings themselves. On one of the walls is a kind of sun-dial, with a Latin inscription which I thought very happy:

> 'Horam dum quæris, sensim tua fata propinquant,
> Hæc memora, et tibi non peritura para.'

I took leave of our monk with much interest, and for many days his face and figure haunted me with painful recollections. His mind was not quite paralyzed, and retained the power to struggle towards any friendly ray of light and knowledge that opened before it. He had yet some years to travel before reaching the meridian of life; and what a path of dreary monotony lay before him! No expansion, no progress, no development; but merely continued existence; day after day falling upon his heart and mind, like rain-drops on the rock, quickening no growth of thought, feeling, or experience. If a man so placed be conscious of the paralyzing influences around him, — if they awaken an impulse to struggle and resist, — if he can see the iron shroud close upon him, and light after light disappear, — with what bitterness of spirit must he look out upon the lovely prospect around him, and how hateful must the beauty seem to him which he can only see

through the bars of a cage! He cannot feel himself inspired and elevated, but only mocked and flouted, by the restless waves, the free winds, the unguided clouds. Better the dreariest heath, the most unsightly moor, that bears the noble harvest of action and opportunity.

Let me not be misunderstood. Let me not be supposed to join in any vulgar Protestant cant against convents and monasteries, monks and nuns. I am aware of the great good which monastic establishments have done in their day; and I admit that even at this time such places of retreat may open sheltering havens of rest to those who have fought with life and been conquered by it; and that, especially, the purer and more spiritual nature of woman may live and expand in an atmosphere too much deprived of vital force to stimulate the coarser texture of man's. But life is but another name for development; and to take a youth, with an empty mind, an unfurnished memory, without experience, and without resources, and immerse him in the dreary grave of a monastery, what is it but to give a draught of slow poison to the soul itself?

ASCENT OF VESUVIUS.

No mountain on the globe is so well known as Vesuvius. Its vicinity to a great capital visited by so many curious and so many enlightened travellers, and in which a pulse of scientific vitality has never ceased to beat, in spite of the indolent and pleasure-loving habits of the great mass of the inhabitants, has made its history and organic structure familiar to all who are interested in such inquiries. Carefully abstaining, then, from all display of cheap learning and second-hand speculations, I shall confine myself strictly to a narrative of what came under my own observation, during a single ascent. This enterprise is neither difficult nor dangerous; and may be so managed as not to be very fatiguing. The great laws of political economy regulating supply and demand are here in full force. Every body wishes to go to the top of Vesuvius, and consequently there are ways and means contrived for getting every body up. As to the best time for making such an excursion, there is a difference of opinion among the learned. The most energetic class of travellers — those who are every where disposed to dive the deepest and stay under the water longest — will insist upon it that the visitor should leave his comfortable bed at midnight, climb up the mountain by torch-light, and see the sun rise from the top. But nature's voice, through all her

works, protests against such rude disruptions of ordinary habits; and, without wishing to speak disrespectfully of sun rises, it may be observed that those persons who, from unnatural tastes or enforced circumstances, are in the habit of seeing sunrises, take rather a malicious pleasure in overstating their claims, which a judicial eye easily pronounces to be inferior to those of sunsets. Besides, Vesuvius is so placed that the view of the eastern horizon is shut out by intervening ridges; but, on the west, the broad disk of the setting sun, as it sinks into the sea, is in full sight. In this view, it is therefore advisable to leave Naples early in the afternoon, see the sunset from the summit, remain here till after the darkness comes on, and return in the evening; and if the traveller can find a young moon to light him home, so much the better. This, at any rate, was the plan which, after mature reflection, was adopted by me and the friends who went with me, and we certainly had no reason to regret the choice.

We left Naples between twelve and one, and drove to Resina, which we reached in about an hour, — the whole distance swarming with population, and presenting an almost unbroken succession of houses. On arriving at Resina, we found a congregation of horses and guides at hand, waiting to be engaged; and in a few moments the arrangements were made, each of the party, and a guide, being mounted on horseback. This business of conducting travellers up Vesuvius appeared to absorb all the industrial activity of the place; for the whole town seemed clustered about our heels. Beggars swarmed around us, in such number and variety as no one can have any conception of that has not visited this land flowing with corn and wine and oil. A rabble rout of boys of all ages was darting to and fro, like so many wingless swallows; some offering fruit for sale, some thrusting stout sticks into our hands, some begging; and the whole company, boys, beggars, and guides, roaring, screaming, and gesticulating, to the utmost capacity of their lungs and muscles. Women and young children gazed upon us from the doors and windows as we passed by; and when we got fairly under way, we were escorted for some distance by a set of ragamuffins, most of whom might have changed clothes to advantage with a scarecrow in a corn-field.

After leaving the town and gradually dropping our escort, we entered upon a continually ascending path which led us over the remains of old eruptions. But time had so crumbled and decomposed the volcanic products, as to form a loose and friable soil of great fertility. Vines grew thickly and

luxuriantly; trees stood in goodly rows; and garden vegetables were extensively cultivated. The bean plant, at that time in full blossom, filled the air with its delicate fragrance. The only thing that seemed wanting was grass. There were no smooth lawns or green pastures, but the surface of the soil everywhere was of an uniform iron-gray tint. Every turn of the road revealed enchanting views of Naples and the neighboring coast; always similar, yet never exactly the same.

In about an hour after leaving Resina, we reached the Hermitage, so called. Here are two buildings, — one, a sort of osteria, or place of entertainment; the other, of larger size and more imposing aspect, had the appearance of some kind of public establishment. A number of beggars and idlers were, as a matter of course, lounging about the door or basking in the sun under the wall. Two or three carriages stood near by, which had brought parties. We here took a lunch; a measure by no means to be commended for imitation, in consideration of the violent muscular exertion which must so soon follow.

After remaining at the Hermitage about an hour we again mounted and rode about a mile further, the road being nearly on a level, — the cone of Vesuvius lying on the right, and the broken ridge of Mount Somma on the left. Mount Somma, when viewed from a distance, looks like a separate peak, but is really a precipitous escarpment, surrounding for half a circle the true summit of Vesuvius. An inverted cup, in half a saucer, will serve as a homely illustration of the relations of the two. This circular ridge of Mount Somma is supposed to be part of the edge, or lip, of the ancient crater of the mountain, prior to the first recorded eruption, A. D. 79. After leaving the Hermitage, a change came over the character of the tract which the road traversed. Everything was grim, savage, and forlorn. No form of vegetable life gladdened the eye, and not an insect animated the scene. Nature seemed to have retired from the unequal contest, and given over the whole region to the stern genius of desolation. The landscape was lying dead upon its bier, with ashes strewn upon the corpse. Everything around bore the impress of ruin, struggle, and conflict. Masses of lava, of various shades of brown and gray according to the dates of their deposit, were piled upon and tumbled over each other, cleft into seams, and twisted into uncouth shapes, — the whole scene resembling a field of battle covered with the wrecks and fragments of a deadly fight. The only sound heard was the roaring and murmuring of the mountain, — a heavy, sullen sound, like the plunge of a large body

into the sea, — recurring at brief and regular intervals; as if the fire-king were warning rash intruders against the peril of approach. Reaching at last the place for leaving the horses, we dismounted and entered upon the only fatiguing part of the whole ascent, the climbing the sides of the cone. This is of only moderate height, but it is composed of loose, soft scoriæ, of the consistency of fine gravel; the inclination of the sides being just enough to keep each particle from rolling down to a lower level. At every step, the foot sinks and slides, and the toil is the most wearisome and heart-breaking that can be conceived. With some experience as a pedestrian, nothing that I had ever known in the way of foot-work bears any comparison to this. It is like such walking as we sometimes dream of, when the feet seem shod with lead or are glued to the ground, and we struggle and strain but never get on. The presence of a piece of lava, firm enough to keep its place and large enough for the foot to rest upon, is greeted with a benediction. The lazy and luxurious may have helps and alleviations in this toil some ascent. They may have a guide to precede them, with a strap round his shoulders by which they are pulled up, and another in the rear, to push them along. Those who are too delicate, too feeble, or too old for even this modified form of muscular exertion, can be carried up in a sedan chair. With many pauses, many deep-drawn respirations, much taking off the hat, and much wondering when it will be all over, the summit is at last reached; — a task occupying me, who disdained all assistance but that of a stout stick, about an hour and a quarter. Two or three other parties were going up at the same time, and, on looking back in the pauses of labor, it was amusing to see a long string of men and women panting up the steep, with guides pulling and pushing them; some full of pluck and spirit, and some apparently dead-beat and deaf to the encouragements of their companions and the earnest and voluble assurances of their guides. Besides these, there were several men and boys who seemed to be going up on their own account, some carrying fruit, loaves of bread, and bottles of wine, and some, empty-handed, intending to pick up a few grani by lighting sticks at a bed of lava, or putting copper coins into it till they became encrusted. One man carried a heavy basket of oranges and bottles of wine on his head, and yet walked up the hill with hardly a pause, and apparently with little more effort than if he had been on the Toledo at Naples.

It was nearly five o'clock when we reached the top of the great cone, and stood face to face with all the terrors and sublimities of Vesuvius. Before us, at a distance of about three

hundred yards, was a second and smaller mound of ashes, the vent or funnel through which the fiery contents of the volcano, which for many days had been in a state of unusual activity, were ejected. At intervals of about a minute, large quantities of red-hot stones were thrown into the air, through the opening at the top, — making a loud cracking and hissing sound, very like that of a large wave breaking upon a shingly beach. The cone appeared to be from three to five hundred feet high, yet in many cases so prodigious was the projectile force, that masses of stone of considerable size were thrown to a height equal to that of the cone itself, and the heavy thump with which they fell upon its ashy sides had a sound of death in it. As there was very little wind, the showers of descending stones dropped in a defined circle, so that the line of danger was easily marked; and a few moments' attention enabled one to select a post of observation which was perfectly safe, though near enough to the perilous edge of the fiery rain to give the blood a more rapid movement than common. On every side, the scene was one of the most solemn and awful desolation — the sublime architecture of ruin; peaks, dells, and plains of funereal lava, — the beds of extinct fire torrents, — the surface everywhere tossed and broken, as if a stormy sea had been arrested in a moment and turned into a solid mass. It was the most striking embodiment of death brought into immediate contrast with the most intense and fiery life.

Between the spot where I stood and the base of the cone there was a constant oozing and flowing forth of streams of lava, the general appearance of which did not quite correspond with the impressions I had formed of it. It was a tamer and less formidable thing than I had supposed. It did not leap forth from any defined vent, or orifice, but seemed to exude from the soil like pitch from a pine. I had imagined that it was like a stream of molten metal running from a furnace, and smiting upon the eye with intolerable splendor. But the surface cools immediately upon exposure to the air, and, after gliding a few feet, it looks like a continuous mass of compact and glowing coals, on the top of which lies a blackened crust of coke and charcoal. Its rate of progress is, or was, as I saw it, very slow. It flowed along a well-defined trench, or channel, the edge of which, by daylight, did not differ materially in appearance from the cooled surface of the lava, so that it was mainly by the slow motion of the latter, that the firm substance was distinguished from the fluid. Sometimes it fell over a sheer descent of a few feet, forming a glowing fire-ball, — in

imitation of water tumbling over a rocky ledge. The cool surface would be the first to drop off at the edge, or angle, of the wall, leaving a sheet or line of pure fire. The glowing stream could be approached near enough to thrust a stick into it, though such neighborhood was too uncomfortable to be borne for a long time.

The day of my ascent was the seventeenth of March, and of course the sun set at about six. As the veil of darkness was gradually drawn over the landscape, the impression of the scene grew deeper, and its sublimity more awful and overpowering. The lava, that had a faint and sickly gleam while the sun was upon it, now burned with a fierce, deep red, that was at once beautiful and fearful. All around, in spots removed from the flowing mass, ruddy streaks of fire shot up through the crevices of the broken soil. The red-hot stones that were ejected from the cone could be followed, in every point of their flight, till they rose so high in the darkening air as to present only a quivering point of light to the eye. The smoke and fine ashes also thrown from the cone, passing off in wreaths and curls, were touched with changing colors of red, orange, and yellow. To complete the marvels of this indescribable scene, a young moon was high in the calm, blue heavens above, whose rays dappled the gray waste with lights of silver and shadows of ebony, and blended with the broad, red banners of the lava streams and the smoke and upward-shooting stars of the cone.

The effect produced by the combination of the separate elements which I have enumerated is beyond all power of description. Of all the works of God upon which I have ever looked, including Niagara, Mount Blanc, the pass of the Stelvio, and the ocean, by far the most awful and impressive was the cone of Vesuvius as I saw it. Nothing viewed under the ordinary conditions of life is any preparation for a volcano in a state of activity. This is not the case with other striking phenomena of nature. A hill is suggestive of the highest mountain; a lake, of the ocean; and the dash of a mountain-stream over a ledge of rocks, of Niagara. But the element of fire we usually see only in small masses and under manageable conditions: even in conflagrations we grapple with it and subdue it. But here upon the cone of Vesuvius we see it poured out like the floods, and piled up like the mountains. It is a new revelation of omnipotent power, and of the weakness of man.

Between seven and eight we turned our faces homewards

The descent of the cone, which had taken so long to climb, was accomplished in a few minutes, the force of gravity doing all the work, the will being only called upon to keep the body upright. The ride to Resina by moonlight was a tranquillizing influence after the strong agitations and excitements of the day.

CHAPTER XX.

Excursion to Sorrento — Villa Reale. Grotto of Posilipo. Virgil's Tomb — Excursion to Baiæ — Campo Santo — San Carlo Theatre.

EXCURSION TO SORRENTO.

On the morning of March 19th I left Naples for Sorrento making one of a party of five. The cars took us to Castellamare, a town beautifully situated between the mountains and the sea, much resorted to by the Neapolitans in the heats of summer. A lover of nature could hardly find a spot of more varied attractions. Before him spreads the unrivalled bay, — dotted with sails and unfolding a broad canvas, on which the most glowing colors and the most vivid lights are dashed, — a mirror in which the crimson and gold of morning, the blue of noon, and the orange and yellow-green of sunset behold a livelier image of themselves, — a gentle and tideless sea, whose waves break upon the shore like caresses, and never like angry blows. Should he ever become weary of waves and languish for woods, he has only to turn his back upon the sea and climb the hills for an hour or two, and he will find himself in the depth of sylvan and mountain solitudes, — in a region of vines, running streams, deep-shadowed valleys, and broad-armed oaks, — where he will hear the ring-dove coo, and see the sensitive hare dart across the forest aisles. A great city is within an hour's reach; and the shadow of Vesuvius hangs over the landscape, keeping the imagination awake by touches of mystery and terror.

From Castellamare to Sorrento, a noble road has within a few years past been constructed between the mountains and the sea, which in many places are so close together that the width of the road occupies the whole intervening space. On the right, the traveller looks down a cliff of some hundred feet or more upon the bay, whose glassy floor is dappled with patches of green, purple, and blue; the effect of varying depth, or light and shade, or clusters of rock overgrown with sea-weed scat-

tered over a sandy bottom.* On the left is a mountain wall, very steep, many hundred feet high, with huge rocks projecting out of it, many of them big enough to crush a carriage and its contents, or sweep them into the sea. This was no fanciful imagination; for, not long before, two or three immense masses, each as large as a good sized cottage, had fallen from the cliff, and were blocking up the road so that it was impossible to get round or over them. The carriages came to a full stop here, and the occupants were obliged to scramble over the obstructions, and charter a new conveyance on the other side. The road combined rare elements of beauty; for it nowhere pursued a monotonous straight line, but followed the windings and turnings of this many-curved shore. Sometimes it was cut through solid ledges of rock; sometimes it was carried on bridges, over deep gorges and chasms, wide at the top and narrowing towards the bottom, where a slender stream tripped down to the sea. The sides of these glens were often covered with orange and lemon-trees; and we could look down upon their rounded tops, presenting, with their dark-green foliage, their bright almost luminous fruit, and their snowy blossoms, the finest combination of colors which the vegetable kingdom, in the temperate zone, at least, can show. The scenery was in the highest degree grand, beautiful, and picturesque, — with the most animated contrasts and the most abrupt breaks in the line of sight, — yet never savage or scowling. The mountains on the left were not bare and scalped, but shadowed with forests, and thickly overgrown with shrubbery, — such wooded heights as the genius of Greek poetry would have peopled with bearded satyrs and buskined wood-nymphs, and made vocal with the reeds of Pan and the hounds and horn of Artemis. All the space near the road was stamped with the gentle impress of human cultivation. Fruit-trees and vines were thickly planted; garden vegetables were growing in favorable exposures; and houses were nestling in the hollows or hanging to the sides of the cliff. Over the whole region there was a smiling expression of wooing and invitation, to which the sparkling sea murmured a fitting accompaniment. No pitiless ice and granite chill or wound the eye; no funereal cedars and pines darken the mind with their Arctic shadows; but bloom and verdure, thrown over

* The colors of the Bay of Naples were a constant surprise and delight to me, from the predominance of blue and purple over the grays and greens of our coast. I was glad to find that my impressions on this point were confirmed by the practised eye of Cooper. There seems to be some elements affecting the color of the sea, not derived from the atmosphere or the reflection of the heavens.

rounded surfaces, and rich and gay forms of foliage, mantling gray cliffs or waving from rocky ledges, give to the face of Nature that mixture of animation and softness which is equally fitted to soothe a wounded spirit or restore an overtasked mind. If one could only forget the existence of such words as duty and progress, and step aside from the rushing stream of onward-moving life, and be content with being, merely, and not doing, — if these lovely forms could fill all the claims and calls of one's nature, and all that we ask of sympathy and companionship could be found in mountain breezes and breaking waves, — if days passed in communion with nature, without anxious vigils or ambitious toils, made up the sum of life, — where could a better retreat be found than along this enchanting coast? Here, are the mountains, and there, is the sea. Here is a climate of delicious softness, where no sharp extremes of heat and cold put strife between man and nature. Here is a smiling and good-natured population, among whom no question of religion, politics, science, literature, or humanity, is ever discussed, and the surface of the placid hours is not ruffled by argument or contradiction. Here a man could hang and ripen, like an orange on the tree, and drop as gently out of life upon the bosom of the earth. There is a fine couplet of Virgil, which is full of that tenderness and sensibility which form the highest charm of his poetry as they probably did of his character, and they came to my mind in driving along this beautiful road:

> 'Hic gelidi fontes; hic mollia prata, Lycori;
> Hic nemus; hic ipso tecum consumerer ævo.'

There is something in the musical flow of these lines which seems to express the movement of a quiet life, from which day after day loosens and falls, like leaf after leaf from a tree in a calm day of autumn. But Virgil's air-castle includes a Lycoris; that is, sympathy, affection, and the heart's daily food. With these, fountains, meadows, and groves may be dispensed with; and, without them, they are not much better than a painted panorama. To have something to do and do it, is the best appointment for us all. Nature, stern and coy, reserves her most dazzling smiles for those who have earned them by hard work and cheerful sacrifice. Planted on these shores and lapped in pleasurable sensations, man would turn into an indolent dreamer and a soft voluptuary. He is neither a fig nor an orange; and he thrives best in the sharp air of self-denial and on the rocks of toil.

We reached Sorrento about noon, and put up at the Hotel di Tasso, which is said to occupy the site of the house in which

the illustrious poet was born. Where traditions and localities are concerned, it is more advisable to lean towards the side of credulity than of scepticism; and I surrendered myself to the genius of the place without doubt or inquiry. The name of Tasso, however, was not needed to commend this hotel, which was beautifully situated and admirably kept; the rooms furnished and watched over with English neatness.

The name of Sorrento is found in every collection of Italian sketches, and there is no other place in which those characteristic peculiarities of scenery which are called Italian, are more strikingly displayed. The mountainous promontory which forms the south-eastern boundary of the Bay of Naples is a lateral branch of the Apennines, and its smooth and rounded forms are of the type which characterizes the limestone formation. On the southern side, there is not even a terrace of level land; but the rocks cluster round the roots of the mountains, the villages hang on sharp declivities, and the only communication between them is in boats or by mules. The moment the traveller is put ashore, he begins to climb up a sharp ascent. But at Sorrento, on the northern side, this abrupt line of the coast is varied by a plain of some four miles in length, and two or three in breadth, thrown up by volcanic agency and filling a rounded gulf, or bay, left originally by the receding hills. This plain, on every side except towards the sea, is shouldered by mountains; so that it lies like a green and motionless lake on the lap of the hills. The coast line is a broken wall of volcanic tufa, varying in height, with projecting buttresses and receding hollows, worn, channelled, and fluted by the action of water, which, below, has scooped out winding galleries and arched caverns. This line of cliffs, seen from below, is of striking beauty. The rock, being of a soft texture, is every where broken, indented, and honey-combed; shrubs and flowers have found procreant niches and give life to the gray walls: winding paths — half paths and half staircases — lead down to the beach, which is strewn with fallen fragments; and white, square, flat-roofed houses crown the top; often built so near to the edge that the wall of the house seems a continuation of the wall of the cliff. In many places, the volcanic soil has split into clefts and openings, running down from the mountains to the sea, which time has enlarged into picturesque glens. A formation like that of the cliff of Sorrento, if stretched along the coast of New England, exposed to the power of our high tides and the shocks of our north easterly storms, would ere this have been worn away, and the superincumbent plain have disappeared; but here the action of the sea is merely enough to ensure a con-

stant variety of surface. At the base of the cliff, many cavernous openings and passages have been scooped out, into which boats can pass. The softer portions of the upper part of the wall are slowly eaten away by time, and masses are occasionally loosened and drop off. The tradition of the place is that a part of the house in which the father of Tasso resided fell into the sea, soon after the poet's birth ; and with it the room in which he first saw the light. It is also said that in calm weather the ruins of ancient buildings may be seen on the bottom of the bay.

The plain of Sorrento contains about eighteen thousand inhabitants. Besides the city of Sorrento, there are three villages, Meta, Carotto, and Sant' Aniello. The volcanic soil of which it is composed is of great fertility, producing oranges, lemons, grapes, and figs, in abundance, and of the finest flavor. The streets and roads, as is so often the case in Italy, are bordered by high walls, which prevent all sight of the Hesperian gardens which they enclose. It is as celebrated for the mildness and salubrity of its climate as for the richness of its soil. Sheltered on the east by the lofty peak of St. Angelo, the sun does not shine upon it till nearly an hour after it has risen ; and the heats of the summer are further mitigated by the cool sea breezes. The inhabitants are said to be a gentle and courteous people, of affectionate disposition, and strong family attachments. This reputation they have enjoyed for a long period. Bernardo Tasso, the father of Torquato, and himself a poet of no mean rank, who lived at Sorrento for some years, called it, in one of his letters, 'l'Albergo della Cortesia,' from the gentle manners of its inhabitants ; and of the climate, he says that it is so healthful that men never die there. Our countryman Cooper resided here with his family for several weeks, during his sojourn in Europe, and speaks with great satisfaction of the pleasure he enjoyed in the beautiful scenery, and in the opportunity which the sea afforded him of indulging his aquatic tastes. His descriptions, it may be here said, of the whole Bay of Naples are animated and accurate ; showing an eye quick to detect beauty and discriminating in the analysis of its component parts. Pleasantly, indeed, according to his account, must their days have glided by ; the mornings passed in reading or writing, and the afternoons, in pulling about under the shadows of the cliffs and bathing in their vaulted caverns : with occasional excursions by water to distant points in the bay, and, in cool weather by donkey rides in the neighboring mountains.

We arrived at Sorrento, as I before remarked, at noon. The remainder of the day was passed in rambling about the town.

along the shore, and climbing to the top of the projecting headland, called the cape of Sorrento, which shuts in the plain on the south-west. Wild flowers grew in great profusion all along the shore, among which the color of yellow predominated; as if they had absorbed the golden sunbeams that fertilize the soil. The ridge of the promontory was thickly overgrown with myrtle, and with spiry cones of heath covered with delicate white blossoms like seed pearl. In one place, a fairy waterfall was leaping down the rocks. A few fishing vessels were drawn up along the shore; one bore the appropriate name of 'Il Nuovo Amore.' Groups of women and children gave life to the scene; some of the former had distaffs in their hands. Blue eyes and brown hair were not uncommon. Beggars, of course, were not wanting, though not in such force as in places nearer Naples. Every point on which the eye fell was a picture: the gray and crumbling cliffs mantling with vegetation, the white, cubical houses, the groups of fishermen and their families on the shore, and the distant mountains, — all realized a poet's or a painter's dreams of a visionary Italy. In the town itself, whenever the eye could overpeer the churlish wall, it beheld dark green domes of foliage, in which oranges glowed like stars. The vines were not yet in leaf.

The evening was passed upon the balcony of the hotel, which is set upon the edge of the cliff in such a way that a line dropped from it would fall into the water. The air was soft and mild, without a touch of that rasping harshness which the wind, when blowing off the sea, brings with it on the coast of New England, even in summer. The sobs and whispers of the waves upon the beach and among the caverns below fell gratefully upon the ear. Here and there the gleaming sail of a fishing vessel was discerned, and the sound of oars was borne across the liquid plain. On the right, arose the dark bulk and regular outline of Vesuvius, holding aloft a fiery torch, the light of which was somewhat dimmed by the moon's silver mantle. The mountains which enclose the plain were in deep shadow, but the rays of the moon fell upon the white houses and salient points of the shore, and spread over the whole bay a sheet of tremulous crystal. As the night deepened, one by one the sounds of life died away, and we were left alone with nature. The spirit of the scene and the hour fell upon us all, and the only words spoken were occasional exclamations of delight at what was before and around us. The magic panorama, seen under so spiritual a light, seemed hardly a piece of this world; and when I reluctantly left it and went to rest, it was only exchanging one dreamland for another.

The next morning, the weather wore an uncertain aspect, but we chartered a large boat, with three sails and five men and put off for Capri; but, on getting out a mile or two, it began to blow so heavily as to make it impossible to enter the blue grotto, which was the main object of our expedition. We therefore returned to Sorrento and retraced our steps to Castellamare. Arriving too late for the train to Naples, three of us took a carriage and drove to Salerno. We passed through Nocera and La Cava, and reached Salerno early in the afternoon. The region between Nocera and Salerno is striking and picturesque, being a succession of narrow valleys and deep dells between thickly wooded mountains, the peaks of which shoot up into craggy and broken points, while the sides and bases are covered with vineyards, houses, and gardens. The streets of the towns are narrow and dark, and the houses built with projecting balconies. The inhabitants were swarming in the streets; a dirty and slatternly race, with a sort of repulsive animal look about their coarse, ragged, black hair and swarthy complexions. The beggars were numerous and importunate. At Salerno — a beautifully situated town, built along the spurs and terraces of a splendid amphitheatre of hills, with a winding shore and a lovely bay — we spent the hours of daylight in rambling along the beach; watching the evening clouds; and endeavoring to draw from them the assurance of a fair day for the morrow, on which contingency our excursion to Pæstum depended. But the morning rose in rain and wind, with every appearance of a settled storm, and so we set our faces towards Naples again. And thus it happened that in my sparkling round of Neapolitan pictures and memories, there are two gemless sockets, where the blue grotto and Pæstum should be but are not.

VILLA REALE — GROTTO OF POSILIPO — VIRGIL'S TOMB.

In Naples there are as strong contrasts of light and shade as in a picture of Rembrandt's. The streets in the central portions are narrow and dark, but, in leaving them and coming out upon the glittering sea, we pass from midnight to morning. The Villa Reale — a public promenade in the street called the Chaija — has the brightest and gayest aspect in Europe. It is nearly a mile long; shaded with orange-trees, myrtles, and acacias; sparkling with fountains, and adorned with marble statues and vases gleaming through the foliage. On one side, is a row of tall, showy houses; on the other, the broad mirror of the bay

from which the light is thrown and multiplied in dazzling gleams. Though a public walk, it is not open to the universal public. Soldiers are stationed at the gates, who exercise a rule of exclusion wide enough to keep all beggars outside ; an exemption which forms not the least of its attractions. Here is every thing that can restore the weary or amuse the idle, — a prospect of indescribable beauty ; the breezes and voices of the sea ; the rich foliage of the south ; gay faces of men and women, and children sporting round the fountains.

At the extremity of the Chiaja is the grotto of Posilipo, — a tunnel of rather more than half a mile in length, — through which flows the great stream of travel between Naples and the western part of the bay. The rock through which it is cut is of soft tufa, and the result is no great triumph of patience or skill. It is characteristic of the way in which things are done in this part of the world, that there are no sidewalks nor any protection whatever for foot-passengers. The interior is but dimly lighted, and it seemed to me that many accidents must occur there. A throng of vehicles, donkeys, and foot-passengers, was constantly passing through it, and, what with the rapid driving of those fervid sons of the South, the confusing sound of wheels and of voices increased and multiplied by reverberation from the vaulted roof, and the faint light, which puzzled the eye and quickened the apprehension, I never could shake off an uneasy sense of danger while walking in it. The little round of light at the opposite end, — the object-glass of this stone telescope, — expanding on approach, is a curious thing to see for the first time. At certain seasons, the setting sun is said to shoot a level ray quite through the grotto.

Above the grotto are the remains of a columbarium, which time out of mind has enjoyed the honor of being called the tomb of Virgil. Nor is it by any means impossible that it is so, though it must be admitted that the weight of evidence is against the claim. But there is quite enough of interest clinging round it, from the fact that a long line of poets and scholars, beginning with Petrarch and Boccaccio, have visited the spot, more in the spirit of faith than of scepticism. There is nothing at all remarkable in the structure itself, which is of brick, shattered by time, and overgrown with myrtle, wild vines, and grass. Laurels should be there, but are not. They have frequently been planted, but the rapacity of visitors has cut them to pieces, and brought them to an untimely end. Whether Virgil were really buried here or not, it is certainly a spot which a poet might well choose for his last repose. The rich life of the soil, breaking forth in a luxuriant net-work of vegetation, suggests

the creative energy of genius, and breathes around an air of hope and promise. The view — but in mercy to my readers I spare them any further attempts to describe the indescribable. In this magic region, there is not a hill or elevated point which does not command a prospect that cannot be seen without rapturous interjections, or described without a blaze of superlatives.

EXCURSION TO BAIÆ.

On the twenty-third day of March, I drove with two of my friends to Baiæ; a very pleasant excursion, though so many objects were crowded into a short space of time that they left but indistinct images on the mind. The whole region is seamed and scarred with the marks of volcanic violence; for it has been a battle-field on which fire and water have struggled for victory. The coast line is constantly changing. The solid has displaced the liquid, and the liquid the solid. Here are seen, on a small scale, the convulsions and revolutions of earlier and unrecorded periods, the effects of which geologists trace elsewhere, in ampler lines upon broader pages.

Of Pozzuoli, once a flourishing seaport and a fashionable watering-place, little is left but its beautiful situation. We saw the ruins of the amphitheatre, and those three celebrated columns of the temple of Serapis, from which science has drawn such striking conclusions as to conflicts between land and sea, nowhere else recorded. We took donkeys, and a guide to the crater of Solfatara, a nearly extinguished volcano; the only surving remnant of the vehement elemental forces once in such powerful action all along this coast, — like the last few tongues of flame licking up the broken fragments of a great conflagration. It is not much more than a mile distant from the town. It presents a curious and unique aspect; being a sort of tableland of moderate extent and elevation, around which a natural bank is formed. The soil resembles that found in the interval between the high-water mark and the upland, on a New England beach, — being of a white color and loose in texture, — and is thinly overgrown with a sickly vegetation of yellow-green. Copious vapors every where issue from the spongy ground, and the whole expanse steams and smokes like the waters of the sea, when a morning of sharp and sudden frost condenses the warmer breath of the waves. A sense of insecurity mingles with the wonder which this appearance awakens, not diminished by the hollow sound returned when

the foot stamps heavily upon the ground; suggesting a vision of a great natural laboratory vaulted over by a thin crust of earth, which may one day break through and throw some lover of useful knowledge upon the burning heart of the mystery he is seeking to investigate.

Continuing our drive to Baiæ, we passed by the Monte Nuovo, which was thrown up by volcanic agency, no more than three hundred years ago, in the space of forty-eight hours, blotting out a large part of the Lucrine lake. It has a decidedly *parvenu* look, and must live many hundred years longer, before it can expect to hold up its head in respectable mountain society. Although about four hundred and fifty feet high, and now partly clothed with a ragged suit of vegetation, it has little more of character or expression than a huge heap of ashes. The whole region over which we passed was sprinkled with ruins, and the very dust raised by our wheels was once the costly marble of imperial structures. This shore, as every scholar knows, was the focal point of Roman luxury and splendor, glittering with palaces, temples, and villas; so charming from its climate and position, that men who might elsewhere have enclosed square miles for their pleasure-grounds, were here content with an acre. We were taken through the usual curriculum of sight-seeing, but the only thing that made much impression upon me was the Piscina Mirabilis, so called; an under ground structure, or cistern, about two hundred and twenty feet long and one hundred broad, with a vaulted roof, divided into four aisles, or compartments, resting upon forty-eight pilasters. If this was, as it is generally admitted, a reservoir for water, for the use of the Roman fleet, it leaves an impression of the extent of their marine, hardly warranted by other records written or monumental. Perhaps here, as in other cases, the Roman taste for architectural splendor led them to go far beyond the demands of mere utility. The day was one of rare beauty, and the rich light that hung upon the islands and the waters of the bay, and the striking features of the coast, notched, scooped, and abraded by the cutting and rending action of fire, presented attractions far more powerful than any work of man's hands.

At the point at the extremity of our drive, we found a small house of entertainment, prettily situated, with a porch overgrown with vines, and commanding a beautiful view of the bay and its islands. Here we had a Roman lunch of oysters, with a wine which was called Falernian, and was not bad. We could look out upon the Mare Morto, — a small sheet of water which had nothing deathlike in its aspect, — and, beyond it

upon the Elysian fields, a pleasing, though rather tame, landscape.

Returning to Naples, we took the fine road, of modern construction, which passes over the hill of Posilipo, instead of threading the grotto. We entered the city in the glow of a magnificent sunset, which burned along the western sky in broad masses of crimson and gold, threw delicate veils of rose and purple over the opposite headlands, and turned the smooth waters of the bay into 'a sea of glass mingled with fire.'

CAMPO SANTO — SAN CARLO THEATRE.

My brief residence in Naples leaves me little else to chronicle. The intervals and fragments of time not employed in visits to the museum, or in excursions to the neighborhood, were mostly spent in walks about the city, where not only the landscape presented its ever-varying and beautiful page, but the open-air life of the people was a constant source of amusement and interest. I went to the Campo Santo, of which I had so often read, and saw a paved rectangular enclosure, marked with the massive stone covers of three hundred and sixty-six pits, or vaults, into one of which the ghastly death-harvest of each day is thrown, with the careless indecency with which a lump of coal is pitched into a furnace; as if the sacred form of man and woman, never so sacred as when newly stamped with the dignity of death, should be shot into a hole like rubbish from a cart. Within a few years, however, a new cemetery has been built, where the wealthier classes deposit their dead in that decent and humane way practised in all other parts of Christendom. This cemetery occupies a fine piece of rising ground on the outskirts of the city, and is already very thickly covered with monuments; all of white marble, and some very showy and costly; but very few in good taste, — that being a plant to which the soil of Naples does not seem to be congenial.

I attended one performance at the theatre of San Carlo, a structure of immense size, containing six rows of private boxes, all glittering in blue and gold. The boxes are of large size, quite like small drawing-rooms; and indeed they are much used by the occupants for the reception of their friends. The royal box, blazing in crimson and gold, faces the stage, and is two rows in height; almost large enough to have a vaudeville of its own going on contemporaneously with the performance on the stage. The seats in the pit are numbered, and the

most comfortable I have ever seen. The effect of an enclosed space, of such vast extent, is very striking; and such colossal structures present great advantages for all spectacles addressed to the eye; but for music, vocal music at least, a smaller building is surely better adapted. The opera I saw was Nabuco, by Verdi, a composer whose resonant and superficial strains seemed in unison with the huge vault into which they flowed. There was an excellent orchestra, with a very fair company; and the performer who sustained the principal part was a good actor and a pleasing singer. In the chorus of the exiled Hebrews, on the banks of the Euphrates, there was a strain of tenderness and melancholy beyond the composer's usual mood. It was the first night of the performance of the opera, and the scenery and decorations were very fine. The audience was very responsive and apprehensive, but better-natured than I had imagined. Among other signs of this amiable quality, they called out the artist who had painted the scenes, and gave him a very hearty round of applause. I regretted that my limited stay in Naples did not permit me to visit the little theatre of San Carlino, so famous for its broad farce; where the national character, Policinello, still displays on the spot of his origin, those cheating, lying, bragging, and profligate propensities which, seasoned as they are with infinite drollery, have carried him all over Europe, and made his squeak and big nose everywhere so popular.

CHAPTER XXI.

Characteristics of Naples. Rome and Naples compared -- Return to Rome — Illumination of St. Peters.

CHARACTERISTICS OF NAPLES. ROME AND NAPLES COMPARED.

Naples is a city which most travellers approach with a stock of ready-made impressions, and they look about to have these impressions confirmed ; so that everything which has that tendency is noted and recorded, while the rest is unheeded and forgotten. Many years ago, there were a considerable number of lazzaroni, so called, in Naples, who had no fixed place of abode ; slept in any sheltered spot they could find ; were rich if they could call a shirt, a pair of trowsers, and a red cap their own ; and when they had earned enough by any chance job to support them through the day, left off work and took to lounging and basking in the sun. The traveller who comes here from the north, when he sees a man in a ragged garb, on a sunny day, sleeping under the shelter of a wall, sets it down in his note-book as an unexampled phenomenon, exults in having caught a lazzarone, and very likely flowers out into a dissertation upon the subject. But men, in warm weather, may be seen sleeping in the open air in Rome and Florence, not to say Paris and Vienna, and it is thought no strange thing. The truth is that the whole race of lazzaroni, as a class characteristic of and peculiar to Naples, has nearly disappeared. The lapse of time, and the greatly extended net-work of communication between Naples and the rest of Europe, by means of the increased facilities of travel, have completed a change which began under the trenchant administration of the French, and much obliterated the distinctions once existing between the lower orders in Naples and those in the other large capitals of Europe. In other respects, too, the peculiarities of Naples are growing less and less marked, and those racy traits of life and character which so much impressed the travellers of an early period, are fast disappearing from observation. Still, there is and ever must

be an individual and strongly-marked expression in the character of Neapolitan life. Much of it is determined by the position of the city upon the earth's surface. Naples is the fifth in size of the European capitals — London, Paris, Berlin, and St. Petersburg, only, ranking above it;* and Paris, the most southerly of these, is four hundred miles north of Naples. Naples is a southern city of the first class. The cold is never formidable; and for seven or eight months in the year it is possible for a healthy man to sleep in the open air without discomfort. This leads to a great deal of open-air life. Many of the trades and occupations, which in other cities are carried on and performed within doors, are here transferred to the street. Here the cobbler brings his bench and the tailor makes up his garments. Here macaroni is cooked and eaten; here the barber lathers and shaves his customers; and the letter-writer drives his fluent quill. In the long, warm days of summer, groups of eager idlers listen with flashing eyes to the tales of their favorite hero, Rinaldo, read or recited from memory by a professional story-teller; a spectacle which carries back the thoughts to the shores of the Ægean, and the majestic song which flowed from the lips of Homer. Along the quays of Naples, Punch is in his glory, revelling and rioting in a breadth of humor which wanes and pales in colder climes. In walking through the streets, the same gregarious tastes and the same indifference to domestic seclusion may be observed in the open doors and windows of the houses of the poorer classes, which allow all the ways and works of the family to be seen. Travellers who have resided in Naples long enough to become acquainted with its society say that this same general trait manifests itself also among the more favored classes, in want of personal delicacy, in careless habits as to dress, and in a style of conversation in which embarrassing topics are discussed with alarming unreserve.

Whenever the sun shone, I could always find amusement enough in stepping out upon the little balcony in front of my room. I lodged in the fourth story of the house No. 28, Santa Lucia. The house was lofty and spacious, and with apartments and suites of apartments for hire. A porter was stationed at the entrance, on the ground-floor, whose life seemed to be passed in touching his hat and looking down upon the quay which extended below. All along the sea was a row of rude counters, or tables, of wood, protected from the sun by an

* Constantinople, from its peculiar character and position, is not included in this list.

awning stretched from the rear, and projecting forward at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Upon these tables, various products of the sea, fish, oysters, and muscles, were offered for sale. Women were scattered about, selling fruit, roasted chestnuts, and other edibles. Idlers were lounging around or lying listlessly in the sunshine, and children in great numbers were running to and fro. Boats were putting off and arriving, rowed by men in red caps and no redundancy of drapery. There was no great amount of business done; the buyers were few and the sellers many. But there was a great deal of talking, much gesticulation, animated play of countenance, and rapid movement. It was a lifelike and parti-colored *tableau vivant*, softened by distance. Nothing was fixed, but everything was subject to rapid change and continuous movement. Here, too, were assembled a large number of the one-horse vehicles which are peculiar to Naples, resembling somewhat an antediluvian chaise. The quantity of persons that may be packed into and around one of these calessos, or cittadines, quite exceeds all previous notions of the power of stowing and compressing. Besides three or four who will be squeezed into a seat meant for two, there will be supernumeraries hanging on behind or clinging to the shafts in front, so that every spot where a man or a boy can sit or stand is occupied. The Neapolitan horses are small but full of spirit, and though they dash about the crowded streets with a careless speed, that keeps a stranger in a constant state of apprehension; yet such is the skill of their drivers that accidents rarely occur.

Rome and Naples, though only about a hundred and thirty miles apart, and inhabited by a population of the same faith, the same language, and of kindred blood, are singularly unlike. Rome is situated in the midst of a sombre plain, is without foreign commerce, is the capital of an ecclesiastical state, and overshadowed by the solemn memories of a great past. From these and other external influences, and perhaps from some of those primitive and inexplicable peculiarities in the organization of the inhabitants themselves, there is a general air of gravity and silence in the streets, and in the countenances of those who frequent them. The light from the sky seems absorbed by the gloomy walls of the narrow passages upon which it falls; and at night the dim lamps are mere guiding points to the eye, with but faint illuminating power. The absence of loud noises of any kind is remarkable. There are no heavily-laden carts or drays thundering over the pavements; no huge omnibuses lumbering along. The carts which come in from the country are either lightly constructed or move at a

slow pace. The sound of the human voice does not gather and swell in large streams. Ecclesiastics glide along without speaking, foreigners and artists do their talking in the cafés, the peasants from the country do not seem to be a very chatty race, and even the beggars are not clamorous in their approaches.

Naples, on the contrary, situated in a region of varied and smiling beauty, is full of life, movement, and gaiety. To the swarm of unthinking ephemera that hum and dart in the sunshine, the present is every thing and the past is nothing; nor indeed is there any thing in the past history of Naples, as compared with its present state, to throw a shadow on the brow of the most sensitive patriot. There is no ghost of departed power and glory to rise up and frown upon the giddy gaiety of a thoughtless race. In Naples, the outward aspect of the earth, sea, and sky, have passed into the spirit of man and kindled it to a genial emulation with nature. The better classes are fond of showy colors in their dress. Soldiers in gay uniforms take the place of the ecclesiastics in Rome. That taste for rich and gorgeous splendor, which we notice as characteristic of the African race, sheds its influence over the city upon which the wind from Africa so often blows. In Naples, too, the silence of Rome is displaced by a roar of voices. Every body talks in a loud tone, and enforces his words with the most animated gestures. This universal and fundamental sound is varied by the rattling of the rapid carriages, and the shouts of the open-air dealers in eatables and other articles, stationary or itinerant, till the whole air overflows with the uproar.

In Rome, the influence of external nature being less powerful and attractive, men have turned their thoughts inward, and have created or collected forms of beauty in architecture, sculpture, and painting. In Naples, the world in the open air has taken such hold upon the senses, and woven such a net of fascination around the facile nature of the people, that it has prevented that discipline and devotion of mind which make the artist. Art is a reproduction, and not an imitation, of Nature. The forms of the world must be turned into shape in the artist's mind, before they can appear as creations. Naples and its neighborhood are so lovely that there is no room for the ideal. There is so much to be enjoyed that there is no time for study. It is a curious fact, that Naples has produced but one great landscape-painter, Salvator Rosa, — and that his inspiration was drawn, not from the characteristic scenery of Naples, but from the wooded mountains of La Cava and Nocera. No Neapolitan painter has ever warmed his canvas with the pearly lights of

Cuyp, or spread over it the aerial gold of Claude Lorraine. In this, as in so many other things, successful work is the result of a due proportion between the task and the instrument. Southey, whose literary industry was so remarkable within the range of his own library, said that he should never have accomplished any thing, if his energies had been buried under the vast stores of the British Museum. The Dutch painter who, when he looked out of the window, saw a meadow, a windmill, a willow-tree hanging over a brook, or a rainy sunset behind a row of trees, felt himself competent to grapple with such themes, and set himself to work accordingly; but what artist would not fold his hands in despair before the glories of a sunset in the bay of Naples?

In personal appearance, so far as my own observation went, the advantage is decidedly with the Romans. There are more fine faces in the latter city, and generally a higher expression and loftier carriage. I noticed a great many countenances in Naples, especially among women, which were repulsive from their strong stamp of animal coarseness. Sensual mouths, large and impudent noses, and rough, vinous complexions were common; and the effect of these personal disadvantages was generally enhanced by a filthy and slatternly attire. In Rome, there is much of quiet dignity observable in the manner of the common people met with in the streets. In Naples, the general characteristic is excessive mobility both of body and face. The play of countenance is rapid and incessant. Two ragged idlers talk on the Chiaja with gestures so animated and glowing that an orator might study them with profit. We feel as we walk along the streets that multitudes of first-rate comic actors are here running to waste. In Rome, in spite of all the changes of time and the blows of fate, there is still an indefinable something which recalls the old Roman aspect and spirit; but in Naples, every thing indicates a corrupted Greek mind and character; vivacity that has passed into buffoonery; a love of beauty that has degenerated into sensuality and voluptuousness; quickness that has become restlessness, and susceptibility that has declined into impatience. Naples is to Greece what the farces of the San Carlino are to the comedies of Aristophanes.

The virtues of the lower orders of the Neapolitans are said to be good-humor and temperance, and, under certain qualifications, honesty. That is to say, a Neapolitan lazzarone will scrupulously account for the money which is entrusted to him, from a sense of honor, but will not hesitate to pick a pocket when under no such restraint. Pocket-picking is a very common accomplishment here, and handkerchiefs, especially, are

apt to take to themselves wings and fly away. Young lads show a great deal of dexterity in this form of abstraction, though they act, probably, quite as much from the love of mischief as from confirmed dishonesty.*

It is the misfortune of Naples, that while the upper classes are corrupted with the worst vices of civilization, and the lower orders lead a life of somewhat savage unrestraint and lawless abandonment to their instincts, the middle and industrious class — which generally acts as a moral check and counterpoise to the two extremes — is here smaller and less influential than in the other cities of the first class in Europe. The general verdict passed upon the upper classes of Neapolitan society by competent observers is that they are, with many marked exceptions, worthless and corrupt. The soft climate of Naples has melted away the two great guardian virtues in which the security for all the others resides; valor in man and chastity in woman. The lower orders, as seen in the streets, seem to be a strange combination of the man and the child; propelled by the passions of maturity, but with as little of prudent forecast as the inmates of a nursery. In their verb there is but one tense, and that is the present. There can be no doubt that there is great suffering among the poorer classes of Naples, though life can be sustained on so little. The burden of cold, which is so great an element of wretchedness in northern capitals, is there hardly felt at all; but many lives are unquestionably shortened by hunger in a land that so teems with plenty. The childlike unconcern for the future, of which I have before spoken, lies at the bottom of this. Marriages are contracted most heedlessly and improvidently, with no provision for a rainy day; and the poor children that are thus called into being are born to a life of wretchedness and poverty; from which, however, they draw no warnings of experience, but, in their turn, having scrambled along to maturity, through rags and hunger, repeat the heedless folly of their parents, and thus transmit the inheritance of misery.†

The Neapolitans are said to be an indolent race, but here, as

* The police are said to practise a singular test to ascertain whether a lad accused of picking a pocket be guilty or not. The culprit is required to place his hand upon a table with the fingers outstretched, and if the fore-finger and middle-finger be of the same length, the case goes against him and judgment is passed accordingly; for, in the exercise of this profession, these two fingers are made use of like a forceps, and the young ragamuffins in the streets are said to lengthen the forefinger by perpetually pulling at it.

† Vieusseux states that a man earning a tari a day, about a shilling of our money, will think of marrying, without any scruple.

in many other places, it is difficult to say how much of this indolence is to be ascribed to a distaste for labor, and how much to want of motive and opportunity. We are apt to make rash judgments on this point. The Irish, for instance, are often accused of indolence in their own country; but we know that with us they are a hard-working race. The reason is that a new set of impulses is waked to life upon our soil, and the natural instincts of accumulation and progress become propelling powers. There is a great deal of idleness in Naples, and the heat of the climate is in some degree its cause and its excuse. But when we see the careful and laborious cultivation under which the whole neighborhood smiles, how every available square foot is made use of, and with what pains all fertilizing substances are gathered and saved, — when we note the constant industry of the sailors who navigate the little crafts that ply about the bay, and have learned how cheaply their services may be secured, — when we observe men panting under a heavy load to the top of Vesuvius, in the hope of selling a few oranges and bottles of wine, we may be led to pause and ask if the indolence of the Neapolitans is not, in some degree, a necessity as well as a fault. Naples suffers from over-population, and there is neither employment nor food for all who seek them. Agriculture is limited by the surface of the soil, and commerce and manufactures are regulated by the wants of the inhabitants, and the consequent extent of consumption. But it takes but little to support life in Naples, and the consumption is consequently much less than among the same number of persons in northern latitudes. That moral element which submits to present sacrifices for the sake of future good, without which neither men nor communities can ever be in a progressive condition, exerts but a feeble sway over the mind of the lower orders of the Neapolitans. And yet, if these grown-up children — these civilized savages — were suddenly transplanted to New Orleans or Baltimore, and were told that they might be sure of a dollar for every day's work, and of work for every day, they would probably become the subjects of a moral reformation; would grow provident and thoughtful, put their money into savings banks, and come under the control of Malthus's preventive check.

RETURN TO ROME.

I left Naples on Tuesday, March 24, in the steamer Vesuvio for Civita Vecchia. Gentlemen in America, who live at home

at ease in a country where they have only to take a coach and drive down to the steamer, five minutes before the time of starting, may like to know how they manage these things in Naples. The first thing to be thought of in such a case is the passport, the 'great medicine,' as an Indian would call it, of modern Europe. A pointed saying is often quoted, that in England the whole machinery of government, king, lords, and commons, is put in motion in order to get twelve men into a jury-box. In Europe, it would seem that the whole object of civil society was to get a passport into every man's pocket. Having gone, upon my arrival at Naples, to the police-office, deposited my passport and obtained permission to stay, it was now necessary to reclaim the precious document, get permission to go, and then secure the signatures of three or four officials; the whole involving an expense of some four or five dollars. Then I went to the office of the steamer and took my passage, exhibiting my passport as a voucher of my identity, without which no conveyance can be engaged. The steamer was lying in the stream, and after having my luggage brought down to the quay it was necessary to engage a boat, and commence the negotiation of a treaty to that effect with a gentleman in a red shirt, who began by asking the modest price of two dollars for putting me on board. By the time that the high contracting parties had come to a point of agreement, the hour at which the steamer was announced to start had nearly arrived, and, with an instinct of punctuality calculated for the meridian of New England, I began to be uneasy lest she should depart without me. For this state of mind there was no excuse except my short stay in Naples. At last, I was put on board the boat, which, as I saw on my approach, was slowly swallowing an immense travelling carriage, in an anaconda-like fashion, at once removing all apprehension of being late. We did not get under way until some two hours after the appointed time. The deck was a scene of much confusion, loud talking, vehement gesticulation, and aimless running to and fro; all in striking contrast with the silent despatch which guides and rules such movements with us. Amid the general chaos of voices, I at length distinguished one which seemed to be speaking with consecutiveness and authority, and perceived that it belonged to one of the officers of the steamer, who was calling out the list of the passengers' names, in order to learn if all were on board, — a ceremony which seemed quite superfluous, for the foreign names were so ludicrously and inconceivably travestied, that not more than one out of three could be distinguished by their proprietors

All the delay, however, was more than endurable, for before us was the city, and around us the bay, — both seeming to put on new beauty as the moment for leaving them drew near; and the harbor was swarming with life and motion. Right under the steamer's quarter was a small boat in which were two men, one of whom was of a race indigenous to Naples. He was a reciter and a singer, with a tolerable voice, and a rapidity and volubility of utterance which exceeded any thing I ever heard. He had a sort of guitar in his hand, with which he accompanied his voice. He alternately spouted and sang, with an extravagance of gesticulation which made me think that he would end by jumping out of the boat; but he did not seem to be doing any violence to himself in all this: he was merely obeying the impulses of a most restless and mercurial temperament.

We left the bay of Naples bathed in the golden vapors of a rich sunset. The rocky headlands on the north long lingered in sight, and when at last they disappeared behind the veil of evening, I looked upon the gray sea and sky as a child looks upon the pitiless curtain which falls at the end of his first play.

I remained in Rome till the 8th day of April, enjoying the clear blue skies and soft vernal weather, and spending a considerable part of the time in deepening the impressions made by the objects which I was so soon to lose sight of. I explored the grounds of the Villa Borghese, which every day put on a livelier green, paced the rustling aisles of the garden of the Villa Medici, saw the sunsets from the Pincian Hill, and heard the deep voices of the Pamphili-Doria pines, whose dark, monkish robes of foliage disdained to recognize the touch of spring. Every where the fertile soil was breaking out into a luxuriant growth of wild flowers, and every grove and copse rang with vernal music. To one born and reared upon the seacoast of New England, there is a charm in a Roman spring, not only from its essential character, but because it recalls and justifies all the glowing descriptions of that season in Latin and Italian poetry which, when read upon our own soil, seem somewhat overstrained. Our spring is a piece of mosaic, with here a bit of winter, and there a bit of summer. In our meteorological alphabet, B. does not follow A. A soft vernal day is succeeded by piercing winds, and open windows and fires alternate capriciously. Our climate is lawless and revolutionary, and very fond of breaking the legitimate line of succession. But in Rome, the spring is a well-defined period which divides winter from summer, has a character of its own,

and is not a composite season made up by contributions from the other two. The year puts off the garments of winter and puts on the robes of spring, with deliberate change. With each day there comes a livelier green and a deeper blue, and with gentle, imperceptible gradations, the hours glide on to the full maturity of summer. Rome shows to particular advantage at this season, because there are so many gardens, villas, and patches of cultivated ground within the circuit of the walls and a few moment's walk will, from any point, enable a visitor to surround himself with all the fine influences of nature. The Villa Borghese, which lies just under the walls, comprises — in the variety and extent of its grounds and the number and diversity of its trees, shrubs, and plants — all possible forms of vernal attraction. That air of gravity and soberness which I have more than once alluded to as characteristic of Rome in the winter season now gives place to a more cheerful aspect. The sunshine is more penetrating; there is more of a 'light, glad green,' in the foliage; and the people have a gayer and airier look. Rome is like a widow who puts off her weeds and appears in colors once more. It is difficult at this season to look at any thing which is inside of a wall or under a roof. The walls themselves are gay with wild flowers, — mignionette and violets perfume the air, making even ruins smile. The invitations dropped from the sky, borne upon the breeze, and written along the earth are so pressing, that the claims of architecture, sculpture, and painting are for the time postponed.

ILLUMINATION OF ST. PETER'S.

In March, 1848, there was great consternation throughout Rome at the discovery that one of the treasures of St. Peter's Church, the head of St. Andrew, had been stolen, and evidently by some one familiar with the internal arrangements of the church. Such an event, in an ecclesiastical capital in which there was so little of business or politics to talk about, created as much sensation as the overthrow of the Bunker Hill Monument by an earthquake would, in Boston. Besides the horror which so sacrilegious an act awakened in every good Catholic, the theft involved a considerable pecuniary loss, for the head was enclosed in a silver case, set with jewels, valued at about twenty thousand dollars. A liberal reward was offered for the restoration of the relic, which was found on the last day of March, buried in a vineyard outside of the walls. The silver

case and most of the jewels were also recovered. This happy event was ascribed by the common people to a miracle, but the clue to the discovery was undoubtedly given in the confessional. The next day, the bells all over the city rung out a peal of triumph, and in the evening there was a partial illumination of the dome of St. Peter's. But this was not a sufficient expression of gratitude, for, on the fifth of April, in the following week, the restored treasure was borne from the Church of St. Andrea della Valle to St. Peter's, with all the state and splendor which the Romish Church could command The procession was as numerous and imposing, to say the least, as any that has been seen in modern times; for, besides the civil and ecclesiastical dignitaries who always appear officially on such occasions, it was increased by many who simply wished to gratify the Pope; since it was generally understood that he had been greatly disturbed at the loss, and equally rejoiced at its restoration. The relic was placed in a glass case, on a kind of car, under a silken canopy. The chief place in the procession was occupied by the college of cardinals, with the Pope himself at their head. Besides these, there were the Roman nobles, the various religious orders, the parochial clergy, the members of the ecclesiastical colleges, the municipality of Rome, the guard of nobles, the newly organized civic guard, various recently formed clubs and associations, and, what was most characteristic of the general tone of feeling and most novel in a Roman procession, a band of ladies, of noble birth, dressed in black, their heads covered with veils, and carrying lighted tapers in their hands. The weather was fine; and as the splendid procession, so rich in variety and color, passed through the piazza of St. Peter's, which was filled with spectators on foot and in carriages, the effect was in the highest degree beautiful and imposing. The length of the procession, the superb costumes defying the most piercing power of daylight, the grand dimensions of the piazza itself, the noble architectural forms on either side, and the animation and interest which glowed in every countenance, covered and concealed the theatrical element, and left only a stately symbol, in which the grateful sense of a religious community put on an outward form, such as suited their susceptible temperament and their ever-hungry senses. It is only on occasions like these that we see and feel the whole power of the Romish Church, which, on ordinary ceremonials, seems to hold back and keep in reserve one half its resources. The most conscientious Protestant, unless he were as hard and as cold as the stones on which he stood, could not help ceasing to

protest, for the moment at least; nor could he fail to feel upon his heart the benediction of waters drawn from the common stream of faith and emotion, before it had reached the dividing rock.

In the evening, a finer and fuller illumination of St. Peter's took place than on the previous week. This is one of those sights of which the reality surpasses all previous imagination. An illumination is always beautiful, but the enormous size of St. Peter's makes it sublime. The defects of the building are lost, and only its majestic outlines are traced in horizontal and perpendicular lines of fire. It looks like a glorified and transfigured structure, — such as paints itself upon the mind's eye after reading Bunyan's description of the New Jerusalem, — all made of light, and rising up to the sound of celestial music. The two points from which the illumination is seen to the greatest advantage are, the piazza in front of the church and the Pincian Hill. From the former, the magnificent spectacle is viewed in all its details and dimensions. Little is left for the imagination but every thing is addressed to the eye, that, bathed in a flood of soft light, in which the whole space embraced within the colonnades is as bright as a noon-day sun, runs over with the keenest satisfaction the glowing lines which charm without dazzling. But, when viewed from the Pincian Hill, the effect is quite different. The imagination is impressed in proportion as the eye loses. The luminous dome becomes an aerial vision, floating between heaven and earth, — an arrested meteor, — which throws upon the dark sky the crimson light of a conflagration. The tremulous movement given to the flames of the lamps by the wind adds greatly to the effect. It seems as if a shower of stars had fallen upon the building, and were yet quivering and trembling with the shock. It was altogether like an exquisite vision, — something not of the earth, — and had we seen the radiant mystery slowly mounting upward and passing into the sky, it would have seemed no more than its natural and appropriate close.

CHAPTER XXII.

Excursions to Frascati and Tivoli

EXCURSION TO FRASCATI.

If the immediate neighborhood of Rome is deficient in that beauty and variety which are so conspicuous at Naples and at Florence, an ample equivalent is found in the noble ranges of mountains that encircle the Campagna on the south and east. That fine assemblage of rounded heights, table-lands, valleys, lakes, and sloping declivities, familiarly known by the comprehensive name of the Alban Mount, is a bounteous gift of Providence, for which a lover of Nature, living in Rome, should offer up perpetual thanksgivings. It is not of the family of those lower ranges of the Apennines which are seen beyond and on each side of it, but is of volcanic origin; and it seems to have been added as a special grace and crowning charm to a landscape already rich in the elements of beauty and grandeur. It is of an egg-like shape, — the sides being nearly parallel to the course of the Tiber, — about sixteen miles in length and twelve in breadth. It rises up like an island from the green plain of the Campagna, as it once emerged from the level of that sea which at a remote period, occupied the whole Agro Romano. Its most elevated point is about three thousand feet high. It is covered with towns and villages; its whole population amounting to about forty thousand, who are mostly engaged in agriculture. They have a good reputation with those who have lived among them. They are said to be a courteous yet manly race; clinging to old customs and old costumes; with a taste for enjoyment which survives the pressure of that poverty and severe toil that is the hopeless lot of many of them. At certain seasons of the year, the whole region swarms with artists, who find there an inexhaustible variety of woodland and mountain scenery, together with picturesque dresses and fine figures and faces. The rich volcanic soil invites and rewards a careful

cultivation. On the warm, sunny slopes which border on the Campagna, the vine and olive flourish luxuriantly: extensive tracts are also employed in the raising of garden vegetables. The peach, the apple, the pear, the plum, and the cherry, all find congenial soil and climate. Higher up, the chestnut thrives, whose fruit, as every one knows, is an important part of the food of the rural population of Italy. Still higher, are forests of oak and pine, where the woodman's axe rings through the glades, and the fires of the charcoal-burners gleam at night. It is now and has ever been a favorite place of retreat from the heats of Rome. Here the Pope has his summer palace, and here are a large number of the sumptuous villas of the Roman nobles.

The Alban Mount is also full of historical and legendary interest. The Latin tribe, one of the constituent elements of the Roman people, had here its seat. Upon the highest peak of the range was the temple of Jupiter Latiaris, where all the tribes of Latin blood, the Romans included, met every year to worship; and where the victorious generals of the republic repaired to offer praises and acknowledgments. In these mountain glens, undoubtedly, most of that ballad literature of Rome, the loss of which Macaulay so eloquently laments, and so successfully restores, had its origin. Nor need the scholar be reminded that this is the scene of the most original and vigorous portions of the Æneid of Virgil; nor how the genius of the poet, which rather languidly recounts the traditions borrowed from Greece, wakes to new life, when he feels his feet upon his own soil, and deals with Latin names and Latin legends.

To this Alban Mount, in exploring which many weeks might be profitably and agreeably spent, I could only give two days. I left Rome on the second day of April, after an early breakfast, and arrived at Frascati some time before noon. We were a party of five, and I can only say of my companions that had I had the power of making a selection from among all my friends, I could hardly have chosen better. Among them the arts of sculpture, painting, poetry, and music were worthily represented, and there was a common fund of frankness, good-humor, animal spirits, and love of nature, from which all drew in fair proportions. One of them possessed the convenient accomplishment of a perfect acquaintance with the Italian language. Thus companioned, as I drove to the excellent inn at Frascati, on a fine, breezy morning in spring, under a sky of the loveliest blue, with nature bursting into bloom and bud all around, and in the midst of a landscape to which Cicero, Virgil, and Livy had given dignity and beauty, I felt that I had much to enjoy and much to remember.

We first went into the grounds of the Villa Conti, which lie near the inn. These are not among the most famous or the most extensive of those at Frascati, but in them nature has not been so elaborately dressed and decorated as in some others, and they therefore retain more of the charm of simplicity, and are also in good condition. There is a thick plantation of fine, old trees in the rear of the casino, which stand close together and form an impenetrable shield of foliage, upon which the fierce rays of an Italian summer sun beat in vain; and in the very heart of the grove is a mimic lake of pure water, not much bigger than a signet ring, gathered into a marble basin upon which, even at noon, a broad shadow is flung from the verdurous wall reared around it. There is nothing here very elaborate or costly; and yet all the needs and requirements of a summer retreat in a hot climate seem to be fully met. The trees were oaks, cypresses, and pines, the foliage of which is massive and dark; and the shadows they formed were so deep and solid that the eye seemed to be looking into the hollow of a cavern, or the aisle of a cathedral, rather than into a woodland alley. The luxury of such shadows and such fine sparkling water may well be imagined in those intolerable days of August, when the sky that bends over the Campagna is turned into a vault of glowing brass, and the sun, into a fiery dragon that eats up every green thing.

After lunching at the inn, we took a donkey excursion to the remains of Tusculum, about two miles distant, occupying the summit of the hill on the lowest spurs of which Frascati is situated. The road led through woodlands and pastures, not unlike some portions of New England, and opened widening prospects as we ascended. Here are many interesting ruins, especially the remains of a theatre, most of the seats of which were hewn from the living rock, as was often the case with such structures among the ancients.

It is difficult, however, for any one to look at a dead ruin upon a spot from which so living and glorious a landscape may be seen. On one side are Rome, crowned with the dome of St. Peter's, and the Campagna, a motionless sea of green, which imperceptibly flows into the living blue of the Mediterranean. On the opposite side are the Alban valley, traversed by the Via Latina, the wooded crest of Monte Pila, the Camp of Hannibal, the convent on Monte Cavi, and the ridge of Alba Longa, — a landscape as exhilarating from its variety and picturesque contrasts as that towards Rome is impressive from its vastness and monotony.

On our way back, we paid a visit to the Villa Rufinella, which

is splendidly situated on the summit of a hill, and commanding a prospect hardly inferior to that from the site of Tusculum. The lawn in front and the portico contained many works in marble, more or less dilapidated, which had been found in the neighborhood, and not deemed worthy of being transferred to a more ambitious museum. In the grounds is a quaint horticultural toy, which would have seemed pretty enough if done by children, but is hardly worthy of men and women. Along the slope of a gentle hill the names of the most celebrated poets of all nations are traced in boxwood, and are still distinctly legible in living green, though grown a little out of proportion. This villa was unoccupied except by a steward, or bailiff, who looked after the grounds and received the visitors.

On our return to Frascati, we visited the most celebrated of its villas, the Villa Aldobrandini. Erected during the latter part of the sixteenth century by Cardinal Pietro Aldobrandini, nephew of Pope Clement VIII., under the superintendence of Giacomo della Porta, it stands as a most striking memorial of the great resources held by the ecclesiastical nobility of that age, and the magnificent style in which they were used. It is situated on the sloping side of a hill, and the architect has been happy in the adaptation of his structure to the character of its site; but the building itself has little beauty of outline or proportion. The same may be said of all the villas of Frascati. They belong to the dark days of art, and, when we consider the rich capabilities of their situations, and the great expense lavished upon many of them, we cannot but wonder that even then so little architectural invention was displayed upon them, and that so little architectural beauty has been the result. They are open to the general criticism of wanting character and expression. What would not Palladio have done with such spots to build upon and such fortunes to build with?

The Villa Aldobrandini has long been celebrated for its waterworks, in which that element, under the guidance of Fontana's fantastic genius, was made to play a variety of tricks, as unlike its natural movements as are the contortions of a rope-dancer to the bounding grace of a wood nymph. Among other things, there was in the gardens a statue of Pan with a pipe of reeds, and of a satyr with a trumpet; and each, by the action of water, was made to emit a sound similar to that of the instrument he carried. The peculiar situation of Frascati encouraged, and perhaps helped to form, a taste for these costly playthings in water, for which the cravings created by a hot climate offer the best apology. Placed on the lower spurs and terraces of a succession of hills, from which copious and rapid streams

of water were constantly flowing, the hydraulic artist found here in the highest perfection the two great elements of his calling, — an abundance of water and a sufficient head or projectile force. The element became in his hands the most docile of slaves. He could make it leap in sheaves of foam and obelisks of silver, trip down terraces of marble, or repose upon couches of turf. It was seen in conjunction with grandeur and with quaintness, but rarely with simplicity or good taste. The Villa Aldobrandini has of late years been seldom occupied, and its elaborate and expensive structures are slowly going to decay. The diminished incomes and simpler tastes of our day are not in unison with establishments upon so grand a scale, which, descending, as they often do, to impoverished families, must be a source of anything but agreeable reflections and associations. What greater vexation can there be than to inherit an immense palace or villa, with an income insufficient to live in it and made insufficient mainly by means of the expense incurred in its erection? Such structures are often the graves and the monuments of buried fortunes, and their magnificence serves as a scale by which we can measure the difference between ancient ambition and present decay.

The next morning, after an early breakfast, we summoned once more our faithful friends, the donkeys, and took up our line of march for Albano. It was a bright spring morning, and the early dew yet hung upon the grass, and thin straggling vapors crept over the plain of the Campagna. We first paid a visit to the Villa Muti, where Cardinal York lived, and which is now let by the season. There is nothing very remarkable in the architecture or embellishments of this villa, but its situation is fine and the grounds are prettily laid out, though over the whole there hangs an air of neglect, — that careless and slipshod look which tells that the master's eye is withdrawn. As one of our party was in treaty for a suite of rooms in this villa, we went over the interior and examined it with a tenant's disparaging eye. What we saw is very easily described — a large number of immense rooms, generally opening into each other, with little or no furniture, and no great promise of that indefinable blessing, comfort. Many of the floors were paved with tiles or brick, like the hearth of a country farm-house; and some of them with a diversity of surface like a rolling prairie on a small scale. The great luxury was in space, and of this there was enough and to spare. There were drawing-rooms in which a general conversation could hardly be kept up except by the aid of speaking-trumpets. It seemed to me that the whole family of Priam might have been stowed away in this

villa. It is wel enough in summer, though even then a magnetic telegraph vould be a 'real blessing,' to housekeepers, but in winter such a congress of great stone barns under one roof must be forlorn enough.

After leaving this villa, we entered upon a beautiful sylvan region, overshadowed with fine oaks and chestnuts, and brightened with a luxuriant growth of flowers and flowering shrubs. I was struck, as I had been on the previous day, with the resemblance which the scenery bore to some of the woodland tracts of our own country. There was the same light and airy outline to the branches, the same delicate tinge of yellow in the green of the foliage, the same tangled varicty of growth, and the same look of unpruned and unchecked development. It was a tract of honest wildwood, and not a park run to seed; and Romulus and Remus could not have picked flowers, or gathered nuts, upon the lap of a more genuine nature. And yet, I trust it will not be deemed unpatriotic to say that no forest that waves over the Mississippi could have the charm that hallowed these venerable woods. The centuries of history and tradition that have passed over these green patriarchs have carved memorials upon their trunks, and mingled airy voices with the rustlings of the breeze. We look upon every landscape, partly with the natural eye, and partly with the eye of the mind. We see more than the painter can transfer to his canvas. No western prairie shines with the light of Marathon or Runnymede; and the poetry of Virgil and the legends of Livy deepen the shadows of these forest aisles of Frascati, and touch their domes of foliage with spiritual gleams.

Our first resting place was the monastery of monks of the Greek order of Basilio, at Grotta Ferrata. Bristling with towers and surrounded with a ditch, it has more the air of a fortress than of a monastery; but its style of architecture is well suited to its situation, for its frowning aspect is the more impressive from its contrast with the sylvan region, thickly wooded with elms and planes, above which it rises. The great attraction of this monastery consists in a series of seven frescoes by Domenichino, in the chapel; the subjects of which are taken from the legendary life of St. Nilus, its founder. So far as a hurried examination of these works enabled me to judge, they seemed of great merit, and not a jot below their high reputation. They do not beat down the mind with superhuman power, like the frescoes of Michael Angelo; or fill it with visions of celestial beauty, like those of Raphael. Domenichino was neither a giant nor a seraph. But these works at once delight the taste and satisfy the critical judgment. Their conspic

uous excellence consists in their loyalty to truth. There is nothing in them that is false, extravagant, or affected; nothing theatrical, distorted, or violent. The expressions and attitudes are such as the subject demands. There is no crowding, hurrying, or jostling in the groups, but every figure has room enough, and moves and breathes freely. Charles Lamb said of Middleton, that he was a prose Shakespeare. It may be said of Domenichino, that he was a prose Raphael. Up to a certain point, the two move together. In correctness of drawing, dramatic truth of expression, purity of color, accuracy of observation, good judgment, and good taste, they are alike. So long as both remain upon the earth, they keep side by side. But, as in the 'Hermit' of Parnell, the strange youth at length puts on the beaming port of an angel, and soars out of sight of his kneeling companion, so does Raphael's genius leave the earth on angelic wings and move in celestial regions of light and beauty, towards which his successor can only turn an upward and aspiring gaze.

After leaving Grotto Ferrata, we came in a few moments to Marino, a town finely situated on a hill, and looking very inviting as a place of summer retreat. Hence we passed into a deep glen beautifully wooded with noble trees, — memorable as the place of meeting of the Latin tribes, where the brave and rash Turnus Herdonius came to his death by the arts of Tarquin the Proud. A more inviting spot for a deliberative assemblage could hardly be found. However numerous the delegations, there would be seats enough for all, nor could they ever be called upon to consider those embarrassing questions of ventilation which have so sorely perplexed the legislative wisdom of Great Britain. We found the valley occupied neither by warriors nor statesmen, but by groups of women engaged in the peaceful employment of washing linen in the very stream in which, as Livy relates, the Latin chieftain was drowned. It was a pretty sight, — the unbonneted heads and picturesque dresses of the women blending well with the scenery around them; while the homely associations usually belonging to such household duties were somewhat relieved by the sparkling purity of the running waters, the bending foliage, and the blue sky.

The road from Marino to Castel Gandolfo, winding around the Alban lake, overshadowed by noble forests, and with fine views of the heights on the opposite side, is of such varied beauty that the pleasure of passing over it only once is alloyed by the thought that it is not to be traversed a second time. The pope's villa at Castel Gandolfo is a comparatively modest mansion, as if the architect had been thinking more of

the apostolic than of the princely character of the tenant, and erected a house for the priest and not a palace for the sovereign. Not far from it is a villa belonging to a member of the Torlonia family, more to be coveted than any of the splendid structures at Frascati; for its situation is beautiful and commanding, looking down upon the lake and lying open to all the mountain winds; and it had, besides, an inviting aspect of comfort and habitableness. Leaving these villas on the right, we skirted for some time the wooded banks of the lake in search of a convenient resting-place, and, having found one, we came to a halt, having by this time earned an appetite for a frugal lunch of bread, cheese, oranges, and wine, which we procured from an osteria in the neighborhood.

This lake is one of the most beautiful sheets of water in Italy, or anywhere else. It is about six miles in circumference, and fills up the crater of an extinguished volcano. Its form is nearly circular, and its outline as symmetrical as if shaped by the hand of art. The character of a small lake is determined by its banks, as the expression of an eye largely depends upon the eyebrow and superciliary ridge. A piece of water, of the size of the Alban lake, encompassed with flat, tame banks overgrown with scrubby fringes of underbrush, would have no other beauty than that derived from the sky, from the floating clouds that cast their reflections into its tranquil depths, or from the winds that break up its surface and give it the grace of motion. But the frame, or socket, in which the waters of the Alban lake are set, is the most beautiful possible. It is a cup-shaped hollow; and its steep and high banks are covered with a noble growth of stately trees, that would give dignity to the flat sides of a muddy canal. The banks in some places are almost as perpendicular as the sides of a well. A landscape-painter might study here to great advantage two important elements of his art, — the character of foliage, and the effect of shadows upon water. In the round of mountain and forest which clasped this lovely lake, there was not the least touch of tameness, but everywhere the richly-wooded and precipitous banks had the same striking and expressive aspect. There was nothing to be seen which recalled man and his works, — no intrusive structure, no sail, no boat, no angler's rod, — but all was mountain solitude, primeval stillness, and uninvaded nature. Beauty so solemn, loneliness so profound, the power stamped upon the grand old hills, and the gentleness and peace breathed over the unruffled lake, made up a scene which could only be described by the hackneyed epithet of unearthly. The mind seemed prepared for, almost to expect

communications from some sources higher than itself, and the mood which came over it recalled and explained the fine visions of Greek mythology. In the childhood of time, it was natural to people such scenes with forms more majestic and more lovely than those which are born of woman. Such woods and such waters seemed imperfect till they were made the habitations of beings exempt from mortal infirmities and mortal decay.

We left this beautiful spot with regret, and, taking up our line of march along the road which leads to Castel Gandolfo to Albono, we arrived at the latter place early in the afternoon. We did not remain there long enough to see any of the sights usually shown to travellers, but long enough to draw about us that universal nuisance of Italy, a swarm of clamorous beggars. We amused ourselves, while waiting for the carriage, with bringing this irregular army into discipline ; compelling them to hold their tongues and arranging them in a line according to stature, and then rewarding them with a distribution of baiocchi. They entered into the spirit of the joke quite readily, and there was much hearty laughing on both sides, but there was no trace among them of the sense of shame ; and in their sparkling eyes of brown and black there was not the slightest shadow of self-reproach. We drove back to Rome in the glow of a fine sunset, which bathed every object in a most appropriate and becoming light.

EXCURSION TO TIVOLI.

Our excursion to Frascati had been so agreeable that we resolved upon another to Tivoli. We left Rome early in the morning, by the Porta San Lorenzo, and drove by the basilica of the same name, and soon after passed the rounded heights crowned by the ruins of the Torre di Schiavi. It was a fine morning, and the Campagna, robed in the freshness of early spring, never looked more lovely. About twelve miles from Rome, there is a spot still subject to that volcanic action once so powerful throughout this whole region. The road crosses an artificial stream strongly impregnated with sulphur, which is betrayed not only by the peculiar color of its steaming waters, but by the odors, other than Sabæan, with which the air is far and wide filled. The lake or pool which this canal drains lies about a mile to the left of the road, and is well known to ciceroni and travellers, from the masses of vegetable matter which float upon its surface, and give it its name of the lake of

the floating islands. Its bituminous waters, strongly charged with sulphur and alum, are of an unusual specific gravity, so that the dust and light substances which the wind blows upon the surface are there arrested and slowly massed together into a compact crust. When this crust is broken up, as by a heavy storm, the detached fragments sooner or later drift towards the shore, which they thus gradually enlarge, contracting the space occupied by the waters. By this process, its circumference, formerly a mile in extent, is now only about fourteen hundred feet. Just before reaching the Solfatara Canal, as it is called, the road passes near a pond, or rather a space in which the solid and liquid seem to be contending for possession of the soil, for the waters, strongly impregnated with carbonate of lime, are gradually depositing a calcareous crust by which their own bed is constantly contracted, and will eventually wholly disappear. This calcareous deposit forms the travertine so much used in the buildings of Rome; and the scene carried back the thoughts to those periods, — so remote that the imagination can hardly grasp the interval, — when the stones of St Peter's and the Colosseum were held in solution by sheets of water like this. The reeds and rushes which grow in great profusion on the margin of the pond become in time encrusted with this stony deposit, and, the vegetable core being destroyed, they take the form of pipe-stems or petrified macaroni.

A short distance beyond the canal, the road crosses the Anio, now the Teverone, by the Ponte Lucano, a Roman bridge of massive construction. At the end of the bridge, on the left, is the tomb of Plautius Lucanus, a round tower built of travertine, essentially similar to the tomb of Cecilia Metella, though of smaller dimensions. The men who built the bridge and reared the monument probably knew and cared very little about what we call the picturesque, and yet the two, in combination, make an architectural picture so pleasing that they look as if they had been placed where they are, on purpose to be painted. The inevitable eye of Poussin detected the capabilities of this spot, and its structures reappear in one of his most celebrated landscapes.

The entrance to the remains of Hadrian's villa is about a mile and a half from the bridge. They belong to the Duke of Braschi, and no one is admitted without his written permission, which, however, is freely given. A large farm-house is near the gate, which we found strongly barred, and it was not opened till our credentials had been carefully examined.

The readers of Coleridge's poetry will remember the gorgeous procession of images which passed through his brain.

when he had fallen asleep under the influence of opium, just as he was reading this passage from Purchas's Pilgrimage — 'Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto; and thus ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed with a wall.' These words fall short of the wonders of Hadrian's villa, a magnificent creation of power and wealth, to which there is nothing in occidental history, at least, which can serve as a parallel. The Roman emperor, after many years of care and conquest, with a marked taste for architecture, and the resources of the whole civilized world at his command, resolved to surround his declining life with reproductions of all the striking objects which he had seen in the course of his world-wide wanderings. He selected for the site of this gigantic enterprise a spot singularly favorable to his objects. It was a range of gently undulating hills, of about three miles in extent, with a natural boundary, formed in part by a winding valley, and partly by walls of rock. On the east, it was overlooked by the wooded heights of the Sabine Mountains; and, on the west, it commanded a view of the Campagna and the Eternal City, whose temples and obelisks, relieved against the golden sky of sunset, must have soothed the mind of its imperial master with thoughts of duties performed and of repose earned by toil. The natural inequalities and undulations of the site, which furnished heights, plains, valleys, and glens, aided and lightened the tasks of the architect and the landscape gardener. The emperor is said to have enclosed a space of eight or ten miles in circuit, so that, if the statement were true, the villa and its appurtenances occupied an area greater than that of Pompeii. Here he set to work with armies of laborers and mountains of gold, and, in an incredibly short space of time, the ground was covered with an amazing number of costly and extensive structures, which had risen like exhalations from the soil. Besides the imperial palace, there were a library, an academy, a lyceum, numerous temples, one or more theatres, a covered walk or portico, and spacious barracks for the accommodation of the Prætorian guards. Besides these, a glen through which a stream flowed was made into a miniature likeness of the vale of Tempe; a flowery plain was called by the name of the Elysian Fields; and an immense cavern, filled with sunless waters, recalled the gloom of Tartarus.

A general plan, embracing such numerous details and executed with such hot haste, could not have been entirely successful unless under the control of the most unerring taste, and it may well be doubted whether the villa of Hadrian, when completed, did not present more points for wonder than admiration

Castellan, an intelligent French traveller, who visited the ruins at the close of the last century, when they were much more perfect than they are now, and who seems to have studied them with much attention, remarks that the buildings were neither skilfully nor tastefully disposed. Circular and rectangular forms were brought together in incongruous juxtaposition; the sharp or obtuse angle of one structure obtruded upon another; and opposite lines of building were not parallel. The whole had the air of a labyrinth, and was stamped with the impress of a fantastic, and not a pure, taste. The various parts were capriciously distributed, like the plans of an architect which the wind had blown off the table, and scattered at random over the floor.

The ruins, at the present time, seen hastily and without the interpretation of an intelligent guide, are a confused mass of decay, revealing very little of their former destination or structure. We still see walls which were reared above the soil, and excavations which were made below it; and many shapeless fragments are strewed along its surface; but there is not enough left to reconstruct the past, and hardly to give name and identity to what we know was once there. A considerable portion of the space formerly occupied by the villa is now under cultivation, and nature, aided by a soft sky and a productive soil, has been busy in healing the gaping wounds of time, and covering unsightly ruin with a mantle of bloom and beauty. The raw brick or stone is rarely to be seen, but vines, trailing plants, grass, and flowers clasp and crown the fragments which are yet standing; and the places of arched substructions are marked by rounded swells of soft, green turf. In this way, what we lose through ignorance of details is made up by the stronger impression left by the whole. The life of nature is better than the dead bones of art. The whole scene is now a broad page on which is stamped an impressive lesson of the vanity of human wishes. The great emperor, even while his last workmen were gathering up their tools to depart, was attacked by a mortal disease; and, seventy years after his death, Caracalla began the work of spoliation by carrying off its most costly marbles to decorate the baths whose ruins are in turn monuments to his name in Rome. A recent French traveller states that a species of syringa, which Hadrian brought from the East and planted here, still sheds its fragrance over these ruins; this delicate and fragile flower, a part of the perennial life of Nature, remaining faithful to the emperor's memory, while stone, marble, and bronze have long since betrayed their trust.

From Hadrian's villa to Tivoli the road is on a steep ascent,

and passes through a grove of olive-trees, some of which are of great age.* We drove to the hotel which bears the classic name of La Sibilla, in the grounds of which are the remains of that graceful Corinthian temple which has probably sat for its

* In the 'Artist's and Amateur's Magazine' is a series of papers called 'A Few Years' Residence in Italy.' In one of these is a graphic description of the olive, which, as the work in which it appeared is little known, will be almost 'as good as manuscript.'

'On arriving at the foot of the acclivity it was necessary to dismount; and as we wound round and crept slowly up the beautiful height upon which Albano stands, my companion whistling to the horse, chanting to himself, and shouting to the broad, blue sky over our heads, smacking the whip and sometimes cutting away at the butterflies, grasshoppers of a finger's length, and the lizards of all colors, I was for the first time struck with the peculiar character, variety of form, and color of the olive. I had observed them in abundance at Florence, and in the neighborhood of Rome, but I had not seen any like those which lined one side of the road leading to this pretty little city.

'The peculiar character of the trees upon this spot consists in their extremely antique, grotesque, and fantastic character. Upon first sight of them, the shape and look of their trunks suggest the idea of the human character. A number of strange forms of men appear before you, wearing long beards and garments cut in the fashion of other ages. Some stand in bending postures, or rest their arms upon staffs, or other supports of an uncouth form; others recline upon stony or verdant couches, kneel upon the ground, or are grouped in pairs, their limbs oddly joined, and their position and action indicative of some sentiment. Sometimes you will see one standing in the midst of others with the action of an orator making an harangue, one arm put forth and the other holding or hid in the drapery, while the hearers assume different characters of sentiment and expression. Then again you will see pairs of venerable people sitting upon the earth or upon green banks, deeply engaged in some matter, discussing warmly, or sedately, or whispering confidentially. The color of their trunks very much assists the imagination, since patches of moss often contribute to give character, as it is seen upon the bare, naked gray of the formed and deformed masses.

'There is a kind of supernatural look attending a grove of olives — a visionary, uncertain something — occasioned by the skeleton-like and half-human shapes of the long, pendent, bare twigs, and the fantastically bent arms and branches; and this impression is very much strengthened by the quality of the color, and the prevailing sobriety, and somewhat melancholy tone which prevails. The thick haze of leaves and twigs tempers the lightest sunshine; and while light is admitted, it is so broken, that no deep or abrupt shadows are seen or bright patches of light admitted. Every object is of a vague and indistinct character, lit by a mysterious kind of illumination — a gray mixture of light and darkness.

'An olive wood must have suggested to Dante the idea of the souls imprisoned in the trunks and branches of the trees who suffered and lamented when they were broken or touched.

'It is said of this singular and prolific tree that a full crop once in ten years repays the farmer for all the care and pains he bestows upon it, and that it will live a thousand years. It springs up spontaneously, and renews itself without attention or trouble, and is found in all the rocky ele-

likeness more often than any building on earth. Ten of the eighteen columns of travertine which once surrounded the cell are still remaining; and these, happily, form an unbroken series, and are turned in the right direction. The building, when perfect, placed any where, would have been an elegant structure, and its remains have formed a most satisfactory ruin; but no fabric of man's hands ever owed more to its situation. No architect in his dreams ever dropped a building upon a more appropriate spot. It rests upon the gray cliff which it crowns as gracefully as the rose hangs upon its stalk. The relation between the temple and the rock is like that between the capital and the shaft; each seems to require the other as its complement. Nature and art never worked together more harmoniously; and to call the combination merely picturesque is to do it injustice. It is a picture which requires nothing to be added to or taken from it to make it perfect.

Forsyth has truly said, that 'Tivoli cannot be described; no

vations in the country, and even in the plains; although in the wide and open pianura of the Abruzzi it is nowhere to be met with. It gives a peculiar character to the country wherever it grows; its soft, feathery foliage, and its peculiar color contrast strongly with every other verdant thing about it, and mixes in a graceful and harmonious manner with the forms and colors of the rock, the earth and the vegetation generally. Nobody has painted the olive. Gaspar Poussin, who lived in its tender shadow, was ungrateful to it and never bestowed the attention upon it which its various beauties deserve. Nobody has represented it better, but he has not done it justice. In some respects, it is as dark as the cypress; in others, it is a silvery plume; in some states, a rich, golden green, vivacious and effective; in others, a soft, leafy shadow, or a cloud hovering over the side of the mountain, its form indefinite and its place unfixed. In itself, it appears to know no change, is always green and flourishing, and ever laden with its fruit — some member or other of its family. You may strip it when you will, early or later, or if you leave its fruit to hang until it turn black as jet, which it does, it gives out a flavor of a new kind, makes the purest oil, or may be dried, and so kept for use. When it has stood out ages of productiveness, has become venerable, and shows symptoms of having been touched by time, it still suggests no notion of decay, for its freshness continues; and the vigorous shoots that spring up and unite, and add their strength to the parent stock, promise support and duration for ever. The old and the new are so assimilated and mixed in one character, that the changes of season are never seen to affect it. The young leaf of the coming year pushes gently off that of the past, while the new-born blossoms play, surround, and hang in tender companionship with the matured fruit. The soil appears to influence, in a most extraordinary manner, this singular tree; in some parts it grows to the height and magnitude of a large elm, in others it is stunted to a massive bush; in some specimens the trunk is bulky and the branches gnarled and thick with long pendent tresses of slender thin-leaved twigs; in others its character is a slender shrub, with stems and branches green, and yielding kindly to the softest breeze; but in every state it is abundantly prolific.'

rue portrait of it exists; all views alter and embellish it; they are poetical translations of the matchless original.' It owes its most striking attractions to that cause which is so efficient, not only in the creation of natural beauty, but of material wealth — the sudden passage of a stream of water from one level to another; which, in our country, has given us Niagara and Lowell, Trenton Falls and Rochester. The river Anio, or Teverone, flowing through the lateral openings of mountain ranges, is swollen in its course by several smaller streams, and approaches Tivoli, where the highlands come to a full stop, and the lines of the landscape pass by sharp angles and sudden turns into the level of the Campagna, in a deep and rapid current. In its haste to overleap the steeply-inclined plane which lies between its upper bed and the calm sea of verdure below, it breaks into a variety of smaller streams which plunge and hurry over the rocky barriers, like a company of soldiers who, in the confusion of a retreat, abandon their orderly arrangement and continuous movement; each individual making his escape as best he may. In the Campagna below, all the broken fragments are reunited; and the river, after a tranquil flow of a few miles, empties into the Tiber; like a wild youth who, after a short course of tumult and resistance, subsides into a sober man of business.

The Anio, like the Italian rivers generally, is a mischievous stream, liable to sudden and great increase; thereby causing much damage to the works of man. To prevent this, the skill of engineering has bridled and guided its wild energy. In consequence of a formidable flood which happened in 1826, a new tunnel was cut through Monte Catillo for the principal stream, which had previously fallen over a massive wall, built by Sixtus V. into the Grotto of Neptune, directly below the temple of the Sybil. This grotto, a deep, cavernous hollow once the spot from which the leaping and foaming waters were seen to the greatest advantage, described by a thousand travellers, and sketched by a thousand artists, has lost the attractions of the living stream, and can only show its deserted bed. But it is well worth visiting to see the marks which the rending, cutting, and scooping action of the waters has left upon their rocky channel, — the sharp edges, the rounded hollows, the irregular lines, and jagged points, — the results of passionate elemental conflict, — all in the heart of a populous town, and accessible by an artificial path which a lady might trip down in a ball-dress without cutting her satin slippers. A rich growth of shrubbery blooms along the sides of the cliffs, the lively green of which stands in fine contrast with the dark

gray rocks below. Here, too, may be observed the successive layers of deposit formed by the calcareous waters of the Anio, similar in character to the older rock from which its primitive bed was hewn. One of the lions of the place is a hollow mould in the travertine, left by a cart-wheel, the spokes and circle of which had been decomposed after the stony covering had been formed around them. From the same region, an iron crow-bar has been extracted from the solid rock, left there by a Roman quarry-slave; or perhaps by a Sicanian laborer who had been gathered to his fathers before Rome was founded.

The modern tunnel, through which the main current of the river is carried off, cut along the flanks of a hill opposite to the Temple of the Sybil, is a skilfully designed and admirably constructed work. It is about a thousand feet in length, and has two parallel beds, or troughs, separated by a narrow spine of rock, and so contrived that the water may be shut off from one of them, whenever there is need of examination and repair. The fall of water from the edge of the tunnel is about eighty feet in height. The whole effect is fine, in spite of the prosaic element of artificialness. A stream of pure water rushing with arrowy swiftness over an inclined floor of rock, and breaking into a snowy sheet of foam, has an essential beauty derived from color, form, and movement. A mass of clear water, flowing as rapidly as is possible without breaking the surface, is one of the most animating of natural objects; for though the spectacle is ever the same to the sight, yet the ever changing particles of the stream stir the mind with images of succession and variety, and the whole is an illustration of the course of history or of human life, — a uniform web woven of innumerable individual experiences.

Besides this main channel, there are several lateral and divergent streams which, at their own sportive will, leap over the rocks in sheets or lines of foam, forming a succession of cascades known by the name of Cascatelle. Of these, the finest in picturesque effect are those which flow from the broken arches of an immense ruin called the villa of Mœcenas, which, if that were its true designation, must have been large enough in its perfect state to have accommodated a hundred irritable poets and kept them far enough apart to prevent the possibility of a quarrel. The dark red brick of the crumbling ruin, the dazzling white of the falling water, and the vivid green of the foliage which clothes the slopes of the hill and waves from the roof of the villa, produce the happiest combinations of color, and give to the landscape painter a subject which asks nothing from invention.

The above remarks comprise rather an inventory than a description of Tivoli. Verbal accounts, or even pictorial sketches, of its peculiar scenery are to the actual vision, what the score of an opera is to the performance. Nor is this illustration so purely imaginative as it may seem; for in a landscape in which water forms so large a part, sound and motion are important elements which the artist can never reproduce. The pen or the pencil, too, may grapple successfully with details and isolated points, but neither can grasp the magic whole. To gain a notion of Tivoli, we must imagine streams of falling water in all the forms which it can assume, leaping into hollows, gliding over inclined planes, or breaking into clouds of foam-dust, which glow with a thousand iridescent hues, smiting the eye with lines and points of metallic brightness. These streams must be fringed with trees and shrubs, — compressed between walls of black and dripping rock carved and worn into innumerable fantastic shapes, — and distributed all along the slopes of a rounded and semicircular hill; with such careful attention to details as if nature had for once relaxed her stern and homely mood, and set herself to work to compose a perfect picture. Ruins must be set upon the very points where the eye asks for them. A general landscape of the noblest feature must be added; including a grand mountainous background, a wide horizon, and a broad plain into which, as into a sea of verdure, the jutting capes and headlands of the hillside project. Touch the heights with the gray mists of an antiquity five hundred years older than Rome, and throw over the whole a purple light drawn from the poetry of Horace, Catullus, and Propertius, — and the result will be a dream of Tivoli.

In the after part of the day, we paid a visit to the Villa d'Este, a building which, from its formal and elaborate magnificence, might stand as a representative of its whole class. Vast sums of money were lavished upon its waterworks, its terraces, its stiff plantations, and its broad flights of steps. It is now uninhabited and falling to decay; but the garden — with its pines, cypresses, and avenues of box, left by their unpruned growth to form an 'obsolete prolixity of shade' — still retains a melancholy charm; and from the casino a wide and lovely landscape is commanded. I am almost afraid to confess all the admiration I feel for these stately Italian gardens, — in which the earth is made a foundation for verdurous architecture, and walls and columns are hewn from the living green, — which, with their vases, statues, and smoothly-levelled floors, are like magnificent drawing-rooms open to the sky.

The Villa d'Este seemed to be in an easily reparable state. Why have not English wealth and English whim invaded a spot of such capabilities with scythe, hatchet, and paint-brush, cleared away the rubbish, beautified the halls, trimmed the shrubberies, set the fountain playing, and made the whole habitable and uninteresting?

CHAPTER XXIII.

Remarks on the rural population of the Papal States, especially as compared with that of New England.

The various towns and villages upon the Alban Mount contain about as many inhabitants as the county of Berkshire, and it may not be unprofitable to consider for a few moments the points of resemblance and difference between them. Such a comparison will also serve to illustrate the respective conditions of the agricultural population of the south of Europe and of New England, generally.

Between any two portions of the human family there are essential points of resemblance and identity. There is the common mystery of birth and of death. The heart is torn by the same passions, and the moral sense assailed by the same temptations. The motive power is substantially similar, though external influences modify the course and direction which it communicates. In nine cases out of ten, the necessity of earning one's bread is the controlling impulse of life; and wherever this operates, it acts in much the same way and brings out similar qualities of mind and character. Upon Berkshire and the Alban Mount the light of civilization and Christianity alike rests, though not in equal degree. In both, the shadow of human life is traced upon a golden ground of immortal hope.

But when we descend to particulars, the points of difference are numerous and important. The inhabitants of the Alban Mount are, with very few exceptions, exclusively engaged in agricultural pursuits. Their whole circle of occupation begins and ends with the soil on which they tread. There are no manufacturing establishments at all, and very little of handicraft occupation of any kind. The few articles of foreign growth which the simple wants of the inhabitants require are mostly supplied from Rome; so that there are very few shop-

keepers, and those few of a humble class. As no new housse have been built within the memory of man, there is but a limited demand for mechanics. There are priests and physicians; but of the legal profession, at least in its higher departments, probably none. I have no means of ascertaining the proportion of the inhabitants of the Alban Mount who are exclusively engaged in agricultural pursuits. Mrs. Graham, who spent three months in the mountains east of Rome, in the summer of 1819, and has published an interesting account of her experiences, states that in Poli, a town of thirteen hundred inhabitants not far from Tivoli, in the Sabine hills, the only handicraftsmen were a carpenter, a blacksmith, a shoemaker, and a worker in leather for agricultural uses. Probably about the same proportion of mechanics would be found in the towns and villages of the Alban Mount; the rest being engaged in some departments of agricultural toil.

When we come to look at the relation of man to the soil on which he dwells, there is also a marked difference. In Berkshire, every farmer owns the land which he tills, and most men, whatever be their occupations, own the houses in which they dwell. This is by no means the case upon the Alban Mount. Here the fee of the soil belongs to some of the great families of Rome, or to some monastic establishment; and the occupants hold it, either upon leases for a certain time, paying a fixed rent, or enjoy a sort of qualified ownership, which is transmissible and inheritable, on payment of a ground-rent, like the tenants of the Van Rensellaer and other great estates in New York. These, however, form the exception and not the rule, for the greater part of the population are mere day laborers, whose families are crowded into the narrow streets of the towns, and who are themselves employed by the great proprietors, especially the mercanti of the Campagna, in labors of cultivation. Those who enjoy the usufruct of the soil sometimes accumulate property, though their prosperity is somewhat dependent upon the liberality and patience of the proprietors of whom they hold; for the rent which they pay is by no means nominal. Mrs. Graham states that a farmer in Poli, who cultivated a piece of land belonging, like most of the town, to the Duke of Sforza, paid by way of quit-rent a fifth of all the corn, and a fourth of all the pulse, wine, oil, &c. raised upon it; and she adds that in bad years this was hard upon the cultivator.

There is also a difference in the employments of the female part of the population in the two regions we are comparing. In New England, no woman takes part in the out-of-door labors of husbandry, except, perhaps, occasionally at haying time

From the perfection to which manufacturing machinery has been carried, and the consequent cheapness of clothing, the sound of the spinning-wheel is now rarely heard in a New England farm-house; and only here and there, in some secluded hamlet, is cloth woven for domestic consumption by the females of a household. But in the neighborhood of Rome, as in Italy generally, the female part of the population share to a considerable extent in field labors, especially at the times of harvest and vintage; and in winter they ply the distaff and spindle and manufacture the coarse clothing, both woollen and linen, worn by their families. Were a scale of civilization graduated by the amount of labor done by women, — putting our North American Indians, whose women do all the work, at the zero point, — our country would stand at the top. We have a right to be proud of the general consideration paid to women among us, and of the lighter tasks assigned to them in the common struggle for subsistence. No American abroad can look with any composure upon a woman toiling in the sun with a hoe or a sickle in her hand. The effect of these out-of-door labors is fatal to the symmetry of the female form and the beauty of the female face, and it is rare to find a good-looking woman in the peasant classes of Europe, except among the young.

When we pass from the substantial occupations of life to its amusements and entertainments, we find that those of Berkshire have a larger proportion of the intellectual element in them and are more addressed to the mind. Every house has at least a shelf or a closet of books. Every head of a family takes one or more newspapers, and reading is an universal resource. All occasions too, of public gathering are imperfect, unless the programme of the entertainment include something for the mind, in the shape of a political harangue, an occasional discourse, or a literary or scientific lecture. A fourth of July without an oration would be the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out. A public dinner is nothing without the post-prandial speeches. There is some want of reflection in the strain of remark which we frequently hear upon the incapacity of the people of New England for amusement. 'The sports of children satisfy the child.' The grave and earnest character of our rural population forbids their taking pleasure in many forms of entertainment which excite and gratify the prolonged intellectual childhood of the peasantry of Europe.

The amusements of the people of the Alban Mount are generally unintellectual in their character, and address themselves to the senses. Such entertainments as lectures, discourses, and speeches, are wholly unknown. Sermons and religious exhor-

tations are mostly confined to the season of Lent. A considerable part of their stock of amusement comes from a source which seems odd enough to a New England man, and that is the church. The Romish church, which providently employs all possible means for holding and retaining influence over the popular mind, takes care to gratify the national taste for brilliant spectacles. Every town and village has one or more saint's days, which are celebrated every year, and attended by the whole population of the neighboring country. They take a local pride in these festivals, which call forth a strong spirit of emulation; each hamlet striving to make its own celebration the gayest and most attractive.

A popular amusement of the people of Albano — the running at the bucket — is thus described by Mueller, a clever German writer, from whom I have before quoted. Two stout posts, about nine feet high, wound round with leaves, are set up in the middle of the street about three feet apart. Upon these there rests a round transverse stick, passing through the two handles of a bucket, or tub, which swings freely below. A peasant by the aid of a ladder fills the bucket with water, and dipping a piece of white paper with a black line upon it into the water, he sticks it on the side of the bucket. The persons who take part in the sport are mounted upon donkeys, and armed with stout staves pointed at the end with iron. The object of the game is to urge their beasts between the posts, and to hit the paper with the point of their staves, — continuing their course so that the contents of the overturned bucket shall fall upon the ground behind them, or at least upon the haunches of the donkey. But to do all this requires skill and luck, and is rarely achieved. The rider must not only aim right, but at the same time manage his not very docile steed in such a way as to second his purpose. In general, they contrive to hit the mark, but are not quick enough to escape the water. This is a modified form of success, but shouts of laughter greet the unlucky tilter who fails to strike the paper but succeeds in getting a ducking.

Another amusement described by Castellan, the French traveller, may be cited as characteristic of the tastes of the rural population near Rome, though he witnessed it at Tivoli, and not upon the Alban Mount. It is a coarse kind of blindman's-buff, except that the players strive to catch a pig and not one another. A number of persons are wholly enveloped in sacks of thick linen cloth, which are gathered over the head, and tied in such a way as to form a sort of pad, or cushion. These prevent the wearers not only from seeing but from running, and

they are obliged to make progress by uncouth leaps. Holes are left for the arms to pass through, and each person holds a stick or club in his hand. When ready, these prisoners in sacks are arranged in a circle, and a pig, with a bell round his neck, is put into the centre. At this signal, every man darts forward, and moves in the direction of the bell; but, at the first impulse, half of them fall down. They tumble over each other, and in the confusion give and receive heavy blows. The pig is the prize of the person who first holds him in a firm grasp, or knocks him down with a stick. The poor animal, frantic with terror, rushes about among the sacks, and easily throws down the wearers by an unexpected shock; but his efforts to escape are frustrated by the outer circle of spectators, who drive him back, until the sport is closed by a lucky grasp or blow. The laughable effects and combinations of such a scene may easily be conceived. It is usual for the successful player to invite his competitors to an entertainment, at which the pig appears as the principal dish.

Neither of these sports is cruel or degrading, but they show a very unripe and boyish taste. A population of any manly maturity of mind and character, like even the peasantry of the Tyrol, for instance, could never be brought to take any pleasure in either. It would surely be better for our people to have no taste at all for amusements, than to find satisfaction in such as these.

The industrious habits of the people of New England make the hours of daylight too valuable to be spent in frolic, except on rare occasions. Thus our amusements are, as a general rule, thrown into the evening. But just the reverse is the case upon the Alban Mount. Dancing, for instance, in some form or other, is a general pastime of the whole human family We select, for that object, a winter evening and a well-lighted apartment, and add the accessaries of an entertainment and the best music that can be had. But there the young men and women go out on a summer afternoon, and dance hour after hour under a tree, — usually not more than one or two couples at a time, — and to no other music than the sound of a tamborine. We value dancing not so much for itself as for the exhilarating glow which it diffuses, and the gayer tone of conversation to which it leads; but the Roman peasantry enjoy it for its own sake. They find pleasure in its mere movement, as children do in running about and playing. Here it may be remarked that our fashion of allowing young persons of different sexes to form parties together for amusement, without the

parents, is not at all sanctioned by the customs of Italy, or indeed of Europe generally.

Of intellectual life, as we understand the word, there is not much among the inhabitants of the Alban Mount. Newspapers are rarely seen, — which indeed is no great loss, for the journals printed at Rome under an ecclesiastical censorship, are without life or interest, — and literature and politics rarely form topics of conversation. But the means of obtaining a certain amount of education are more generally diffused in the Papal states than is commonly supposed. The priests show a laudable zeal in giving the rudiments of knowledge to the young people under their charge, and there are in many places charity schools founded, at periods more or less remote, by benevolent persons. In most of the towns and villages there are public schools also, in which elementary instruction is given. There are probably not many parents so situated as not to be able to procure for their children the knowledge of reading and writing at least, by a little effort and a little sacrifice. The will is doubtless more wanting than the opportunity, but the quality and the character of education would not be deemed high, at least by a Protestant judgment. Here again I recur to the authority of Mrs. Graham. There was at Poli a charity school, founded some centuries ago by a lady of the Conti family, open to all the children of the place. The boys were taught reading, writing, and Latin and Italian grammar, but no arithmetic; the girls, reading, sewing, spinning, and knitting. Religious instruction formed a large part of the whole. The Italian authors read were exclusively religious. 'A short catechism, the Christian doctrine of Bellarmine, a history of the Bible, but not a chapter unprepared, and the lives of the saints, complete the studies of the school of Poli, and probably those of most of the free schools in Italy.' The Italian Santa Croce, or Christ's-cross-row, taught in the school at Poli, contained prayers in Latin and Italian, a short catechism, and a mutilated form of the decalogue; for the second commandment was omitted, and the tenth divided into two so as to make the number of ten. How the ecclesiastics who published, and those who taught this edition of the commandments, could reconcile such a form of untruth to their consciences, may be left to some skilful casuist to settle. An Italian peasant might well be puzzled with the injunction against image worship contained in the second commandment, when compared with the practice of the church.

The rural population of the Papal states are by no means without a taste for reading, but the direction in which that taste moves marks a difference between them and the people of

New England. Here we have no such thing as a popular literature, addressing itself to a certain class exclusively, and found only among them. In our country towns, the clergyman and his parishioners, the doctor and his patients, the lawyer and his clients, all read the same books, and draw from them common topics of interest and discussion. A fair proportion also of the books read in New England farm-houses are works appealing to the reason and understanding, — historical works; works in which questions in religion, politics, social economy, and education are treated, — besides the great variety of miscellaneous subjects embraced in reviews and magazines. But in Italy, and indeed in many other parts of Europe, we find a popular literature strictly so called, — a class of books circulating among the rural population and the lower orders of the towns, cheaply printed on coarse paper, and generally written in some local dialect. These books are not found in the scholar's library, unless collected as a matter of curiosity, though some of them were written by educated men; nor, on the other hand, are the books which scholars read and rich men buy found in the peasant's cottage. The popular literature is exclusively poetical in its spirit, and generally takes the form of verse. The whole peninsula is very rich in works of this class, and a man of taste and industry might, with no great pains, collect materials for an interesting book about them. The lively organization and excitable temperament of the Italians, and the abundant leisure, voluntary or enforced, which so many of them enjoy, make them take great delight in hearing romantic or humorous adventures, in prose or verse — especially the latter — read or recited. A person whose memory is stored with resources of this kind is a welcome guest in every peasant's cottage, and he who is so fortunate as to possess a gift of improvisation — which is by no means uncommon among the lower classes — is followed and listened to as a popular speaker is with us. As this class of literature springs spontaneously from the common heart, it has fixed localities, like indigenous plants. Venice, Milan, Florence, Naples, Sicily, have songs, ballads, and narrative poems peculiar to themselves, though some of these have merit enough to overleap provincial barriers and become general favorites.

Rome, too, is the centre of a popular literature which circulates extensively throughout the neighborhood. Its productions are numerous, and divided into several classes. The oldest among them are stories from the romances of chivalry, most of them drawn from the two great fountain-heads of romantic literature, King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, and

Charlemagne. Ancient mythology and history furnish the materials for another division, with which the legends of saints are sometimes strangely intermingled; and moral and religious subjects, and the adventures and miracles of holy men, are also a fruitful source of popular reading.

No books are more eagerly devoured by the people of Rome and its neighborhood than stories of bandits, outlaws, and robbers. Indeed, the general heart of mankind seems to keep a corner of sympathy for offenders of this class; partly from admiration of their courage, and partly because they are supposed to spare the poor and strip the rich. These books, in general, have little of invention or literary merit of any kind; nor are they relieved by that vein of humor which runs through the exploits of the English Robin Hood. They are, for the most part, made up of horrors and atrocities: teaching by inference the mischievous doctrine, that a life of crime and violence may be expiated by certain formal acts of devotion, — especially if crowned by a death-bed repentance.

The Romans have also a number of satirical and humorous poems, written in their own local dialect, marked by a rich though coarse vein of humor, and reflecting the manners and characteristics of the common people with great fidelity. In Rome, and indeed throughout Italy, books recording the lives and sayings of famous jesters are great favorites with the lower orders. Some of these are in prose and some in verse.*

Besides the above, there are to be found in the Papal states a great number of poems which are miscellaneous in their character, and not to be ranked under any particular class. Among them are tales in verse of pure invention, political and satirical ballads, versified proverbs and moral sayings, fables, and especially love-poems, which are more characterized by fire and passion than by tenderness or sentiment. The Italian language runs easily into the mould of verse. Every event in life which assumes the least consequence, — a birth, wedding, or death in a noble family, — a nun's taking the veil, — the arrival of a distinguished stranger, — a literary or scientific meeting, — produces a luxuriant crop of sonnets and occasional verses, which pass away and are forgotten like the flowers which decorate a ball-room. This 'fatal facility' of verse-making is also quite common among the lower orders, and every rural neighborhood has its own indigenous growth of songs and ballads. The serenading lover that sings another's verses intersperses

* A good account of the popular literature of the Romans, with extracts, may be found in the appendix to Mrs. Graham's work above mentioned

them with his own. The wandering ministrel, or improvisatore, that recites passages from Tasso or Pulci pieces out the defects of his memory with his own ready invention. Every where the voice breaks naturally into song, and every where the air vibrates to the touch of rhythm and measure.

Many of the tales in verse which are purely fictitious are of Eastern origin, for the wild and wondrous character of Eastern romance suits the taste of the common people in Italy. They have no liking for dark and supernatural terrors which make the flesh creep. Their facile and impressible nature demands gay, airy, and smiling fancies. The shapes and conceptions of Gothic fiction, — the sheeted ghost gliding from the churchyard, — the midnight bell struck by airy hands, — the groan mingling with the wind that sweeps through the aisles of a ruined chapel, — the damp vault and the bloody shroud, — have no charm for these children of the sun. The gloomy and spectral shadows which flit through Mrs. Radcliffe's Italian romances are of Northern not Italian origin.

Resuming the parallel between the rural population of the Alban Mount and that of New England, we find that in one intellectual power, that of verbal memory, the former have the superiority. A people of in-door habits and bookish tastes knows little practically of the extent to which the memory may be trained. There is a striking passage from Plato's Phædrus, quoted in Lieber's Reminiscences of Niebuhr, as to the injurious effect of the invention of letters upon this faculty The invention of printing tends further in the same direction To learn what the memory can retain, we must go among the unlettered peasantry of Europe. We know how many of the Scotch and English ballads have been handed down from lip to lip, often through several generations, and taken down for the press at last from the recitation of persons who could neither read nor write. Were a man of letters, with the tastes and the energetic perseverance of Scott or Hogg, to make a ballad foray into the mountains near Rome, he might gather materials from the memory of peasant men and women for more volumes of popular poetry than publishers would print or the public buy. Mueller relates that a friend of his, who lodged at L'Ariccia, collected several hundred short poems, mostly ritornelle,* from the lips of the various members of his hostess's family.

The two controlling relations of man's life are his relations to the soil and his relations to the state. A comparison between

* Ritornelle are short poems of three lines, sometimes with rhymes, but oftener with assonantes. The first line is sometimes shorter than the last two. Most of them are expressions of the passion of love

a county in Massachusetts and the Alban Mount, in regard to the former, has been briefly made, and the superiority which we enjoy in having so large a body of independent proprietors, cultivating their own lands, adverted to. Nor is our own advantage less, when we look at the relations between man and the state. In Berkshire, every man of the age of twenty-one years not only has a voice and a vote in town affairs, but feels himself to be a citizen of the state and of the common country. He is a part, small indeed, but distinctly recognizable, in a vast system. The wave of impulse which proceeds from his solitary vote is prolonged till it reaches Boston or Washington. Let a man of great political ability start up in the smallest village, he cannot live to the age of thirty without having had opportunity to show his powers, or without entering upon a career which may lead to the highest honor and the widest influence. This consciousness of political power — this sense of being a unit in a mighty aggregate of force — broods over the mind and character to an extent which we cannot measure till we have been where it does not exist. It moulds the countenance, modulates the voice, and governs the gait and gesture.

But upon the peasant of the Alban Mount there rest none of these ennobling cares, these educating responsibilities. He has no political influence, and not the least voice in shaping or modifying the system of which he forms a part. He is a mere passenger in the ship of state. It is true that the principle of centralization is not pushed so far in the Papal states as in some other parts of Europe, and that municipal independence is recognized within certain limits. There is a division into provinces, districts, and communes; the districts corresponding to our counties, and the communes, to our towns. The communes have a municipal government something like that of our cities. There is a chief magistrate —a gonfaloniere — like our mayor; a board of anziani, varying in number from three to nine, like our aldermen; and a body of councillors or deputies, from eighteen to forty-eight in number, according to the size of the commune, corresponding to our common councilmen. But none of these are chosen by popular vote. The councillors, originally named by the Pope, fill their own vacancies;* and the anziani are selected by the delegate of the province from a list furnished by the councillors. Two-thirds of the councillors must consist of land-owners; and the other third, of literary men, merchants, and tradesmen. Thus, the greater part of the

* This system rests upon a law of Pius VII. dated July 6, 1816

inhabitants are excluded from any share even in the municipal administration of their own towns or villages, and no one has any voice in the central government at Rome.

Without attempting to extend the above superficial comparison into the region of morals and religion, which would require a much more minute knowledge of the heart and mind of the rural population of Italy than any hasty traveller can acquire, I may venture to make a few remarks upon their character, founded upon what I have seen, heard, and read, which shall have the merit at least of being free from prejudice.

It may be observed at the outset that there is one peculiarity noticeable here, which seems strange to us, — that the inhabitants of places near to each other have, or are reputed to have, essentially different qualities. Thus, the people of Frascati and Albano stand higher on the scale of good morals and good manners than those of Tivoli and Marino. Almost every town and village has its own character and reputation, which are matters of common notoriety in the neighborhood. The limitation of these local traits is explained by the fact, that the rural population of Italy is for the most part stationary, and that men usually end their days on the spot where they were born, and thus the habits and tastes of one generation are transmitted to that which comes after it, without any foreign infusion.

Looking at general characteristics, without regard to local peculiarities, we find among them a large share of those engaging qualities which are the indigenous growth of the heart, but few of those virtues which are the result of culture and training. They are rich in the various modifications and manifestations of sympathy, but poor in the products of principle. Their nature is easy and enjoyable. They are amiable, vivacious, and good-natured, with a natural gentleness and courtesy of manner, quick perceptions, and an instinctive tact. Family affection is strong with them, and family quarrels are rare. But, on the other hand, they are passionate and vindictive; sudden in quarrel and prompt in the use of the knife, and never forgetting a real or fancied wrong. They have not the courage to speak the truth if it costs them any sacrifice, or will be productive of pain to the person whom they are addressing. Their lively fancy makes them boastful, and their keen enjoyment of life makes them cowardly, except under strong excitement or provocation. They are credulous and extremely superstitious. In regard to industry, they are no better and no worse than the generality of mankind, after making fair allowance for the debilitating heat of the climate in summer. With motive, and when roused by the breath of hope, they will

work well; otherwise not. They are not provident or thoughtful for the future, but enjoy the present with a childlike indifference as to what the morrow may bring forth.

In regard to temperance, I am inclined to think that the inhabitants of southern Italy, and of the wine-growing countries generally, enjoy a reputation somewhat beyond their deserts. It is true that it is very rare to see a man absolutely drunk; but it is not uncommon to see those who have drank more than is good for them. But even where excess is avoided, the constant use of wine in considerable quantities is unfavorable both to health and good morals; to health, from the febrile and inflammatory state of the system to which it leads, and to good morals, from the irritability of temper and quarrelsome spirit which it induces. If the proportion of the cases of stabbing brought to the Roman hospitals which occur in or near wine-shops could be known, I have no question that it would furnish a strong fact wherewith to point the exhortations of a temperance lecturer. There is an added temptation to drink abundantly of wine, from the nature of the usual food of the common people. This, being principally vegetable, does not, especially in cold weather, supply the waste of nervous energy, but leaves, even when the appetite is satisfied, a certain dull and indefinable craving, like being filled but not fed. Wine relieves this sense of flatness and inertness by the momentary glow and fillip it gives to the languid blood; but the relief thus derived is like the heat of a fire of thorns, and there is thus constant inducement to repeat and increase the remedy. If the common people of Rome and its neighborhood could eat more meat and would drink less wine, there is little question that their health and morals would be the better for the change.

In handiness and management, in labor-saving contrivances, in the adaptation of means to ends, in economy of time and labor, these people are lamentably, ludicrously, deficient. The philosopher who defined man to be a tool-making animal did not make his observation upon the Albine or Sabine hills. Every implement and instrument which comes to help the hand of man is of the rudest and most primitive kind. Their ploughs and carts would be taken by a Yankee farmer to be the fossil remains of an antediluvian age. It is the same with domestic furniture and household utensils. Each generation receives what is handed down from its predecessor, and in its turn transmits it to its successor, without question and without improvement. No man ever thinks of contriving a labor-saving expedient, or of opening a short cut to any desired object. Flax is spun upon the primitive distaff, and woven by a clumsy

hand-loom, very much as in the days of the chaste Lucretia and water is toilsomely brought home from the spring, in copper vessels, upon the heads of women. Graceful as is the appearance of these moving caryatides, and suggestive as the sight is of classical and oriental associations, one would gladly forego it, if these poor women could be relieved by the aid of a pump or a leaden pipe. The habit of laying aside a portion of their earnings, as a provision against a rainy day, is not common among these careless people; and, where there are no savings banks, there is little inducement to a peasant, who is not so fortunate as to own a piece of land, to take the trouble, and run the risk, of investing his small savings. They are fond of dressing gaily; and their holiday costume, which however lasts a lifetime or even longer, is often quite expensive, and adorned with ornaments of gold and silver, of homely workmanship, but always of the finest quality.

A great deal of money is wasted by the middle and lower classes all over Italy, both urban and rural, in lotteries; a form of gaming which, to their disgrace be it spoken, nearly every government encourages and upholds. The Papal treasury derives an income of more than a million of dollars a year from this demoralizing source. This form of gambling is an universal passion among the rural population of the mountains near Rome, as well as in the metropolis itself; and, unhappily, as a general rule, the poorer a man is, the more eagerly he engages in this mischievous excitement, and the more money he wastes in it in proportion to his whole means. The tickets are divided into very small portions, and for a shilling or two a poor man may try his luck and put himself on the uneasy rack of expectation. The system of drawing is very complicated, and the prizes are determined by a combination of three numbers. The holder of one draws a small prize; of two, a much greater; of three, many hundred times larger.* In selecting the numbers to venture upon, the buyer

* The lottery offices are distributed in every part of the capital and in the provincial towns. 'Supposing I enter an office and stake a shilling upon Nos. 6, 14, 21, 32, 47, this is called playing a quinterno, and should these five numbers win, I should win a very large sum, the exact scale of which I do not remember, but something like five thousand shillings. A sum staked upon three numbers is called a terno, upon two, an ambo, upon one, an estratto. If, upon playing a quinterno, I choose to reserve the advantage of winning something if only one, two, three or four out of the five numbers be drawn, I win proportionately less than if I had bet upon the whole five only. The same refers to playing terni and ambi. If I play a shilling upon numbers 6, 27, 49, and say "terno secco," should one or two of the three be drawn, I gain much more by this terno secco

is guided sometimes by a dream, sometimes by the answers of a fortune-teller, and sometimes by accidental circumstances. There are printed books in which multitudes of events and objects are designated, each by its appropriate number or combination of numbers; these books are constantly in the hands of the common people, and consulted whenever any thing remarkable takes place. An Englishman in Rome once threw himself out of a window and was killed. There was immediately a great run upon the numbers corresponding to window, death, and the age of the suicide. A German fell down the steps of a house and injured his shoulder. The family who lived on the floor where he landed bought numbers corresponding to shoulder, and a fall down stairs, adding the number of the steps over which he had tumbled. They were so lucky as to draw a prize, and went to thank their benefactor for the good fortune he had brought them. These lotteries are usually drawn on Sunday. The numbers are put into a box, taken out by a boy, and announced by an officer, in a loud voice, to the expectant crowd, whose expressive countenances pass rapidly from hope to joy or despair, according as they win or lose. A dignitary of the church is usually present to grace the ceremony. The direct and indirect mischiefs of this legalized system of gaming, the money wasted by it, the loss of time it occasions, its poisonous influence upon the mind and the moral sense, and the distaste for dull and hard work which it begets, — are felt and acknowledged by all enlightened men; but there would be great difficulties in the way of abolishing it, so strong and so universal is the passion for it among the people. It could only be effectually done by a concert of action among the several governments of the peninsula. The Papal government, it is fair to state, was the last to establish a lottery of its own, and devotes a part of the income derived from it to charitable purposes.

The sweeping charge of dissoluteness, so often brought by travellers against the whole people of Italy, is certainly not just when applied to the greater part of its rural population. Indeed, on this point, the observations of travellers are made upon a small class of idle men and women, living in large towns, who are doomed either to selfish and heartless celibacy or to marriages of convenience. Where there are want of occupation and want of interest, one great safeguard against

than had I spread the chance over the ambo and estratto. If I play a shilling on one number, 88, for instance, I may play it as estratto that is drawn, or as eietto which is drawn, first, second, third, fourth, or fifth, of the five always drawn.' — Memoirs of Col. MACERONI vol. ii. p. 37.

temptation is removed, and intrigue and gallantry are resorted to by way of pastime, and to give flavor to the insipid dish of life. In the cities and large towns of Italy, society, as that word is usually used, is corrupt; but this is a reproach by no means peculiar to that country. But, even in these, the chief object of the greater part of the population is to earn a subsistence; and, under this necessity, there are neither time nor means for a life of habitual profligacy. That the marriage vow is not kept, nor the family tie respected, among the tradesmen and mechanics of Rome and Florence, — that they are given over to a life of debasing indulgence, — is a state of things which a moment's reflection will convince us to be impossible. Were it so, society would come to an end. Though the higher classes are profligate from the want of any elevating object in life and from a corrupt system of marriages, and though the women of the lower orders are often led into evil courses through the pressure of poverty, the middle ranks lead at least decent and reputable lives. But the rural population of the Papal states may indeed in this respect be called a virtuous people. The practice of auricular confession, often abused and always susceptible of abuse, herein works favorably; as we also see its good influence in the superior chastity of the Irish peasantry as compared with the English. The conduct of young persons before marriage is regulated by a very rigid law of decorum; and, after marriage, besides the restraints of religion and public opinion, the jealous and vindictive temper of the people checks the approach of temptation. An injured husband takes the law into his own hands, and avenges the wrong done to his honor by a stab with a knife; and even mere imprudence and levity of conduct is often thus cruelly punished. Nor does the tone of public feeling severely reprobate this 'wild justice;' and, bad as it is, it has the effect to prevent the wrong which it so sternly rights.

But the rural population of the Roman States cannot be excepted from another charge brought against the Italian people in general, and to which most of them are unhappily obnoxious, — that of want of principle and self-respect in all money transactions. The temper and patience of the traveller are exhausted by the constant indications of a want of manliness and a want of honesty on the part of those with whom he comes in contact. Every thing at the inns must be bargained for beforehand, and extortion will creep in at the slightest unguarded loophole. Every mechanic and shopkeeper begins by asking twice as much for his services or his goods as he intends to take. The most inventive fancy cannot anticipate

all the various expedients and excuses by which pauls and baiocchi are extracted from the purse. Besides these, there is the almost universal taint of beggary, which rests like a plague-spot over town and country; at least, every where that the presence of strangers offers any temptation. There are multitudes who adopt begging deliberately, and as a profession, either from sheer laziness, or from some disabling physical infirmity, which they always contrive to obtrude upon notice in the most offensive manner. But the evil does not stop here, for there is a large number of amateur beggars, who make begging an occasional episode and digression in their lives, who solicit alms whenever a favorable opportunity offers or a promising countenance presents itself; who, in short, are restrained by no sense of independence, no glow of self-respect, no sting of shame, from stooping to this degrading habit. In those beautiful mountainous tracts near Rome, to which the feet of tourists are most accustomed, there is no assurance when a peasant man or woman is met, that they will not put on the bending gesture and lazy whine of a mendicant, and drawl out a dismal 'date mi qualche cosa,' breaking in upon the thoughts inspired by the scenery like a discordant note in a strain of music. This is a sad state of things, but it is fair to hear what may be said by way of apology or palliation. Italy is a country swarming with travellers during a portion of the year, and comparatively deserted during the rest. It is also a country whose material resources are but imperfectly developed, thus giving but limited sphere and occupation to its redundant population. These travellers also, as a general rule, move through certain prescribed routes and settle within certain well-defined limits; and, by long habit, a considerable portion of the population depend absolutely for their daily bread upon their advent and residence. Rome, especially, from which a large part of the inferences respecting all Italy are drawn, is a winter watering-place. Here, on the one side, is a resident population, needy to the last degree; and, on the other, a fleeting population, rich to a certain extent, as the mere fact of travelling implies, but really believed to be made of gold and silver; and the two thrown together for once and not likely ever to meet again. Surely something may be pardoned here to the weakness of man. The permanent inhabitants of watering-places in England and America have not the reputation, to say the least, of pushing their notions of disinterestedness and fair dealing to any thing like romantic extravagance. Those who have lived long enough in Italy to become domesticated among its people, and

to penetrate into those nooks and by-ways which are not stained by the stream of foreign travel, give a much better account of the country.

The inhabitants of the mountainous regions near Rome are generally speaking, a fine-looking race. The men are well-formed, and, in their movement and bearing, free and graceful. They fall naturally into striking and statuesque attitudes, and, when speaking, break into kindling and expressive gestures. The women did not seem to me so handsome as the men, though among them there are often fine heads and striking countenances. From their habit of carrying burdens upon the head, they are very erect, and their gait and movement are full of emphasis and expression. In young men and women both, there is a great deal of a kind of beauty to which our northern eyes are not much accustomed, — that derived from color alone. With them the tone of coloring is Venetian; with us, Umbrian. The complexion is of a rich, healthy yellow, with a burnish and glow upon it like that of a ripe nectarine; the eyes are of sparkling brown or black; the teeth, white and regular; and the massive raven hair shines with a sort of metallic light, like a bit of freshly-broken anthracite coal. These fine colors, so common in Italy, are in part the result of that open-air life which all the people lead. In southern Italy, at least, no man or woman, especially in the rural regions, stays under a roof any longer than is inevitable. Every person who has lived in Rome or its neighborhood must have noticed the antipathy felt by the inhabitants to a fire. An Italian child, from the moment he is born, begins to know the light and air of heaven. He tumbles about the grass like a dropped orange. Even when within doors, the sun shines and the wind blows in through huge, yawning windows, — if windows they can be called which are without glass or shutters, — and through great openings where doors ought to be, but are not. He never breathes an atmosphere poisoned by stoves or furnaces, but grows up in the sunshine and the breeze. Thus, it is rare to see a sickly complexion, and almost every countenance has a look of ripeness and soundness.

The peasantry near Rome, both male and female, are fond of showy costumes, and have a native taste for the disposition of colors, and the appropriate use of ornaments of gold and silver. On all festival and holiday occasions, when they appear in their best attire, the general effect produced is very fine and forms a strong attraction to artists, who learn here the difference between costume and dress.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Artists in Rome — Crawford.

ARTISTS IN ROME.

The artists in Rome form a numerous body, social in their tastes and gregarious in their habits. The distinctions of blood and speech give way under the fusing influence of a common devotion to the same pursuits. The general artist type is more easily recognized than the particular nationality. The outward appearance of the whole class expresses a pursuit of the picturesque under difficulties. The hair and beard are taught to curl and wave in such a manner as to give, if possible, a romantic and ideal character to commonplace features. The costume happily combines roughness and quaintness, so as to be at once imaginative and economical. They generally dine at the Lepri, in the Via Condotti, and take their coffee in the Café Greco, in the same street, — a dark and dirty hole, reeking with the fumes of bad tobacco. Many of them add music to their other accomplishments, and in the evening their voices often gratefully break the deep silence of the streets of Rome.

The greater number of these artists are Germans, who exert a sensible influence upon students from other nations. This is especially true of the painters. The Germans have, in this art, fairly earned the rank and consideration which they enjoy. Their style of painting is often unfairly judged, because judged by its defects, — its stiff outlines, its elaborate precision of design, and its watery tone of color. But to do justice to the German school of painting as it now is, we must go back to what it was thirty or forty years ago, when Cornelius, Overbeck, Schadow, and Veit, then residing in Rome, began to breathe into art the breath of spiritual life, and to grasp the pencil once more with hands as pure as those of Fra Angelico. Before this period, frivolous or profligate lives expressed themselves in unmeaning or sensual forms, and painting aspired to be no

more than a kind of luxury addressed to the eye. Cornelius and his friends recognized a higher aim in art, and felt that no amount of technical skill could atone for the want of that vital inspiration which flows from earnestness of purpose, purity of sentiment, and depth of feeling. It was their faith that the artist himself must be a man of pure life and religious spirit before art could become an instrument of moral and spiritual growth. With these views and in this mood, they dedicated themselves to their work, and steadily persevered in their purpose, unmoved by the opposition of the few or the indifference of the many; until, like Wordsworth, a kindred spirit in a sister art, they had formed the taste by which they were to be judged. The debt of gratitude which is due to these Luthers and Melancthons in art should be freely paid, and even their mannerisms be pardoned as energetic protests against corruption and degeneracy.

Overbeck still resides in Rome and pursues his art. He is a very devout Catholic, and leads a life of almost monastic seclusion. I visited his studio — which is open to the public once a week — and had at the same time the satisfaction of seeing him He is tall and thin in person, subdued in manner, and with a countenance expressive of benevolence and self-renunciation His appearance was a combination of the gentleman, the artist. and the monk. The works of his studio were exclusively charcoal drawings of sacred subjects, chiefly taken from the life of the Saviour. They were all characterized by depth and purity of sentiment, but in their execution I was a little disappointed. They seemed to be drawn with a hesitating hand, as if the mind of the artist had been oppressed with the grandeur of his theme. There was also a want of ideal beauty in the faces, which were cast in a broad, Teutonic mould. There was something strongly subjective in their expression, which showed that they were the productions of a man who lived in seclusion, and reproduced the images of his own mind without replenishing his fancy by observation. The most pleasing of his works was a drawing illustrating the parable of the wise and foolish virgins. In this the architecture and accessaries were rather Gothic and mediæval than oriental, and there was a want of grace and ideality in the forms and faces of the principal figures; but there was great purity of design and truth of sentiment, combined with the most conscientious accuracy of drawing. There is great satisfaction in looking at a work of this kind, in which nothing is done for effect, and where the design and drawing offer themselves boldly to criticism, and disdain the shelter of a gaudy tone of color.

Overbeck, from his age, his European reputation, and the high merit of his works, may be said to stand at the head of the artists in Rome; though, from the ascetic seclusion of his habits, he exerts but little personal influence upon his professional brethren. No one, however, either in painting or sculpture, has succeeded to the throne left vacant by the illustrious Thorwaldsen. He was one of those men of northern birth, like Winckelmann and Zoega, who find in the scenery, the climate, and the life of Italy, the home of their hearts, and become really exiles in the land of their birth. Some critics affect to discover the Scandinavian in his works, and this may be true in his female forms; and it is perhaps also true, that, in the reactionary state of feeling against Canova and his school, the merits of Thorwaldsen may be ranked too high. But it must be admitted that nothing since the brightest days of Grecian sculpture is better than his best works; his statues of Jason and of Mercury, his bas-reliefs of Day and Night, and parts of the Triumph of Alexander. He combines more than any other modern sculptor, Michael Angelo not excepted, the power of reproducing the calm beauty of Grecian art, and the power of expressing in marble the sentiments and affections of the soul. No artist except Raphael ever reigned more supremely over the two realms of form and spirit. He is at once the most classic and the most Christian of sculptors. He is equally at home in these lovely forms of classic mythology which mean nothing but what they are, and those spiritual shapes which are the symbols of truth and the representatives of ideas.

Thorwaldsen was as happy in his temperament and disposition as in his genius. He was not goaded by those fervid and impetuous passions which have made the lives of so many artists as turbid and restless as the course of a mountain torrent. His youth was not stormy and his age was not torpid: he had little to subdue and little to repent. Neither envy nor malice nor hatred ruffled the fountains in which he saw the face of beauty. He waited patiently for fame and wealth and, when they came, he was not elated by them. No one was inclined to question his title to honors which were so gently won. Genial, sympathetic, retiring in his habits but not ascetic, he never lost his interest in life, nor ceased to follow the fleeting steps of ideal beauty. His simple tastes enabled him to indulge largely in the luxury of giving. He was a generous and discriminating patron of art, and had collected around him a most interesting gallery of the works of living painters, the greater part of which were specially ordered by

him. To young sculptors he gave what was better than money — advice, encouragement, and instruction, never seasoned with harshness or arrogance, but always as gently conveyed as gratefully received.

Among the artists resident in Rome at the time of my visit were many distinguished men, especially among the sculptors. Setting Overbeck aside, there were no names among the painters comparable to those of Tenerani, Wolff, Gibson, and Crawford. Italian painting is at a very low point of degeneracy. There is nothing, even, to replace the pedantic drawing, the academic attitudes, and brick-dust coloring of Camuccini. There was an exhibition of the works of native artists in the spring of 1848, most of which were incredibly bad, — to which England seemed to have contributed the drawing; Germany, the color; and France, the sentiment.

Every young artist dreams of Rome as the spot where all his visions may be realized; and it would indeed seem that there, in a greater degree than anywhere else, were gathered those influences which expand the blossoms and ripen the fruit of genius. Nothing can be more delicious than the first experiences of a dreamy and imaginative young man who comes from a busy and prosaic city, to pursue the study of art in Rome. He finds himself transported into a new world where everything is touched with finer lights and softer shadows. The hurry and bustle to which he has been accustomed are no longer perceived. No sounds of active life break the silence of his studies, but the stillness of a Sabbath morning rests over the whole city. The figures he meets in the streets move leisurely, and no one has the air of being due at a certain place at a certain time. All his experiences, from his first waking moment till the close of the day, are calculated to quicken the imagination and train the eye. The first sound which he hears in the morning, mingling with his latest dreams, is the dash of a fountain in a neighboring square. When he opens his window, he sees the sun resting upon some dome or tower, gray with time and heavily freighted with traditions. He takes his breakfast in the ground-floor of an old palazzo, still bearing the stamp of faded splendor; and looks out upon a sheltered garden, in which orange and lemon-trees grow side by side with oleanders and roses. While he is sipping his coffee, a little girl glides in and lays a bunch of violets by the side of his plate, with an expression in her serious black eyes which would make his fortune if he could transfer it to canvas. During the day, his only difficulty is how to employ his boundless wealth of opportunity. There are the Vatican and the Capitol, with treasures

of art enough to occupy a patriarchal life of observation and study. There are the palaces of the nobility, with their stately architecture, and their rich collections of painting and sculpture. Of the three hundred and sixty churches in Rome, there is not one which does not contain some picture, statue, mosaic, or monumental structure, either of positive excellence or historical interest. And when the full mind can receive no more impressions, and he comes into the open air for repose, he finds himself surrounded with objects which quicken and feed the sense of art. The dreary monotony of uniform brick walls, out of which doors and windows are cut at regular intervals, no longer disheartens the eye, but the view is every where varied by churches, palaces, public buildings, and monuments, not always of positive architectural merit, but each with a distinctive character of its own. The very fronts of the houses have as individual an expression as human faces in a crowd. His walks are full of exhilarating surprises. He comes unawares upon a fountain, a column, or an obelisk, — a pine or a cypress, — a ruin or a statue. The living forms which he meets are such as he would gladly pause and transfer to his sketch-book, — ecclesiastics with garments of flowing black, and shovel-hats upon their heads, — capuchins in robes of brown, — peasant girls from Albano, in their holiday boddices, with black hair lying in massive braids, large, brown eyes, and broad, low foreheads, — beggars with white beards, whose rags flutter picturesquely in the breeze, and who ask alms with the dignity of Roman senators. Beyond the walls are the villas, with their grounds and gardens, like landscapes sitting for their pictures; and then the infinite and inexhaustible Campagna, set in its splendid frame of mountains, with its tombs and aqueducts, its skeleton cities and nameless ruins, its clouds and cloud-shadows, its memories and traditions. He sees the sun go down behind the dome of St. Peter's, and light up the windows of the drum with his red blaze, and the dusky veil of twilight gradually extend over the whole horizon. In the moonlight evenings, he walks to the Colosseum, or to the piazza of St. Peter's, or to the ruins of the Forum, and, under a light which conceals all that is unsightly, and idealizes all that is impressive, may call up the spirit of the past, and bid the buried majesty of old Rome start from its tomb.

To these incidental influences which train the hand and eye of an artist, indirectly, and through the mind, are to be added many substantial and direct advantages; such as the abundance of models to draw from, the facility of obtaining assistance and instruction, the presence of an atmosphere of art, and the

quickening impulse communicated by constant contact with others engaged in the same pursuits, and animated with the same hopes. If, besides all these external influences, the mind of the young artist be at peace, — if he be exempt from the corrosion of anxious thoughts and live in the light of hope, — there would seem to be nothing wanting to develop every germ of power, and to secure the amplest harvest of beauty.

But this is the favorable aspect of the case. It is like an argument on one side of a doubtful cause. An obvious question is suggested to a sceptical mind, — if Rome be a place of such magical power, why does it not send forth an annual supply of Raphaels and Correggios? Of these clusters of fantastic looking young men, bearded and mustachioed, that emerge from the reeking depths of the Café Greco, how few are there that ever paint a picture that a man would want to look at twice, much less buy. How much of time and energy is wasted in idle dreaming, weak self-indulgence, lounging, smoking, and wine-drinking. It is true in art, as in many other things, that the inward faculty is often paralyzed and discouraged by the too great abundance of external instruments and facilities. Compression and concentration are essential elements in obtaining the best possible results. The stream which moves with such power and swiftness, when shouldered between neighboring cliffs, would become an unsightly swamp, if left to spread itself over a wide and level region. In walking through the halls and galleries of the Vatican, with their army of busts and statues, I have often said to myself that, if I were a young sculptor, my heart would break at the sight of what was around me; not merely from despair of rivalling the excellence of the best works, but from a sense of the unprofitableness of laboring to add anything more to stores already so vast. Besides that the accumulation of so many works of the highest merit, both in sculpture and painting, may act upon many natures rather as a narcotic than a stimulus, the presence of so much that bewitches the eye has a tendency to draw the attention outward to external objects; to give to the thoughts a wandering and volatile character, and fill the mind with a flutter of restless images that never can become fixed. Excellence in art is to be attained by active effort and not by passive impressions, — by the manly overcoming of difficulties, — by patient struggle against adverse circumstances, — by the thrifty use of moderate opportunities. The great artists were not rocked and dandled into eminence, but they attained to it by that course of labor and discipline which no man need go to Rome or Paris or London to enter upon. In the sphere of the

needful and the useful, the value of the result is generally proportioned to the richness and variety of the instruments employed. Law, medicine, or engineering may be best studied where there are the best libraries, the ablest professors, the most extended facilities. But not so with the fine arts, in which native power so largely enters. An academy for teaching young men to write poetry would be an obvious absurdity, though it might have the effect of increasing the number of commonplace versifiers; and it may be questioned whether academies of painting, with their lectures, their casts, their models, their exhibitions, and their prizes, have any other effect than to multiply the number of indifferent artists and of poor pictures, — to make painting only a higher kind of upholstery, a little better than the trade of the paper-stainer.

To visit the studios of young artists is one of the approved methods of disposing of an idle forenoon in Rome, and I sometimes fell in with the general custom. But such expeditions usually threw a shadow upon my spirits, because they left upon my mind a prevailing impression of mediocrity; sometimes united with modesty, with industry, with good taste, with just views, but still, mediocrity. But the world does not want mediocrity in those fine arts which respond to an ultimate instinct, and are not means towards a further end. Of what value is a tolerable picture, a respectable poem, a statue that is not bad? This is, indeed, in conformity with the stern mood of Nature, which moves by inexorable and unsentimental laws, and is prodigal of promise but sparing in mature results. But it is none the less saddening to be forced to feel that of so many that are called, so few are chosen; of the hopeful and exulting crowds that start in the race, how many drop on the way, and how few reach the goal! As I have passed groups and clusters of young artists in Rome, I have often thought of an expression which broke from Abernethy, when he came into his lecture-room one morning and saw it thronged with medical students, 'God help you! where are you all to find bread?' More than once have I visited a studio in which one moment's glance was enough to furnish all the elements by which to calculate the occupant's horoscope. There was the evidence of a certain facility of hand, and of an organization sensitive to fine impressions, but no stamp of power and no glimpse of ideal beauty. The young artist had mistaken sensibility for genius, and dreams for creations. He was destined to join that sad caravan of mediocrity which wanders without making progress, to become one of those forlorn shadows that are neither good nor bad, whom success never stays to greet, but looks at and

passes by on the other side. It is true that such a lot is not always productive of unhappiness, and that moderate powers are sometimes combined with either a cheerfulness of temperament which makes sunshine for itself, or with an invincible self-esteem which refuses to admit what it cannot but see; so that, on the whole, life is comfortable enough. But all the pursuits of an artist, the hopes on which he feeds, the dreams which visit him, and the daily food of his mind, tend to develop that sensitiveness which, while it enhances the glow of triumph, sharpens also the sting of failure. In common life, it is a misfortune to have more ambition than power; in art, to have more of the vision than the faculty. Unhappy is the life of that artist who will not recognize the inexorable fact of his own mediocrity; who nurses the delusion that his want of success comes from the obstruction of adverse circumstances, and not from essential defects; who is ever wooing the beauty which he never can win. His life is, indeed, doubly unhappy; for his rebellious spirit will check the growth of his powers, and his work will be darkened by the shadows of his discontent. In the fine arts, comparisons are inevitable: there are ranks, degrees, and gradations of excellence. The place of an artist in the scale of merit is a fact from which he cannot escape. Unless he have the genius which will carry him near to the top, or the contented spirit which will make him happy lower down, let him betake himself to more modest toils, in which, if there be less to gain, there is also less to lose.

CRAWFORD.

I should do injustice to my own feelings, if I did not make particular mention of our distinguished countryman, Crawford; and yet there is an element of embarrassment mingled with the impulse which moves me. It is difficult to hit upon the proper shade of language in which to speak of the works or the genius of a valued personal friend. We shrink from excessive praise, as unworthy of the affection which we feel; and, in avoiding that, we may fall into a tone of coldness and restraint, unworthy of the object of that affection.

The range of sculpture is not so wide as that of painting; and sculptors differ less among themselves than painters. No two sculptors can stand at points so remote from each other as Rubens and Cornelius, for instance, both great painters. The distance between one sculptor and another is measured upon the same scale, and the distinction is more that of degree

merely, than in painting. To produce the highest excellence in sculpture, the mind and the hand must act together. There must be ideal beauty, truth of sentiment, depth of feeling; and there must be also mechanical skill. These two elements — the intellectual and the manual — rarely meet. We see works in which a sublime or beautiful idea is imperfectly rendered; reminding us of an eloquent speaker struggling to express himself in a foreign tongue: and, on the other hand, admirable mechanical dexterity is occasionally wasted upon low or commonplace themes. In mere execution, Bernini's Sta. Theresa is a more clever work than Maderno's Sta. Cecilia; but its sentiment is vile, and no man of religious feeling, or even moral thoughtfulness, would wish to look upon it a second time.

Hence, in works of sculpture we recognize a distinction founded upon the preponderance of the mind or the hand. Crawford belongs to that class of sculptors whom — for want of a better term — we may call intellectual. In creative power and poetical feeling, I should place him at the head of all his professional brethren in Rome. He is an original thinker in his art; possessing that quality of invention without which judgment is cold and taste is feeble. He feels and comprehends the antique, but is not imprisoned within its range. We may apply to him what was so happily said of Cowley, that he wears the garb, but not the clothes, of the ancients. He is capable, alike, of expressing modern ideas in marble, and of reproducing the fine forms of Grecian art.

Let it not be inferred from what I have said that Crawford is at all deficient in mechanical skill. No one is capable of giving a more minute and careful finish to his works, if he will; but it is true that he does not always do himself justice in this respect. He has something of the impatience of genius: before an image of beauty has been turned to form, another takes possession of his mind; and the new impulse will not permit him to linger over the task in hand with that plodding assiduity which costs no effort to men of less productive imagination. The coming and the parting guest sometimes interfere with each other. Art is long and life is short, — too short for any of its precious moments to be given to the finical minuteness of Chinese ivory carving; the unformed block in which the new vision sleeps, waiting to be waked into life, exerts a more powerful attraction for the artist than the statue or bust which already expresses his idea, though not with sufficient distinctness for those with whom art is a mere luxury of the eye. Thus, Crawford's fine genius is not fairly appreciated by those nice critics who judge of works in sculpture by their fidelity of

imitation; who go into raptures over the skilful reproduction in marble of the meshes of a net or the folds of a veil.

Crawford's career has been distinguished by energy, resolution, and self-reliance. Many years since, while yet a youth, he formed the determination to make himself an artist; and with this view went to Rome, — alone, unfriended, and unknown, — and there began a life of toil and renunciation; resisting the approaches alike of indolence and despondency. His strength of character and force of will would have earned distinction for powers inferior to his. Nothing was given to self-indulgence; nothing to vague dreams; nothing to unmanly despair. He did not wait for the work that he would have, but labored cheerfully upon that which he could have. Success came gradually, but surely; and his powers as surely proved themselves to be more than equal to the demand made upon them. His progress in art was steady and uniform, and each step onward became a point of departure for a new advance. The reception in Boston of his statue of Orpheus, in 1841, was a marked era in his life: the merits of this fine work introduced him to a larger circle of admirers than he had before possessed, but it did not surprise those who had previously known him.

His nature is concentrated and reserved; his sympathies deep and strong, but not lightly stirred. Loved and valued by those who know him, his manner, in general, does not commend his fine genius and substantial worth to those who see him but casually. He is the most truthful of men; in his whole body there is not a drop of courtier's blood. He owes every thing to merit and nothing to favor. I have been more than once amused to notice how, by a sort of necessity of his nature, he would become particularly rigid and unexpressive, when thrown into the presence of men of fortune, from whom a commission might possibly have been received. Like all men who, during the forming period of life, have lived much alone, and pursued a great object with intense self-devotion, his spirit is not always where he is himself; some shape or vision of beauty seems to take possession of his thoughts with a power not to be escaped or postponed. His early and exclusive devotion to the chisel left him no time for any wide range of general reading; but his knowledge of the principles and history of art, and of the lives of eminent artists, is far greater than any but his intimate friends imagine. The Italian language is to him another vernacular tongue; he has lived much among Italians, and understands the mind and character of the people as few foreigners do.

Crawford's reserve is the reserve of a lofty and sometimes

abstracted nature, but borrows no ingredient from coldness, timidity, or envy. His generous spirit passed unharmed through years of poverty and struggle. Towards his brother artists he has always turned a countenance of friendliness and sympathy. As he was eager to learn, so he is ready to teach. His knowledge and skill are not hoarded, but liberally imparted. His own experiences open his heart to those young students who are entering upon that steep and difficult path, over which he moved with such firm steps: his hand is ever ready to aid, and his voice to encourage them.

It is impossible to know an author or an artist without making comparisons between the man and his works. With my knowledge of Crawford, I never entered his studio and looked round upon his various productions, — in marble, plaster, or clay, — without a feeling that, excellent as they were, there was a power in him beyond any thing which he had as yet accomplished, — that nothing had thus far called forth all the hidden resources of his genius. He never seemed in his appropriate element when occupied with what may be called drawing-room sculpture, — those merely graceful forms which are not in discord with ottomans and work-tables, — but he required a wider field and higher tasks. The great work upon which he is now occupied for the state of Virginia — a monument to Washington, including an equestrian statue and several figures of heroic size — opens to him as noble a field of opportunity as was ever enjoyed by any sculptor, and that his success will be equal to the grandeur of his theme, — that he will justify to the world all the admiration of his friends, — is with those who know him not hope but conviction. He now stands upon a point where he may look back upon the past with pride, and forward to the future with calm assurance. The struggle was not too long continued; the crown did not come too late. The harsh aspect of past trials is softened by distance: yet are they near enough to deepen the present peace. Singularly happy in his domestic relations, passionately attached to his profession, his world is comprised in his studio and his family. The energies which bore him so triumphantly through years of struggle will not languish in the air of happiness. The light which he followed in darkness will not go out in the blaze of noon.*

* This notice of Crawford was written in 1853.

CHAPTER XXV.

English in Italy — Steeple-Chase on the Campagna.

ENGLISH IN ITALY.

An interesting historical essay might be written on the causes which have changed the old Roman character into the modern Italian. The points of resemblance are few; the points of difference, many and marked. The Roman was stern, downright, and concentrated; the Italian is sensitive, impassioned, and expansive. The Romans had great organizing and aggregating power; not only distributing the members of a single state in the harmonious degrees of civil society, but setting separate states into an imperial mosaic of symmetry and beauty. In modern Italian history we see vivid individual development more than combined force, and the fervid energies of isolated communities wasted in passionate struggles with each other. The hard and uniform Romans submitted themselves to be bound together like the rods of the consular fasces, but the sharper and more salient idiosyncracies of the Italians forbid such absorption. The interpretation of the Romans is found in law and order; of the Italians, in beauty and art. The Latin language is masculine, robust, energetic, and lapidary: Latin literature is earnest, formal, dignified, and cold: rather to be characterized by negatives than by positives, for it is not imaginative, not inventive, not dramatic. The Italian language is feminine, flexible, and elastic; soft as air and flowing as water; yielding to the finest touch, and floating lightly round the most aerial forms of fancy. Italian literature is full of rich invention, airy beauty, wild wit, gay humor, passionate feeling. It is playful, imaginative, tender, and graceful. The change from ancient Rome to modern Italy from strength to softness, and from power to emotion, has suggested to Landor an image of great beauty.

'There tiny pleasures occupy the place
Of glories and of duties; as the feet
Of fabled fairies, when the sun goes down,
Trip o'er the grass where wrestlers strove by day.'

The Trasteverini, who dwell on the right bank of the Tiber, as is well known, claim to have a larger share of the Roman blood than their neighbors on the other side of the stream. They hold their heads higher, and walk with larger strides, in that belief. In sober truth, there is very little to support their claim to the blood of old Rome, and still less, to its spirit. These excitable and explosive people show, in their boasting tongues and jealous tempers, that exaggeration of self, the freedom from which was the corner-stone of Roman greatness. Hands that stab women with knives will never support the fabric of a great state.

But the legitimate descendants of the old Romans, the true inheritors of their spirit, are still to be found in Rome; and in no inconsiderable numbers. In the morning, they may be seen in Monaldini's reading-room, poring over the Times or Galignani, galloping over the Campagna, driving about the streets and never looking to the right hand or the left, or gathering in groups in the Piazza di Spagna to hear the last news from home. In the afternoon, they betake themselves to the Pincio, and for a certain season pace up and down its gravelled terrace with vigorous strides, their faces wearing a look of determined resolve, as if the constitution of their country, as well as their own, would suffer if they lost their daily walk. They are not more distinguished from the Italians by their brown hair and ruddy complexions, than by the depth of their chests, the breadth of their shoulders, the firmness of their step, and the energy of their movement. They stalk over the land as if it were their own. There is something downright and uncompromising in their air. They have the natural language of command, and their bearing flows from the proud consciousness of undisputed power.

The English, indeed, are the true Romans. The magnificent lines in which the national pride of Virgil makes the inferiority of his countrymen in art, eloquence, and science, an element of lofty commendation, — are at this day applicable to the descendants of those painted Britons who stood in the poet's mind as the most obvious types of all that was remote, uncouth, and barbarous. They, like the Romans, are haughty to the proud and forbearing towards the weak. They force the mood of peace upon nations that cannot afford to waste their strength in unprofitable war. They are law-makers, road

makers, and bridge-makers. They are penetrated with the instinct of social order, and have the organ of political constructiveness. The English, too, as a general rule, are not at home in the region of art. They are either not sensitive to the touch of beauty, or affect not to be. Their artists are wanting in ideal grace and depth of sentiment. The manly genius of the nation disdains the tricks and colors of rhetoric. Their common speech is abrupt; and their public discourse, plain, business-like, and conversational. A course of policy which all Christendom waits to hear is announced by a badly-dressed gentleman, in a series of clumsy and fragmentary sentences, in which there is always good sense but not always good grammar. The English noblemen and gentlemen have the taste which the patricians of Rome had for agricultural and rural life. They have the same liking for rough, athletic sports; the same insensibility to animal pain and suffering; and, in their personal habits, the same love of bathing, — a taste which has quite died out upon the soil of Rome.

The English residing or travelling upon the continent would, if gathered together, make a large city. They carry England with them wherever they go. In Rome, there is an English church, an English reading-room, an English druggist, an English grocer, and an English tailor. As England is an island, so they every where form an insular community, upon which the waves of foreign influence beat in vain. This peculiarity penetrates to the individual. A French or German table d'hote is a social continent; but an English coffee-room, at the hour of dinner, is an archipelago of islets, with deep straits of reserve and exclusiveness flowing between. Travellers of other nations learn to conform to the manners and customs of the people about them; avoiding the observation attracted by singularity. Not so the Englishman; he boldly faces the most bristling battery of comment and notice. His shooting jacket, checked trowsers, and brown gaiters proclaim his nationality before he begins to speak; he rarely yields to the seduction of a moustache; he is inflexibly loyal to tea, and will make a hard fight before consenting to dine at an earlier hour than five.

The English in Rome, as a general rule, show little sensibility to the peculiar influences of the place. Towards the Catholic Church and its ceremonies they turn a countenance of irreverent curiosity; trying the spirit of the Italians by their careless deportment, their haughty strides, and their inveterate staring, — intimating that the forms of Catholic worship are merely dramatic entertainments performed by daylight. Nor are they much moved by beauty, in nature or art. An Eng-

fishman, in his heart of heart, regards emotion or enthusiasm as feminine weaknesses, unworthy of manhood. A fine dog or horse calls forth from him more energetic admiration than the most beautiful landscape or picture. He marches through a gallery with resolute strides, — his countenance expanding as the end draws near. Five minutes despatch a Raphael; four, a Titian or Correggio; and two or three are enough for less illustrious names.

It need hardly be said that the English in Rome are not popular, either with the Italians, — in spite of the money they spend, — or with their fellow-sojourners from other lands. They form the subject of innumerable caricatures; and hardly a book of travels appears in any language but their own which is not seasoned with stories — good, if not true — of English phlegm, English rudeness, or English eccentricity. But this unpopularity is not more marked than the lofty disdain with which it is accepted by the parties who are the subjects of it. Coriolanus himself did not confront ill-will with a haughtier brow. Indeed, as a general rule, an Englishman is never so repulsive as when it is his cue to conciliate opposition and disarm unreasonable prejudice.

The institutions of England are eminently calculated to promote individual development; that is, among the favored classes; and herein the parallel between them and the old Romans fails. An Englishman, happily born and reared, has larger opportunities for growth and expansion than have been enjoyed by the people of any other country, at any period, — Athens, at its best age, not excepted, — for the religious and domestic elements in England more than balance the art and philosophy of Athens. The most finished men I have ever known were Englishmen. But the difference between the top and bottom of the scale is much greater than with us. The most ignorant men I saw on the Continent — the least prepared to profit by foreign travel — were Englishmen. No American would be found upon the soil of Europe so profoundly ignorant though he might have left home with as little knowledge. He would have bolted the contents of half a dozen guide-books on the voyage. He would not have been prevented by pride, self love, indolence, or good breeding, from asking a thousand questions of every body with an English ear in his head. But Englishmen dislike to ask or answer questions. The ignorance of an American is restless and clamorous; that of an Englishman, silent, apathetic, and hopeless.

It would not be fair to leave this picture without its lights. The growling discontent which an Englishman manifests in

Italy is to be explained and excused by the perfect material civilization and fair dealing of his own country. Accustomed to the fine roads, the comfortable inns, the luxurious carriages, the clean beds, and the well-served tables of England, he is thrown upon the discomforts of Italy — dirty inns, bad dinners, comfortless sleeping-rooms, bells that will not ring servants that will not come, and horses that will not go. He exchanges quiet efficiency for noisy inefficiency. There is a great deal of bustle, much loud promising, vehement asseveration, and energetic gesticulation; but the thing to be done is not done. Accustomed to deal with men who have but one price for their goods, he finds that an Italian shopkeeper begins by asking double the sum he has made up his mind to take. He passes from a land where minutes are precious to one where time is of no value. Born in a country where a tradesman or a mechanic has not broken an appointment since the Norman Conquest, he is involved in a perfect network of lying, shuffling, equivocation, and excuse-making. Engagements are not kept; work is not sent home at the promised time; no man is as good as his word; the moral relation established by a contract is an unknown quantity. Besides all and above all, he is chafed by the absence, every where in Rome, of English comfort and English cleanliness. Doors will not shut; windows will not open; fireplaces will not warm; walls will not keep out the wind; streets and staircases are filthy; carpets are unclean; beds are suspicious. Something must be pardoned to the spirit of English order and English neatness. The Englishman in Italy brings with him a standard of civilization, by which his experiences are tried. He cannot make up his body to submit to annoyances and discomforts, because he has not previously made up his mind. The same person who frets at tough chickens and damp sheets at Viterbo or Radicofani, if fairly turned out into the woods and forced to sleep under a tree, rolled up in a blanket, would be the most cheerful and uncomplaining of men.

The English in Italy, as on the Continent generally, are not liked; but, on the other hand, they are never despised. They carry about with them the impress of qualities which extort respect, not unmingled with fear. Too proud to stoop and too cold to sympathize, they are too honest to flatter and too brave to dissemble. Truth, courage, and justice — those lion virtues that stand round the throne of national greatness — shape their blunt manners and their downright speech. No thoughtful Italian can help honoring the tenacity with which an Englishman clings to his own convictions of what is right and becom-

ng, without regard to the judgments which others may form or express; nor can he fail to confess that the position and influence of Italy would have been far different, had more of that manly element been mingled in the blood of her people. Every conscientious Catholic must needs respect the fidelity which Englishmen show to the religious institutions of their country, the regularity with which they attend upon public worship in the chapels of their own faith; and their careful abstinence from ordinary amusements and occupations on Sundays. This uncompromising hold upon their own interpretation of right is sometimes pushed to an extreme, and often turns an unamiable aspect towards others; but without it there is neither national greatness nor individual worth.

The English are proud of their own country, and for that, surely, no one can blame them. They are proud of its history, of its literature, of its constitution; and, especially, of the rank it holds and the power it wields at the present time. To this national pride they have a fair right. A new sense of the greatness of England is gathered from travelling on the Continent; for, let an Englishman go where he will, the might and majesty of his country seem to be hanging over him like an unseen shield. Let but a hand of violence be laid upon an English subject, and the great British lion which lies couchant in Downing Street begins to utter menacing growls and shake his invincible locks. An English man-of-war seems to be always within one day's sail of every where. Let political agitation break out in any port on the globe, if there be even a roll of English broadcloth or a pound of English tea to be endangered thereby, within forty-eight hours an English steamer or frigate is pretty sure to drop anchor in the harbor, with an air which seems to say, 'Here I am: does any body want any thing of me?'

STEEPLE-CHASE ON THE CAMPAGNA.

The English are remarkable, among other things, for the energy and spirit with which they transport their amusements into foreign countries. These are neither simple nor unexpensive; and a good deal of the national resolution is put forth in bringing English hounds and English hunters to Rome. But the result is such as may well make a British heart swell with exultation; for now, on a fine breezy morning in December, the storm of an English fox-chase may be seen sweeping over the Campagna, — huntsmen, whippers-in, earth-stoppers, and

what not, — with red-coated gentlemen that take leaps that make an Italian turn pale, and hounds whose deep bay is borne on the wind that waves the long grass on the Claudian aque duct. What must have been the sensations of the first Roman fox, that looked forward to a quiet, domestic life, and to no worse fate than to be shot through the head by a peasant, when he found his dreams rudely shattered by these howling demons, and was forced to run for life across the fields he had so often traversed on a fearless trot! An English fox seems born to and prepared for this inheritance; but an Italian fox has had this destiny thrust upon him by 'perfidious Albion.' Unhappy foxes! your day may come at last, when it will be your privilege, with hound and horn, to chase middle-aged gentlemen, in red coats and white-top boots, over some purgatorial Campagna.

I have a distinct remembrance of a characteristic incident which I observed, on one occasion, before the Pope's palace on the Quirinal. A considerable number of persons were assembled there, waiting to receive the Pope with some expression of admiration, when he should appear. Two figures in red coats passed slowly by on horseback, followed by several hounds. That the men, who were probably huntsmen or whippers-in, should have ridden on with the rigid impassivity of their masters was to be expected, but the hounds themselves had caught from their biped associates the trick of silent indifference, and walked along with their noses in the air, looking neither to the right hand nor the left, and with a marked expression of contempt on their countenances which seemed to say, 'What a set of snobs these are! there is not a man here that an English dog, of good family, ought ever to speak to.'

On Thursday, February 24th, 1848, all the idlers in Rome were swarming out to the Tor di Quinto to witness an English steeple-chase on the soil of the Campagna. How striking a commentary on the changes of time, and the altered fortunes of Rome, do these words suggest! What would have been the emotions of a Roman senator under the empire who, when returning from the market where he had bought a British slave, with a sunflower painted on his breast, should have been told that the Britons of a future age would come to Rome, not as slaves and tributaries, but with the proud port of masters and conquerors, and, with a haughty disdain of the effeminate amusements of the degenerate people of Romulus, make the legendary soil of the Campagna the scene of their manly and stirring sports!

The weather was extremely favorable for such an exhibition

the sky of cloudless blue, and the air of that happy mixture of softness and freshness which makes the early spring in Italy so delicious. The place chosen was also well suited for the purpose, being a long stretch of level ground, commanded by an elevation of considerable height, wide enough to accommodate all the spectators. On the top of the hill, a table with refreshments was spread under a tent which stood within a temporary enclosure. This was for the benefit of the noblemen and gentlemen who presided over the sport, and their guests. The rest of the spectators distributed themselves in groups and clusters all over the hill-side; and the variety of costumes and faces, with the bright sunshine and the beautiful slopes and undulations of the Campagna, made up a picture well worth the seeking, even if nothing else had been proffered. It was amusing to watch the parties as they appeared and arranged themselves upon the hill, — here, an English family, known by their pure complexions, their full forms, their spotless drapery, and their impassive countenances; commonly attended by a tall servant with a basket of provisions, — there, a knot of German students, studying with admiring glances the fine colors of some fair Anglo-Saxon face, — here, a group of young Italians talking loudly and gesticulating earnestly, — and there, a peasant girl, with large, brown eyes dilated with wonder and curiosity.

The first performance was a donkey-race, which served to amuse the spectators and keep them in good humor. The sturdy little quadrupeds — horses translated into Dutch, as Jean Paul calls them — laid hold of the ground well, and seemed to feel the spirit of the contest. Then came the steeple-chase itself. A circuitous line of some two or three miles in length had been marked out, over which the horses were to run; and, by way of increasing the natural difficulties in the way, several artificial obstructions, in the shape of fences and ditches of various kinds, had been interposed. Some half a dozen horses, with riders in red jackets and buckskin breeches, started in the race. The whole course lay open to the eye; but the distance was so considerable that the horses and their riders were shrunk to half the natural size. There was enough of danger in the enterprise to infuse a strong element of excitement into the minds of the spectators. The horses ran beautifully and took fearful leaps; and both they and their riders met with serious falls: but happily no bones were broken, though sometimes the men's limbs seemed folded up like a carpenter's rule. But luckily the soil of the Campagna is soft. At each of the artificial barriers one or more of the horses tumbled over, and seemed to give the thing up as a bad job; and, if I remember right, not one of

the riders kept his saddle the whole time. After it was over, the rider of the winning horse was brought up in triumph to the tent. His clothes and face were plentifully stained with variations of each soil he had passed over, and he might, as he stood, have done good service in a geological museum. The saying, that it takes all sorts of people to make a world, is accepted as a sufficient explanation of every form of eccentric madness; and under this comprehensive mantle even steeple-chases may be included. But was there ever a more senseless and foolhardy pastime among civilized man than this, in which the most fearful risks are encountered without the spur of duty, the meed of applause, or the love of gain? What an epitaph for the monument of an Englishman, — living in a land so teeming with opportunities for usefulness and happiness, — that he broke his neck in trying to jump his horse over a hurdle while riding a steeple-chase. That a Roman nobleman or gentleman should be willing to encourage a sport which would stand a chance to get him out of the world without the shame and guilt of suicide, would not be so surprising; but, in general, the more degraded and worthless a life is, the more it is clung to. In such a spectacle, the eloquent Pascal would see a new proof of the fallen nature of man, and that weariness of life which is its perpetual attendant and penalty, — that deep thirst of discontent, which drives its victim into the excitements of guilt and danger, but can never be slaked but at those primal fountains of truth from which the infant steps of humanity had wandered.

CHAPTER XXVI

Houses in Rome — Inhabitants of Rome — Site and Climate of Rome — Malaria — Noble Families of Rome — Tragical Story of the Savelli Family

HOUSES IN ROME.

The houses in Rome, as is the case in most continental cities, are so arranged that each story forms an entire residence itself; the common staircase serving the purpose of a street. This staircase is often not closed at all, and is always kept open till a late hour. It is rarely lighted, except by a solitary lamp on the ground-floor; so that provident persons usually carry a coil of wax-taper in the pocket, to be lighted at night before ascending. The steps of the staircases are invariably of stone; and generally, very dirty. For ladies who have delicate lungs and white dresses, it requires no little resolution to climb up to the fourth story of a high Roman house. The residents in such airy regions console themselves with the compensating thought, that when they once reached their home they have no more upward steps to take. In general, the higher the situation, the healthier. In cold and stormy weather, beggars often coil themselves up in the corners of these staircases and pass the night there. Assassins sometimes lay in wait there for their victims, led by jealousy or revenge. The Romans treasure up a wrong, and patiently wait for an opportunity of requital. Especially, let no man ever be provoked to strike a Roman of the lower orders; for that is an insult which nothing but blood will wash out.

Many things at Rome betray a general sense of insecurity and distrust. On reaching the outer door of a suite of apartments, there are no means of opening it from the outside, but the visitor, whoever he may be, must ring the bell, which is commonly sounded by means of a string. Nor will his summons be immediately answered. Sometimes his person will be reconnoitred through a bit of glass or grating arranged for the purpose, and sometimes he will hear a voice calling upon

nim to declare who he is. To this summons the usual answer is, 'Amici,'* friends.

Here I may venture to tear a leaf or two out of the volume of my own personal experience Two of my friends and myself formed a common household during the three months of my residence in Rome. We hired a suite of rooms in the Via San Bastianello, — a very short street which runs out of the Piazza di Spagna, — for which we paid eighty scudi a month, which included the care of the rooms. The apartments were on the secondo piano, or third story, as we should call it. There was a family living above us, and another below, but we never met them, and for several weeks did not know their names. On opening the outer door of our story, we passed into an entry of moderate size, from which doors opened into a bedroom, a drawing-room, and a small kitchen. The drawing-room was a spacious apartment of about thirty feet by twenty, handsomely carpeted and furnished. It had but one defect, — it was difficult to keep it warm in damp and cold weather. The fireplace was ludicrously unsuited to perform the proper functions of a fireplace; being a mere hole, or deep oven, scooped out of the chimney, at the end of which the fire nestled in modest security. We were obliged, in the early days of our housekeeping, to summon a mason to remedy some defect in this fireplace, who proved himself to be possessed of those two very comprehensive faults which some wit ascribed to his horse, — that he was very hard to catch, and good for nothing when caught.

From the drawing-room a door led into a small dining-room, and beyond the dining-room were three bedrooms opening into each other, with windows looking out upon the court-yard These bedrooms were rather dark and cheerless in their aspect Many things were wanting in finish, and showed no very high standard of material civilization. The hinges of the doors were not like ours, but like the bolts on which window-blinds are hung; so that when the door was thrown back, it fell out of the perpendicular. The tongs in the dining-room were composed of a solid piece of iron, bent round; and a considerable force was necessary to bring the ends together so as to grasp a brand.

INHABITANTS OF ROME.

The inhabitants of Rome are divided into three classes, or divisions; the Trasteverini, who live on the right bank of the

* 'Amico,' the singular, means something more than a friend.

Tiber; the Monteggiani, who dwell on the hills; and the Popolanti, who occupy the low grounds of the Campus Martius and its neighborhood. It is said that a trained ear can detect peculiarities of speech and enunciation by which each is distinguished from the others. In general, the language is spoken in Rome with a fulness and metallic ring not usual among northern nations, and resembling the rich vocalization of Italian singers. The mouth is opened more widely than at the north, and the volume of sound projected has more body and strikes more roundly upon the ear. The letter R is ejaculated with great force. Milton, in his treatise on Education, makes an observation undoubtedly suggested by his own comparison of the manner of speaking in Italy with that in England. 'For we Englishmen, being far northerly, do not open our mouths in the cold air wide enough to grace a southern tongue; but are observed by all other nations to speak exceeding close and inward.' In the quality and tone of the voice, the men have generally the advantage of the women. In music, the barytone is the common voice among men; and the contralto, among women.

In walking the streets of Rome, fine and expressive countenances are frequently to be seen, both among the country people and the residents themselves. A stranger, however, might pass many weeks there, and have no opportunity of judging of the amount of female beauty, because the women of the higher and middle classes are not much given to walking in the streets. There are always three or four times as many men as women to be seen, even in good weather. The windows of the Corso in the Carnival were a new revelation to me on this head. The two points in Europe where the rays of beauty converge to the most glittering focus are, probably, the Roman carnival and the London opera-house. The English and Roman women have a common resemblance in the fact that they are seen to the best advantage when seated.

The features of the Roman women are generally regular, and the shape of the face more inclined to the square than the oval. The hair, rich, black, and full, is braided and knotted in a becoming and picturesque fashion. The forehead is low, broad, and firm; answering in its expression to the lower part of the face, which is massive and compact. The eye is large and finely set in its socket. The teeth, arms, and bust are fine; but the hands and feet, especially the latter, large; and the whole frame somewhat too sturdy and compact. The nose is large, and almost invariably straight or aquiline. A clever Scotchwoman once remarked, in a mixed party of Italians and

English, that she and her countrymen looked like restored busts, with noses too small. The upper lip is often shaded with something more than the suspicion of a moustache.

What is most wanting in the Roman women is an expression of softness, delicacy, and refinement. As the men there are like women, so the women are like men. The complexion is more like the rich rind of a ripe fruit than the transparent veil of passing emotions which play and vanish like auroral gleams. The eyes shine with a fixed, external light, like that of glass or polished metal; and do not darken with sensibility. The lips are firm and not tremulous.

I have often stopped to look at the nurses who were in attendance upon their young charges, in fine weather, upon the Pincian Hill. Their heads, never defaced by a bonnet, seemed made and dressed to go into a picture. The hair, of rich, lustrous black, lay in massive braids, and was gathered into a knot behind, pierced with a silver arrow. The complexion, of a glowing, gypsy yellow — such as only Titian could paint — was in harmony with the gay boddice and streaming belt ribbon. The face, square in outline and compact in structure, wore the impassive expression of a marble bust. But the large dark eyes were animated with a strange mixture of animal tenderness and animal fierceness, — like those of a tigress fondling her cubs. Passion and peril lay slumbering in their depths. It was a volcanic face, which, at a moment's warning, might break out in explosions of love, hatred, jealousy, or revenge. Thus Semiramis might have looked, while yet a shepherd's daughter, — or Charlotte Corday, while dreaming in the woods of Normandy, before the air-drawn dagger marshalled her the way to Paris.

SITE AND CLIMATE OF ROME.

The site of Rome is not particularly adapted to the metropolis of a great empire. It was selected, partly because here was found the first rising ground above the mouth of the Tiber which was also navigable during the intermediate course; and partly on account of the capacity of defence furnished by the rocky eminence of the Capitoline Hill and the swamps around it. The many towns in Europe, especially in Italy, which are perched, like eagles's nests, on the top of craggy elevations, so that the inhabitants are obliged to drag every thing, even water, up hill, recall a period when protection against violence was the first consideration. Such a position was of peculiar importance

to the first settlers of Rome, a band of outlaws and adventurers who held by the strong hand, and with whom might was right There were two disadvantages, especially, in the spot on which Rome was founded; its swampy character made it unhealthy; and it was liable to most disastrous inundations of the river. The Cloaca Maxima is a proof, not only of the energies and resources of that early period, but of the urgent need which, from sanitary reasons, impelled to it. Time has modified the former of these defects, but not the latter. The overflowings of the Tiber are still a frequent and serious evil; and the more mischievous in proportion to the amount of property exposed to destruction. The low and tame hills over which the buildings of Rome slowly straggled must have suffered by contrast with the splendid mountain ranges to the East. It is no wonder that, as Goethe says, the Alban women, languishing in the fogs of the Tiber, looked with tearful eyes towards the breezy mountain-home from which they had been torn.

The climate of Rome and its immediate neighborhood can never have been truly healthy. Sanitary statistics were unknown among the ancients; and we can only conjecture, by the frequent hints and statements in Roman authors, that fevers were common and violent then as now. The old Romans were less sensitive to atmospheric influences than their successors · partly because of their general use of woollen clothing next the skin, and partly because their system of gymnastic training made the body a more powerful weapon both of attack and defence. Besides, the modern brain and nervous system, exposed to so many stimulating influences, has become of a more susceptible fibre than in the days when bread and the circus rounded the whole circle of life.

The climate of Rome is soft, rather damp, and, for a European climate, variable. The whole basin of the Tiber is ramparted on the north-east by the chain of the Apennines, and open on the south-west to the Mediterranean. It is thus exposed to the dry north wind, called the tramontana, which comes down chilled with mountain-snows; and to the south-west, which brings the heat of Africa. These winds often succeed each other with a rapidity which reminds an American of the changes of his own country, but they seldom blow violently. In summer, the south-west wind, then called the sirocco, diffuses a close, damp, penetrating heat. The limbs are bathed in perspiration which no evaporation carries off, and to which night brings little relief. The nervous system is unstrung, and a listless apathy takes possession of mind and body. The dampness of the climate arises not only from the

neighborhood of the sea and the extent of lakes and marshes but from the fact that the clouds, wafted by the prevalent south-west winds, are driven back and chilled by the peaks of the Apennines, and fall in showers upon the plains.

Snow falls occasionally in the winter, but so seldom, that, when it does take place, the schools are dismissed that the children may have the rare and short-lived pleasure of dabbling in it. Two or three times in the course of an average life, the lake in the grounds of the Villa Borghese is covered with ice thick enough to allow of skating. In January and February, when the clear air allows a passage to the rays of the sun, the temperature is mild and genial. In the last week of February, a vernal influence is felt in the breeze. The violet peeps forth under the sheltered hedges, and the turf puts on a livelier green. The month of April is delightful, — the 'ver novum' of the Latin, and the 'primavera' of the Italian, poets. In May, the heat begins to be oppressive. The harvest commences about the middle of June, and its labors, threshing included, usually last about three weeks. From the early part of July to the middle of September is a period which, in its effects upon man and his works, is more like a northern winter than the proper winter months themselves. The extreme heat has the paralyzing and disabling effect of extreme cold. The fields are parched and dead, and the trees look as if the breath of fire had blasted them. The baked and cracked soil is lifted and whirled about in clouds of dust. No sound of animal life breaks the desert silence, for even the birds cease to sing. The heavens are of a deep, cloudless blue, but are often suddenly overcast with a dense mass of clouds which pour down copious floods of rain, attended with heavy thunder and lightning. Even in summer, the tramontana sometimes sets in suddenly, after the sirocco has been blowing for three or four days, — the thermometer falls many degrees, and great caution is requisite to avoid the danger of a sudden chill to the relaxed frame. October is the most delightful month in the whole year in Rome. It is the birth of a second spring. Refreshed by the rains of early autumn, the earth is once more clothed with green. The flocks and herds come down to the low grounds of the Campagna, and the vintagers bring home their rich spoils. It is the month of fêtes and festivals, of songs and dances. The common people of Rome go out to the Monte Testaceo, and amuse themselves with games and sports. The rich nobleman opens his villa, and invites his friends to share the pleasures of a brief villegiatura.

The period of my own residence in Rome fell within a

remarkably rainy season. From my brief experience, I should say that the climate is depressing and enervating, and not at all favorable to diseases of the nervous system or of the digestive organs. I have never been in any place where I felt so little disposed to do any work, whether of mind or body. It sometimes required a vigorous moral effort to write even a letter. The effect of a series of days of drizzly rain upon the spirits, — a dull gray sky above and yellow mud below, — and that too in a city never over-cheerful in its influences, — is too powerful to be resisted. One sees his own long face reflected in those of all his friends and countrymen. How often under these shadows have I wished for one of our winter days of clear, crystal cold, in which the electric air sends the blood dancing and tingling through the veins, and charges the brain and frame with energy and endurance! On the other hand, the Roman climate is favorable to bronchial affections and to consumption in its earlier stages; and the inhabitants, whether residents or foreigners, are exempted from those heavy colds so common in our sharp atmosphere.

MALARIA.

Much has been written about the malaria of Rome, but the subject is not yet entirely clear; and those inquirers whose opinions are entitled to the most respect are not agreed as to the causes of the phenomena, the existence of which all admit. In such investigations, it is important to distinguish between the influences which are peculiar to Rome, and those which it shares with other places similarly situated. The case may be thus briefly stated. Those exposures which elsewhere ordinarily lead to colds or rheumatic attacks, in Rome, especially in the summer months, bring on intermittent fevers, which easily assume a malignant type. There are some peculiarities in the climate of Rome, and the way of life there, which expose young and incautious travellers to sudden changes of temperature. The climate itself is variable. Then, the difference between the sunny and the shady side of the street is very great. Sometimes the mere turning of a corner brings one into a temperature many degrees lower or higher than that just left. Italians avoid the sunny side of the street in walking, in winter as well as in summer. The habit of making excursions, partly in a carriage and partly on foot, is dangerous. The churches and picture-galleries are damp and cold, and the stone or marble floors are deadly chilling to the feet, unless

protected by soles of extra thickness. If the adventurous traveller extends his researches further, and goes down into vaults, tombs, catacombs, and recent excavations, the danger arising from sudden changes of temperature becomes of course increased. But this danger, in its milder forms, can hardly be escaped at Rome; for, in general, in passing out of the street into a house, the frame is sensible of a slight chill.

But, besides the above, there is in Rome, and especially in its neighborhood, between the months of June and October, a certain deadly influence evolved from the soil, which strikes upon the exposed frame with frequently fatal effect. This morbific agency is most formidable after sunset, and seizes upon the system most strongly when in a state of sleep. This principle of disease is called out from the soil by the action of the sun, and produces effects similar in kind, though greater in degree, to the fever and ague which pursues the new settlers in our country, wherever moist ground is exposed to the sun, and large masses of vegetable matter are left to decay. The subtle element of death eludes detection, because the nicest analysis fails to discover any different ingredients in the air of the most infected from that of the healthiest regions.

Within the city, it is observed, as a general rule, but not without some exceptions, that the more tasteful and desirable the region is, the more dangerous is it during the infected season. Almost all the open spaces, especially if left uncultivated, are unsafe. This is true of that part of the city which lies between Santa Maria Maggiore and St. John Lateran, and around the latter church, — a region which has the most inviting look of peace and gentleness, but smiles only to destroy. The Piazza del Popolo and the Pincian Hill are not without suspicion. The same remark applies to the Vatican and St. Peter's. On the other hand, where the population is most dense, and the greatest number of fires are lighted, the air is the most wholesome. The Ghetto, or Jews' quarter, the most crowded, filthy, and repulsive part of Rome, is always exempt from malaria.

In general, the higher the position, the healthier. From the Alban Mount, in summer, a thick mist is often seen to hang over Rome, above which the high grounds and the upper stories are seen to emerge. The upper stories of a high house are healthier than the ground-floor, especially if they are exposed to the sun, and command a free circulation of air. Monte Mario, which is about four hundred feet above the plain, is inhabitable during the whole year. The Romans have a graduated scale of degrees of salubrity and insalubrity,

generally corresponding to higher or lower elevations. The lowest point is, 'l'aria pessima,' then, 'l'aria cattiva,' then, 'l'aria sospetta,' then, 'l'aria sufficiente,' then, 'l'aria buona,' and lastly, 'l'aria fina' or 'ottima.'

Houses which lie in the cold shadow of a hill, so that the free circulation of air is impeded, are more unhealthy than those which have clear spaces all around them. Sometimes it happens that the houses on one side of a street are more healthy than those on the other. Such is said to be the case with the Via Babuino. Even a difference is sometimes found between the back and front apartments of the same house.

The principle of malaria wafted through the air, seems to be in some measure arrested by material obstructions. A range of hills often acts as a partial protection. Piperno, for instance, is healthier than Sezza, though at a lower elevation; because the former is separated from the Pontine marshes by a piece of rising ground. A screen of woods operates in the same manner. The cutting down of the extensive forests of pine which once bordered the seacoast of Latium is believed to have rendered the Campagna more unhealthy. Tournon relates that the rumor of a project of cutting down a range of wood which protected Albano on the south alarmed the inhabitants so much, that they went in crowds before the French authorities to protest against the measure. Sir George Head found a priest living with security in the neighborhood of the Palatine, upon a spot which had been abandoned for many years on account of its unhealthfulness. He attributed its improved condition to a thriving grove of orange trees.

Superficial moisture is not a prominent source of malaria. The Campagna is, as a general rule, quite the reverse of a marshy or swampy tract, but resembles the downs of England, or the prairies of our own country. The draining of the Pontine marshes in the last century had no perceptible effect upon the health of Rome. It would seem that the exhalations forced up through the superficial soil, from lower strata of moisture, by the action of a powerful sun, are more deadly than the evaporation of water on the surface itself. The observation of the English army surgeons confirms this fact. It is the same in the fever and ague districts of our own country. The hot summers are those in which the disease is most formidable, and not the damp.

The use of woollen clothing next the skin is in some measure a preventive. The monks of the mendicant orders who wear even in summer, a robe of thick woollen, are able to live unharmed in places where other persons are affected. Fire also

acts as a disinfectant. It is said that a person might sleep with impunity in the deadliest regions of the Campagna, in the sickliest season, by keeping a large fire burning in the chimney. It is a mistake to suppose that a too generous and stimulating diet acts as a protection. In this as in similar forms of disease, an anxious and uneasy apprehension of evil is a disposing cause to its approach.

Upon the whole, the facts in the case seem to warrant the conclusion that the effects of the malaria in Rome and its neighborhood are not wholly to be explained by general causes, such as operate in the many infested districts which are scattered over the globe ; but that, in addition to these, there are certain influences peculiar to this particular locality. These last have been thought the result of the nature of the soil of the Campagna, which is partly of marine and partly of volcanic origin ; and it is thence conjectured that gaseous exhalations of peculiar malignity are forced from it by the action of the sun, and mingled with the atmosphere. The researches of modern chemistry and the improved methods of analysis now in use may throw some light upon this branch of the inquiry.

NOBLE FAMILIES OF ROME.

Rome has always been the nursery, and not the birthplace of genius and greatness. In antiquity, the leading names of native birth were Julius Cæsar, Lucretius, and Tibullus. In the middle ages and in modern times, the same fact is observable. Of the churches and the palaces, the paintings and the statues, which adorn Rome, by far the greater part are the works of foreign artists drawn to the capital by the munificent patronage of popes, cardinals, and princes. Of the architects, Gaddi, Brunelleschi, Alberti, Michael Angelo, Ammanati, were Florentines; the Fontanas were Milanese ; Sansovino was a Tuscan ; Palladio and Scamozzi were from Vicenza ; Bernini was a Neapolitan ; Borromini, a Milanese. Rome gave birth only to Giacomo della Porta, Olivieri, Soria, Carlo Rainaldi, Antonio Rossi, Geronimo Teodoli, Nicholas Salvi, Luigi Vanvitelli ; not one of the first class. The oldest of these was Giacomo della Porta, and he was not born till 1543.

In painting and sculpture, the disproportion is still more curious. Of the painters, from Cimabue to Pompeo Battoni, the natives of Rome were Julio Romano, Gaspar Poussin, Ciro Ferri, Francesco Trevisani, and Marco Benefiale ; the last three, very obscure names. Among the sculptors, I do not

recall one considerable person who was born in Rome. How strikingly is the wealth of Florence in comparison! Among her native treasures, are Cimabue, Pinturricchio, Fra Bartolomeo, Donatello, Michael Angelo, Sansovino, Bandinelli, Benvenuto Cellini.

In literature, the most distinguished native name is that of Metastasio.

Rome has been a second country to many artists and writers on art, who have found here the true home of their spirits, and have felt themselves exiles when forced to leave it. Poussin came there at the age of thirty, and remained till his death in his seventy-first year, with the exception of a brief visit to Paris. Claude Lorraine lived in Rome from his twenty-seventh year till his death in his eighty-second. Mengs passed the greater part of his life in Rome, and was never happy out of it. Angelica Kauffman lived there the last twenty-five years of her life; Winckelmann, for twelve years, and never could have been content anywhere else. Zoega came there in 1784, and remained till 1809, the time of his death. Besides these, there are Thorwaldsen, Overbeck, Gibson, Wolff, Crawford, Reinhart, Wagner, Dessoulavy, and many others, who, drawn to Rome as pilgrims and wayfarers, have bowed to the spell of her power, and remained there as sojourners and denizens.

The great families of Rome are in like manner strangers to the soil; nearly all of them have owed their origin to their relationship to the ecclesiastics, who have from time to time been elevated to the tiara. A few claim to be descended from the old Roman families, — Prince Massimo from the Fabii, for instance. How far such pretensions would be sanctioned by the authority of a college of antiquarian heralds may be well doubted. The two great families of mediæval Rome, the Colonna and Orsini — whose feuds so often shook the state — still survive. Of the former, there is a branch in Rome, and another in Naples. Of the latter, Prince Orsini is the senator of Rome, or was so, at the time of my residence there*. The other conspicuous families of the middle ages, the Conti, the Gaetani, and the Savelli, are, I believe, extinct. Of the Frangipani, there is a collateral branch remaining in Illyria. Their claim to be descended from the Roman gens Anicia is said to be well founded.

The principal families of papal origin now remaining are

*The prince married a daughter of Torlonia, the banker. The family had become reduced in circumstances; and, on the occasion of this marriage, it was said that an ancient statue had been set up on a pedestal of gold.

Buoncompagni-Ludovisi, Borghese, Chigi, Rospigliosi, Altieri, Odescalchi, Albani, Corsini, Braschi, Barberini-Colonna, and Pampnili-Doria. Most of these are familiar sounds to strangers in Rome, from the palaces and villas with which their names are associated.

The two well-known families of Canino and Torlonia are comparatively of recent date. The present Prince of Canino, well-known for his successful devotion to science, is the son of Lucien Bonaparte. He married his cousin, the daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, and has a numerous family. He has been a good deal mixed up with the political changes in Rome since the accession of Pius IX., and is reputed to have shown much more activity than wisdom in public affairs.

Who has not heard of the great banking-house of Torlonia, and of the brilliant parties given by its head, to which all the clients are invited? Since the days of the Roman emperors, who taxed all the world, there has been nothing so comprehensive as the percentage of the Torlonias. Men of all climes and colors and tongues have paid tribute at their counters. Their waters are deep enough for a millionaire to swim in, and yet so shallow as not to drown the poor artist who comes into Rome with a knapsack on his back. The founder of the family, generally known as the Duke of Bracciano, died in 1829. He was one of that class of men who combine great financial skill and shrewd business tact with a rough and coarse nature, and who, in their prosperity, are rather inclined to parade their roughness and coarseness as ornaments than hide them as defects. He had also a vein of biting humor, and used to enjoy in his cynical way the court paid to him by the old Roman nobility.

The Roman nobility have no political influence, and no public career opened to them. The path of high public distinction can be entered only by those who embrace the ecclesiastical profession. This is frequently adopted by younger sons, and, with fair capacity and character, they often reach the dignity of Cardinal. But, of late years, the noble Roman families have contributed fewer members to the church than was the custom formerly. At present, there are only two Cardinals in the sacred college who have sprung from papal families, Cardinal Barberini, and Cardinal Altieri. Cardinal Odescalchi, a few years since, resigned the purple, and entered the order of the Jesuits.

Being thus without any high career to quicken his powers and elevate his ambition, the Roman nobleman, unless he have literary or scientific tastes, must take refuge in a life of frivo

ious indolence or profligate self-indulgence. The author of 'Rom im Jahre, 1833,' a man of sense and observation, who lived many years in Rome, thus gives the journal of a Roman nobleman's day. He rises late and hears mass in his domestic chapel. Then he does business with his steward, or gives an order to a tradesman; and makes or receives two or three visits. He dines alone or with a few friends, as dinner-parties are not a common form of social entertainment among Italians. In summer, the dinner is followed by a siesta. Then the carriage is ordered out, and a few turns taken up and down the Corso, or on the Pincio; and perhaps an ice is eaten in front of a coffee-house. Then come evening prayers, and afterwards a conversazione; and thus the hours are brought round to bed-time. Who can wonder that, with men of any energy of temperament, such strong excitements as gaming and intrigue should be welcomed as grateful episodes in a life of such dreary monotony! It is indeed rather to the credit of the Roman dukes and princes, that there are so many respectable men among them.

In point of fortune, both the higher and lower nobility of Rome are, as a general rule, in a state of decay and decline. A few are very rich, and many are positively poor. The French revolution, directly and indirectly, fell heavily upon them as a class.

TRAGICAL STORY OF THE SAVELLI FAMILY.

The reader of Lockhart's Life of Scott will remember that Sir Walter, when in Rome, met at a dinner at the banker Torlonia's with the Duke and Duchess of Corchiano, and that the duke told him that 'he was possessed of a vast collection of papers, giving accounts of all the murders, poisonings, intrigues, and curious adventures of all the great Roman families, during many centuries, all of which were at his service to copy and publish in his own way as historical romances, only disguising the names, so as not to compromise the credit of the existing descendants of the families in question.' We may easily imagine the rapture with which Sir Walter Scott would have pounced upon such a treasure-trove, in the prime of his powers; and with such materials, a novelist of half his genius might easily earn a brilliant and enduring reputation. Such themes would present all the elements of startling adventure, picturesque description, and thrilling incident. The scene would change from the peopled splendor of Roman palaces to the savage solitudes

of secluded castles in the wooded glens and on the bare crags of the Apennines. Nobles, ecclesiastics, and soldiers would mingle in the mazy dance of events with artists and scholars and, mixed with these, the hired bravo and the female poisoner would stalk or flit across the stage and suddenly disappear. Great historical names could be introduced with no violation of probability, and around the whole the dazzling lights and hues of romance could be poured. That the annals of the great Roman families are so prolific in romantic matter is to be ascribed, partly to the subtle and passionate character of the Italians, which inclines them alike to crimes of treachery and violence; and partly to the fact that the nobility of Italy in the middle ages lived in defiance alike of law and public opinion, to an extent to which English history, since the wars of the Roses, affords no parallel. The great families had almost absolute dominion, not stopping short of life and death, within their own fiefs; and some fragments of their former feudal privileges yet remain. The fearful tragedy of the Cenci, so well known through the power of painting and poetry, is one of these domestic histories; and perhaps if all the horrors now slumbering in manuscript in mouldering cabinets and forgotten crypts were revealed to the light of day, it would not be found to be the darkest. That mysterious personage, Lucrezia Borgia, over whose motives and character so much dust of learned controversy has been raised, is another representative character in Italian domestic history. Reumont, in his 'Neue Roemische Briefe,' relates a tragic story drawn from the annals of the Savelli family, which fearfully illustrates the fatal consequences which spring from the collision of fervid passions. I have merely abridged his narrative.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, the Duke of Savelli had an only son who, from his mental and personal graces, was the object of great admiration to his friends and relatives, and of a doting affection to his parents. A marriage was negotiated for him with the daughter of a noble Neapolitan house, who was to bring him a dowry of eight hundred thousand scudi; but, on account of the tender age of the bride, the nuptial ceremony was to be delayed for some time. Under these circumstances, the young man, while passing the summer at the family castle in Ariccia, saw and fell desperately in love with a beautiful young woman, of a decent family, who was betrothed to a young man of her own rank in life, named Christoforo, a vassal of the princely house of Savelli. The young woman was possessed of firmness and principle, as were her parents. She was kept concealed in the house so that the young nobleman could

neither speak to nor communicate with her; his presents were returned; and the marriage with Christoforo hastened as fast as possible. After the marriage, the infatuated lover still continued his persecuting attentions; wrote letter after letter; and even hired a house next to that in which the married pair lived, in order that he might see and speak with the wife from the window, — a step which compelled them to change their abode. Although the young wife behaved with great propriety, and revealed to her husband all the annoyances to which she was exposed, — giving him her whole heart and her whole confidence, — his mind was tortured with jealousy, suspicion, and fear; the more so as the passion of his liege lord was now matter of common notoriety all over the village. He grew at last into such a state of desperation that he resolved to bring things to an end, no matter at what cost. As his wife showed him all the letters she received from Savelli, — and as these grew more and more passionate and importunate, and began to assume a threatening tone, — he at last compelled her to write to her persecutor at his dictation, telling him that her husband would soon leave home on business, and that she would then see him at her house. The young prince was overjoyed at the receipt of this missive. Soon after he received another, saying that her husband had left home, and desiring the prince to visit her at midnight, and to come disguised, so that he might not be detected if he should chance to be seen by any one else. Christoforo persuaded her to write these letters by telling her that his purpose was only to play the young prince a trick which should cure him of his passion, and enable them to live in peace.

When the appointed hour had arrived, the young prince appeared in disguise at the house of Christoforo, which stood apart from any other in the village. He was cautiously admitted and conducted into an inner apartment where Christoforo was seated, dressed in female attire. As soon as the unhappy youth had entered the room, Christoforo rose and shot him with a pistol loaded with five balls; and, after he had fallen, stabbed him to the heart with a dagger. Then, with the assistance of a peasant whom he had taken into his confidence and kept concealed in his house, he carried the bleeding body, and deposited it at the gate of the Savelli palace. The murderer and his accomplice then withdrew to the mountains in the neighborhood, and, finally escaping into the Neapolitan territory, took shipping for Turkey, and never appeared again in any Christian land. The poor wife, wholly unprepared for such a tragedy, had fled in dismay to her mother's house on hearing the report of the pistol.

When the next morning revealed the bloody work of the night, the whole village, as well may be supposed, was thrown into the greatest agitation and alarm. Messengers were immediately dispatched to Rome, to inform the wretched father of his irreparable loss. The Pope, Paul III., sent the proper officers of justice to Ariccia, investigations were made, and a large number of persons arrested. The wife was carried to the prison of Borgo Castello, and there examined upon the rack; but she always persisted in the statement she at first made, — that she knew and suspected nothing of the murderous designs of her husband, but supposed that he intended to play some trick upon the young prince, and that she had fled upon hearing the pistol shot, and knew nothing further.

After some months' examination, all the persons who had been arrested were discharged, except the wife. She, in spite of her constant protestations of innocence, was condemned to death, and the Savelli family were resolved that the sentence should be executed. But their cruel purpose was not destined to be carried into effect. Margaret of Austria, the natural daughter of Charles V. and wife of Octavio Farnese, the grandson of the Pope (who had been married before entering the ecclesiastical state) was at that time residing in Rome. Hearing of the beauty of the unfortunate prisoner, she went to visit her in her place of confinement, and, on seeing her, felt so lively an interest in her behalf, that she resolved to use all her influence to procure a pardon. She first applied to the Pope, who told her that he would readily grant her request, if she could obtain the consent of the Duke of Savelli, with whom the decision of the woman's fate rested. The broken-hearted old man could not resist the personal solicitations of so powerful a person as the daughter of Charles V. The young woman was set at liberty, and entered into the service of her benefactress. Great efforts were made to find the fugitive Christoforo. A price of thirty thousand scudi was set upon his head, and negotiations were even entered into with some noted leaders of banditti, to whom large promises were made in case they would deliver him up to justice; but all in vain. Many years after, there came a rumor to Rome that he had been seen in Aleppo; but nothing was ever known with certainty of his subsequent fate. The Duke of Savelli was soon after seized with a violent fever which terminated in madness, and he ended his days in a lunatic asylum. With him the family became extinct.

CHAPTER XXVII

Last days in Rome — Rome to Perugia — Perugia and Assissi — Perugia to Florence — Lucca — Genoa.

LAST DAYS IN ROME.

Rome, which at first is somewhat oppressive to the spirits, gains upon acquaintance, and after a residence of a few months begins to unfold all its attractions. The sparkle and gaiety of Naples and Paris soon lose the charm with those who are not very young or very light-hearted; but the repose of Rome, like the beauty of twilight, soothes with an elevating and tranquillizing influence which time and repetition only deepen. My last days in Rome were darkened by the thought that the time of my departure was near at hand; and the striking points and localities, which had now become so familiar to me, seemed touched with gentler and softer lights, when I was about to see them no more. This was not all to be ascribed to the effect of custom and usage in toning down the thoughts, till they had become in unison with the grave strain of outward life. Something was due to that influence of the vernal season which is so distinctly felt in a city so surrounded with gardens, vineyards, and broad, green spaces. Besides, I had come to have the comfortable feeling of a boy who had ciphered through the arithmetic. I had not the fear of Murray and Vasi before my eyes. I was not haunted by visions of churches that had not been seen, and galleries that had not been visited. I could let the hours bear me where they would, and suffer the reins to drop from my hands.

My last week was spent mostly in long walks around the city and its immediate neighborhood, with no other object than that of fastening to the memory as strongly as possible the forms which were so soon to be lost to the sight. I strolled through the grounds of the Villa Pamphili and Villa Borghese, which were now bright with the green, and starred with the blossoms, of spring, and heard for the last time the voices of the aerial

spirits that live in their venerable pines. I took a farewell look at the Forum, the Colosseum, the Palace of the Cæsars, the churches of Sta. Maria Maggiore and St. John Lateran. I paid a parting visit to the Capitol, the Vatican, and St. Peter's, and saw my last sunset from the Pincian Hill. I went into the gardens of the Villa Medici and looked over the wide sweep of country towards the east. I sometimes shut my eyes — as a boy who is learning his lesson looks off the book to make experiment of his progress — to try how distinctly I could retain and carry away the scenes that were before me.

ROME TO PERUGIA.

On Saturday, April 8th, I left Rome in the coupé of a most primitive diligence, in which I had taken passage to Perugia, trusting to good luck to find a conveyance from there to Florence. The weather was dull and gloomy, and I was not sorry that Rome did not wear its best look as I was leaving it. How true is the remark of a French writer, that nothing so resembles a funeral as a leave-taking! For two or three posts the country was very uninteresting, — flat, tame, and desolate, — and, losing sunshine, it lost everything. Beyond Monterosi, a gradual improvement took place, and fine views began to open on either hand. We passed through Nepi, a village very picturesquely situated, on the outside of which is a magnificent aqueduct. We reached Civita Castellana, our resting place for the night, at about sunset. I strolled about the town for some time with two of my companions in the diligence, both young men, one in indifferent health, with a fine and cultivated tenor voice, to whom singing seemed a rather more natural language than speaking. The weather had brightened up since morning, and the mild air of a spring evening brought the whole population into the streets. The men were lounging about in the square, and perhaps enjoying the novel pleasure of talking politics, and speculating on what the Pope meant to do, and whether he would make bread cheaper, and drive away the malaria. The women were clustered about a large fountain, dabbling and splashing in its streams like a hundred washing days; looking very busy, oriental, and picturesque. We went into the Cathedral, in the dusk of the evening, the interior of which was faintly shown by that dim, religious light which makes everything impressive. The inn was crowded and uncomfortable, and the delays were such as would only have been tolerable in antediluvian periods. I whiled away the evening

by trying the patience of my companions by very unchoice Italian, and listening to the snatches of songs into which one of them was constantly breaking.

The next morning, the weather was good, and we started early. Between Civita Castellana and Borghetto, the road passed through a beautiful country. At the latter place is a fine, old fortress, dismantled and going to decay. Soon after, we crossed the Tiber and drove over a plain shadowed with noble oaks to Otricoli, where we stopped to leave our musical friend. I shook him heartily by the hand in parting, for I had been drawn to him by his sweet voice and gentle manners, and I could not get over the presentiment that he had gone home to die. Narni, our next resting-place, is beautifully placed, high on a hill, and commands an extensive prospect. Here are the remains of the bridge of Augustus, — a thoroughly satisfactory ruin in every respect; for it has an imperial origin, its forms are striking and grand, and the scenery of which it forms a part is exactly what a poet or a painter would wish for the setting of a ruin. During the greater part of the day, indeed, we had travelled over a country of more varied and impressive beauty than I had expected. The slow pace at which we moved enabled me to be on my feet for many miles, so that I had the full benefit of the views. The road went over breezy uplands, from which the distant Apennines and many a glittering hamlet could be seen, — plunged down into deep dells where the overhanging shadows kept the morning dew far into the day, — and wandered over extensive plains and through woods of oak and chestnut, whose massive aisles seemed to lead into primeval and untrodden solitudes. Mountain streams, soon to be dried up by the summer's heat, poured their turbid floods through the water-courses. The great presiding genius of the landscape had been the giant form of Mount Soracte, which had been constantly near us, changing with the changing lights, but always the central point of interest and attraction. The elements which the hand of man had added to the scenery had always embellished and never defaced it. Towns, over-ripe with age, crowning the tops of steep hills, as if they had been dropped upon them from the clouds; feudal towers, rusting away like pieces of disused armor; aqueducts and bridges with the stamp of Roman greatness upon them; and walls black with Etrurian shadows, — offered themselves to the eye when it turned away from the eternal forms of Nature: and over the whole landscape there hung a charm not discerned by the eye — a spirit of power and beauty — which gave a voice to every stream that broke upon the solitude, and dignity to every moun-

tain shadow. This interest was not derived from the struggles and dramatic changes of the middle ages alone, — not alone from the grandeur and decay of Rome, — but in part from the fortunes of those mysterious Etrurians, whose civilization had passed the culminating point before the seeds of Rome had been planted. And how vivid was the contrast between this mighty past, running up to an unrecorded morning twilight, and the freshness of the actual landscape, just breaking into the verdure and bloom of spring, and exulting in the sense of new-born life! This contrast was made the more striking by the solitude which brooded over a large portion of the route. Between the post stations there were frequently many miles with hardly a sign of human habitation, and, but for a town or village set upon a distant hill, we might have supposed ourselves in some new region just opened to the stream of population and enterprise. There was no succession of farm-houses and modest hamlets, each within an easy call of some other, but, after passing out of the towns which, from the compactness of their streets and the height and close proximity of the houses, seemed like pieces cut out of a large city, everything was solitary and desolate, as if the land had been wasted by pestilence or ravaged by war.

I have spoken often, perhaps too often, of the beauty and variety of Italian scenery, and my only apology is to be found in the ever new pleasure which it awakened. The most striking effects of scenery are produced when elements, unlike in the impression they make, are brought into immediate comparison and relation. A level plain stretching away to the horizon on every side is well enough to see for a while, but its continuance soon wearies the eye. But let a range of mountains loom up in the distance, and a new character is given to the intermediate plain. So when a mountain rises up abruptly from a level region, like Soracte, the mountain is the finer for the plain, and the plain, for the mountain. It is the same with lakes. The most striking are those which are the deepest set, like Como, or, still more, Lucerne. The overhanging cliff and the liquid floor take and give beauty and grandeur. Mountains themselves which are packed closely together, with only deep, fissure-like valleys between them, are shorn of half their power from the want of a proper element of comparison. One of the felicities of the scenery of Cumberland and Westmoreland in England, — and which gives such effect to their low and bare mountains, — is that the spaces between them are broad level plains of lake or meadow, from which the hills rise up like trees from a smooth lawn. The character of Italian scenery is mainly determined by the central chain of the

Apennines and its lateral spurs, and the comparatively narrow strip of level region between the mountains and the sea. Nor is this all; for the intermediate space has been the scene of powerful volcanic action, which always results in picturesque contrasts. Thus, in Italy, south of the great alluvial plain of Lombardy and away from the immediate seacoast, the eye is never discontented with monotony. Standing upon a height, there is always a wide horizon to look down upon; and travelling over a plain, there are always heights to look up to. The streams rush rapidly through narrow and precipitous banks; the lakes occupy the craters of extinct volcanoes: deep, wooded glens open on all sides, in which rocks and trees group themselves into the finest combinations. The traveller's path is full of variety, and the beauty that pitches her tents before him as he moves never appears twice in the same garb.

From Narni I went on to Terni, through a beautiful valley embosomed in high hills. After dinner, I put myself in the hands of a donkey driver and rode down to the falls, through a richly wooded and romantic region, glowing in the early bloom of spring. There were two or three inviting-looking houses on the way.

These celebrated falls did not correspond to the expectations I had formed of them. They seemed to me to have been be-rhymed and be-prosed beyond their deserts. Poets and travellers who have described them dwell upon their terrors and sublimities, — as if a mighty power were put forth, before which the mind of man must needs stand in fear and trembling. The answer to such claims is found in the facts that the Velino is only about fifty feet wide, and that the falls themselves are artificial. Brockedon, who has given an excellent view of the scene, speaks of the 'appalling effect of the cataract.' I cannot conceive of the most sensitive nerves being 'appalled' here, any more than before a city water-spout in a hard rain. The falls did not seem to me sublime, hardly grand; bu worthy of all praise for their beauty and grace. The form of the cliff over which the water falls is very fine; as is the character of the whole scenery through which the stream flows. The rocks are scooped and hollowed in the most becoming shapes; trees and shrubs grow just where they are wanted; there is water enough to give animation to the whole scene; and great variety results from the different inclinations over which the stream breaks and glides. The cataract would be perfect in its way were the waters clear, which was far from being the case when I saw them; they were of a dirty yellow and the silver of their foam seemed tarnished and rusty.

The evening was mild, and I passed an hour or two in strolling about the streets of Terni. The soft air, and the light of a young moon, had brought nearly all the population out of doors. They did not look so intelligent as the reading and lecture-going inhabitants of a town of similar size in New England, but there were more smiles among them and fewer anxious brows. They strolled about in a leisurely way, as if they had a great deal more of the capital of time than they knew how to invest. Terni, however, has a more thriving and progressive look than most Italian towns. There are some iron works here, employing about one hundred and fifty persons, mostly French.

The next morning, by virtue of an arrangement previously concluded, I was driven over from Terni to San Gemini, a small village about ten miles off, in order to take a diligence which passed through there on the way to Perugia; and, to make sure of the time, I was obliged to start at five. The wagon provided for me was primitive enough to have come out of the stables of Shem, but, had it been a wheelbarrow, I should not have murmured, so beautiful was the region through which it carried me. There is a deep charm in that early morning twilight, which amply repays for the pang of parting with one's pillow; and perhaps a small seasoning of self-complacency at having accomplished so lark-like a feat adds a flavor to our enjoyment. The road ran through fresh and dewy woods, and over upland ridges from which the eye ranged over many a league of plain. It was a great delight to mark the various portions of the landscape struggling out of the darkness and glowing into day, — to see the long wave of morning gold climb up the gray beach of the eastern sky, and overflow the valleys, and dash its luminous spray against the walls and spires of Narni, till they shone in the distance like battlements of crystal. There were very few houses on the road, but we met many laborers, some singly and some in groups, going out to their daily toil.

San Gemini is a very small village, as is usual in Italy, resembling the street of a city; being composed of two rows of high stone houses, and when we have passed the last of them, we are again in the open country. I waited an hour for the lazy diligence, but I passed it very pleasantly in walking about the town and its outskirts, watching the ways of the people, and endeavoring to establish diplomatic relations with some very young gentlemen and ladies, whose mothers had brought them out into the morning light. There was a small café, crowded with men in coarse working dresses, each of

whom took a sma.. cup of black coffee before going out to his labor. Two old men sat down in a corner to play cards; it is my firm faith that a dirtier pack could not at that moment have been found upon earth. Near them was a segretario, or letter-writer, just finishing a letter for a very rough-looking contadino, who dug his words out very slowly, and seemed troubled in spirit. The people looked poor but contented. Nearly every person saluted me as I passed, and in the little café there was a quiet tone of good manners and an absence of rude staring, such as was hardly to be expected in a place where strange faces were probably not very common.

San Gemini, like all the towns of this region, is set upon a hill, and just outside of the gate of entrance to its single street is a spacious terrace-like plateau which commands a very wide prospect. As I was looking at this in the early light and early bloom, and thinking how expressive it was of youth and hope and life, my eyes fell upon an object which lay upon the ground a few rods' distance; and, on walking up to it to see what it might be, I was somewhat startled to find it a coarsely-formed wooden bier, entirely open, in which was the dead body of a middle-aged woman of the peasant class. Not a human being but myself was in sight. The body was dressed precisely as the woman would have been if living, in a gown of blue stuff, with stockings and stout shoes. The hands were hard and brown, showing a life of severe toil in the open air; and, but for the dignity of death, the features would have been coarse and commonplace. As I looked up again, a shadow, like that of a passing cloud, seemed to rest upon the landscape.

The diligence plodded on slowly to Todi, over a hilly road, but through a country so beautiful that no one could have wished to be whirled rapidly through it. The air was elastic and bracing, and the sky covered with massive clouds of snowy white, which the light winds hardly stirred. Todi, high in the air, shone like an aerial city, and was visible for some hours before we reached it. It is a little provincial town of about three thousand inhabitants; and it is curious to compare such a place with a town of similar size in New England, both in what it has and what it has not. In Todi, it would probably be a difficult thing to pick up a newspaper or a periodical; and a library of twenty volumes, in the possession of a layman, would be an extraordinary phenomenon in such a place. There might be half a dozen intelligent and conversible men found there, but hardly an educated and intellectual woman, able to take part in a conversation upon politics or literature

But, on the other hand, there is a church here by Bramante, in the form of a Greek cross, with four small cupolas supporting a large one, which is so beautiful, that if it were dropped down any where in New England, men would take a day's journey merely to look at it. There is also another church, with a Gothic doorway covered with a rich and elaborate carving, such as could not be paralleled in the whole United States. Such is Italy; rich in art, but poor in thought and action, — rich in the bequests of the past, but poor in the harvests of the present.

Between Todi and Perugia, the road passes through a level region, under fine cultivation. Perugia was distinctly visible for so long a time before we reached it, and the distance between us and it seemed so little diminished by the progress we made, that I began to think it was a city in a dream which kept receding as we drew near. But at last we did arrive at the base of the steep hill which it crowns, and after that it was much like going up stairs to bed. For the last mile or two, a yoke of sturdy oxen was harnessed to the carriage, and about dusk we passed into the town. I found lodgings in La Corona, a humble Italian inn not set down in Murray, the rather shabby diligence having closed against me the doors of the first-class hotels. For the honor of the country, let me say that I found decent accommodations and most obliging attendance, — was not overcharged, — or bitten by fleas.

PERUGIA AND ASSISSI.

The next two days, passed in Perugia and its neighborhood, were among the most delightful of my whole Italian tour. Few persons have any notion how interesting a city this is, and how rich in works of art; to say nothing of its glorious situation, and clean, quiet, aristocratic-looking streets, so utterly without business or bustle. I had the advantage of delicious weather, with a transparent atmosphere which brought the distant near, and pushed the horizon so far off as to include a boundless range of mountain, hill, and valley.

Stratford-on-Avon is hardly more identified with Shakespeare, than is Perugia with the admirable artist to whom it has given the name by which he is commonly known. I call him admirable, for so he is in his best works; but there is a great space between his best and his worst works. Sometimes he is almost equal to Raphael, and sometimes he is far below himself. So far as we can judge from what we know of his life, — though I

cannot help distrusting some of Vasari's statements — he seems to have been one of those men whose genius derives no elements of growth from the character. His early years were darkened with poverty and struggle; his temperament was not hopeful, nor were his manners engaging. The remembrance of his sufferings and privations gave him an undue estimate of the value of money, and, when success came, he esteemed it less for the sphere of development which it opened than for the means of accumulating property which it furnished. His studio was degraded to a shop, and he himself, to a mechanic; and his insulted genius took revenge by rarer and briefer visits. With the help of his pupils, he painted an immense number of pictures, which were dispersed through the galleries of Europe, and have just merit enough to make one vexed that they have not more. Every one remembers the remark of the would-be connoisseur in the Vicar of Wakefield, that the secret of his art consisted in two rules: 'The one, always to observe that the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains; and the other, to praise the works of Pietro Perugino.' In a multitude of cases, these two rules might be put in practice before the same picture. No artist has painted more pictures than Perugino, of which it may be said with truth, that they would have been better if the painter had taken more pains. And, at best, he wants variety and dramatic power. When he has many figures to deal with, he does not group then with skill and judgment. He is also deficient in manly grasp and vigorous energy, and there is feminine weakness, as well as feminine delicacy, in his pencil. His attitudes are stiff, and he is wanting in that flowing outline which is so great a charm in the designs of his illustrious pupil. He is a decided mannerist, and his heads and faces seem to have been variations of the same original model. But to these wants there are great merits to be set down by way of compensation. His coloring is soft, rich, and mellow; remarkable for its harmonious gradations and purity of tone. The aerial light of his backgrounds has a certain spiritual look which often reminded me of Allston. His heads are animated with an expression of tenderness, delicacy, and elevation, which, however often repeated, never fails to charm. The sentiment of worship, especially, — the devotional instinct which naturally bends the head forward, as a tree is swayed by the wind, — is always conspicuous in his pictures. It is difficult to believe the stories that are told of his irreligion, when we look upon the wrapt and glowing heads of his saints and madonnas.

I began my day at Perugia by a visit to the cathedral, but

could only observe the general effect of the interior, for it was under repair and the pictures were not visible. The frescoes of the Sala del Cambio, or Hall of Exchange, are perhaps the culminating point of the painter's genius. Nowhere else does he put forth so much power, dignity, and variety. One one side, are several Sybils and Prophets, with the Almighty in glory above them, — on the other, various personages of Greek and Roman history, arranged in groups ; and, above them, allegorical figures of the virtues which distinguished them. On the wall, opposite the entrance, are the Transfiguration and the Nativity, — both very fine, the latter especially. The roof is covered with beautiful arabesques, and figures representing the seven planets, with Apollo in the centre. In this room there is a portrait of Perugino himself, which is a harder and coarser face than one would have supposed from his works. In these frescoes, Perugino was assisted by Raphael, whose likeness is said to be preserved in the figure of the prophet Daniel.

The church of S. Agostino has two works by Perugino, one representing the Nativity, and the other the Baptism of the Saviour. The first is a very beautiful work, full of tenderness and feeling, remarkable for the mixture of maternal love and devotional reverence in the face and attitude of the Virgin. In the sacristy there are also eight very pleasing pictures by him of small size and in frames.

The Benedictine monastery of St. Peter has a fine church of the basilica style. Here are numerous pictures, some of the Venetian school, but few favorably placed for being seen. In the sacristy are five lovely little pictures of saints by Perugino, which are perfect gems of feeling and expression. The Infant Saviour embracing St. John is said to be an early work of Raphael's. The stalls of the choir are of walnut, carved in bas-relief from designs of Raphael, which are full of grace and boundless in invention. This monastery is grandly situated, and from a public walk near by an incomparable view may be enjoyed.

In the Confraternita of S. Pietro Martire is one of Perugino's best works, a Madonna and Child, between two angels, and worshipped by several saints.

In the Church of S. Severo is Raphael's first fresco. It is in two compartments, or divisions, an upper and lower. In the former, is God the Father with two child angels, each holding a sort of floating scroll. This portion is much injured. Below, the Saviour is in the centre, with the dove above his head and an angel on either side ; and, a little lower, are six saints seated, three on either hand. The composition is excellent, marked by that ba ıced harmony and calm repose so conspicuous in the

frescoes of the Vatican. Both beauty and dignity may be discerned in the figures; and the attitudes and drapery show that he was already beginning to break the chains of the Umbrian school.

In the Palazzo Connestabile is one of the earliest of Raphael's Holy Families, called the Staffa Madonna, a small, round picture, of much sweetness of expression, and with an air of nature and reality about it which distinguishes it from the stiff conventionalism in which the subject was treated by the earlier masters. The Virgin is reading in a book, and the Child is looking into it, in a playful, natural way, just as any mortal child might do.

In the Church of S. Francesco is a fine picture of St. John the Baptist, with four other saints, by Perugino; and also a Martyrdom of St. Sebastian, which is one of his feeblest and poorest works.

Among the other interesting objects in Perugia, are the house of Perugino; a fountain nearly six hundred years old, in marble and bronze, the work of Giovanni da Pisa, and redundant in carving; a fine bronze statue of Julius III.; a massive arch, partly Roman and partly Etruscan, now used as a gateway, very grand, dark, and imposing; and another Etruscan gateway, in the wall of the citadel, the frieze of which is ornamented with heads of horses. The Palazzo Communale is a fine old building with a noble doorway and beautiful windows.

The Pinacoteca, or Academy of the Fine Arts, contains some fine works by Pinturicchio, a beautiful Madonna by Bartolo, and various other pictures interesting in the history of art. There is also a respectable collection of casts, various Etruscan curiosities in bronze, and many monuments and inscriptions taken from tombs in the neighborhood.

At the close of the day, I paid a visit to the Institution for the Insane, which has the reputation of being one of the best in Italy. The situation is extremely beautiful. I went without any introduction, but found no difficulty in being admitted, and was conducted all over the building with much courtesy. There are usually about seventy patients here; some of whom support themselves; others are provided for at the public expense. The bathing apparatus was very good, but the ventilation rather defective. The floors are of brick; and, in winter, stoves heated with wood are used for warming. Every thing was neat and in good order. One of the patients was a decent-looking English woman, of middle age, whom some strange blast of fate had blown to this out-of-the-way place. She appeared rational enough, and well pleased to have an opportunity

of speaking her native tongue. The resident physician seemed to be a very intelligent young man. Every window in the building commands an enchanting prospect, and this cannot fail to have a favorable influence upon the mental health of the inmates.

As I walked home from the Asylum to my inn, and looked around upon the streets which were as quiet as those of an American city of the same size at midnight, with no noise, bustle, or animation of any kind, and thought how little of religious or political excitement ever disturbed these tranquil waters, and how impossible it was to speculate in anything but lottery tickets, — I could not but wonder what motive or excuse men could have for going mad in so sleepy an atmosphere, in which life was much like an afternoon nap. That the wheels of the brain might become clogged with inaction, so as to stop short, and the man and the mind alike die of that Quaker disease, which Jeffrey describes in one of his letters, is easy to comprehend; but that they should ever go so fast as to get out of gear is a mystery.

I took dinner in one corner of a barn-like apartment, in solitary state, and thought with pity of the poor Pope, who is so grand a personage that he is obliged to do so every day. Three hundred and sixty-five solitary dinners every year! A man ought to be paid very high wages for that. Soon after I had sat down, two young gentlemen came into the room, and somewhat to my surprise, commenced a conversation in English. There was something about them which showed that they did not belong to the aristocratic class, — as indeed might be inferred from the modest rank of the inn in which they had found refuge, — but they were amiable and conversible, virtues not always found in their superiors in the social scale. They were travelling from Florence to Rome on foot, which, at this fine season of the year, was no unwise measure.

The next morning, I chartered a small carriage drawn by a single horse, much like the four-wheeled chaise, and drove over to Assisi. I stopped at an Etruscan tomb about three miles from Perugia, on the side of a hill. On going down a few steps, a door is unlocked, which leads into a high vaulted chamber, the roof of which is composed of massive pieces of travertine. Several smaller chambers open out upon this. In the rear is an inner apartment, not so large, containing several sarcophagi made of stone, and covered with a sort of plaster. The relief on them is bold and animated. There is also a Roman sarcophagus here. A Medusa's head is carved on the roof of the principal apartment, upon which are also other

sculptured objects; such as human heads and those of serpents. On one side of the door is an inscription, which has attracted much attention from archæologists. The whole tomb is very interesting and impressive, and there are probably many more like it not yet excavated. Soon after leaving the tomb I overtook my English acquaintances, whose knapsacks I had with me in the carriage; and by a little squeezing made room for them also, and took them as far as Sta. Maria degli Angeli, where we parted; and, as Bunyan says, they went on their way and I saw them no more.

The Church of Sta Maria degli Angeli is a splendid and imposing structure which has been restored, almost rebuilt; having been greatly injured by an earthquake in 1832, and it has, in consequence, a new and fresh appearance not common in Italian churches. The building was originally erected to enclose and protect the small Gothic chapel in which St. Francis laid the foundation of his order. It has a fine cupola and a nave of stately proportions. This church also contains the admirable fresco of Overbeck, representing the vision of St. Francis, which is generally esteemed his masterpiece, and one of the great productions of the revived school of Catholic art. Leaving the Church of Sta. Maria degli Angeli, I drove up to Assissi, about a mile and a half distant, the situation of which is well described by Dante,

'Fertile costa di alto monte pende.'

The appearance of the town as one approaches is very fine; for, besides the natural advantages of site, its towers and battlements, its aqueduct and ruined citadel, make up a picture in themselves. After entering the town, there is nothing that disappoints the expectation, or breaks the spell of old enchantment which hangs over it. The streets are silent, narrow, and steep; the houses, gray and tottering with age; the architectural forms, solemn and mediæval. The rushing and roaring stream of the present has never flowed through this Pompeii of the thirteenth century. The six centuries that have swept over it has not so much as brushed it with their wings. The whole scene seems prepared for the entrance of St. Francis himself, with his brown woollen robe and girdle of hemp, upon the stage. Assissi, even more than Perugia, is stamped with the image and superscription of one man. The forms of the landscape, the mountains and the valleys, the woods and the rocks, the streets and the houses, are all vocal with the name of St. Francis, that extraordinary man whose life and career offer even to Protestant judgment so much occasion for wonder, and

such frequent cause for admiration. The Catholics point to his fervid and burning zeal as the legitimate growth of their own faith, and contend that out of the pale of the Romish church there are no influences that could have given it birth. This is to a considerable extent true. Nothing less than a universal Church, which clasped the whole human race in its folds of charity and compassion, could have inspired such fervor of self-devotion. Nor could such lives as his and many others in the annals of the Romish church have existed without the element of celibacy. The influence of a family is always rather centripetal than centrifugal, — tending to keep men within the sphere of daily duties and practical toil, and restraining all erratic and enthusiastic impulses. But much must be set down to that temperament which the fervor of a southern climb burns into the frame. Monachism began in the East, where the fierce sun beats upon the yellow sands with blinding and scorching power, and where the stars of midnight shine through a transparent atmosphere with such splendor, that a highly wrought imagination can easily interpret their rays into glances of encouragement or rebuke. There is a vein of orientalism in the history, literature, and art of Italy; and the life of St. Francis is a picture set in an oriental frame. The part of Italy in which he was born is a region of mountain and valley, — the heights swept by cold winds and visited by snow and frost in winter; but the lowlands in summer parched with long continued heat, — in which tracts of brown grass, treeless hills, and bald rocky eminences recall the landscapes of Idumæa and Palestine. Italy, Spain, and the East have been the birthplaces and homes, not only of anchorets, pillar-saints, and ascetics, but of men who have carried into life the ascetic spirit, and who, while moving about upon their missions of love and faith, were visibly wasting away in the flames of devouring zeal, and, in the ecstasy of their self-abasement, welcoming hunger, poverty, fatigue, contumely, and persecution, not merely with patience but with rapture. In these climes, nature opens wide her arms of companionship and consolation to the melancholy, the disappointed, the penitent, the impassioned. She soothes them with her golden mornings, the floods of sunshine that break from her cloudless skies, her indescribable sunsets, her radiant nights, her forest voices, and her mountain streams. How impossible is it for the mind to blend such figures as Simon Stylites or St. Francis of Assissi with the deep snows, the dark winter days, and the gray skies of Russia.

From the fact that Italy preceded England so much in the

march of civilization and refinement, it happens that the men and the events of Italian history appear nearer than those of England. It has always seemed strange to me that Raphael was born about the time of Bosworth Field. Fitness and proportion would seem to make him a contemporary of Milton. When we read of the taste and civilization of Rome in the time of the great painter, — the graceful entertainments of the nobility, the wit, the poetry, the music, and the art that embellished life, the courtly manners, the scholarship, the extended commerce and the manufacturing skill which marked the period,— it is difficult to believe that the best blood in England were then dining at ten; that their dinners were composed of huge masses of fresh and salt meat spread upon a great oaken table; that their food was shovelled into the mouth without the help of a fork; that the floor of their dining-halls was strewn with rushes, among which their dogs searched and fought for bones; and that, in the intervals of feasting, their minds were recreated with the postures of tumblers and the coarse jokes of licensed jesters. St. Francis of Assisi was born in 1182, about the time that Henry II. of England was mourning over, first the ingratitude, and then the death, of his eldest son Prince Henry. But when we go to Assisi and see and feel how every spot in the landscape is identified with the saint and recalls his presence, it is difficult to believe that a chasm of more than six centuries is opened between us and him. It is not easy to find, anywhere, in any country, an historical personage of such fresh and enduring vitality. When we think of Richard of England, and of Thomas à Becket, they seem, by comparison, to recede far back into the night of time. They are dim shadows; but St. Francis is a living presence, whose name is carved upon the rocks and whispered by the winds and the waters. This is one proof, and only one among many, of the enduring character of deep religious impressions, and that the most lasting conquests are won by those who fight with spiritual weapons against spiritual foes.

The church and convent of the order of Sti. Apostoli at Assissi stand at one extremity of the town, and form a most imposing group of buildings in which the pointed arches of the Gothic are blended, not inharmoniously, with a massive square campanile. Their general aspect resembles a fortress rather than a church. The entrance lies through a kind of cortile, with rows of arches on either hand, above which, on one side, a stately terrace is reared. The upper church is a Gothic structure; with glorious painted windows and a roof of five compartments; three of which are adorned with frescoes by

Cimabue, and two contain gold stars on a blue ground. The upper portion of the walls of the nave has also a series of works by the same venerable hand, representing subjects from the Old and New Testaments. These designs are memorable in the history of art, as marking an epoch as distinct as the advent of Chaucer in English literature; and they are contemplated and estimated by lovers of art with a feeling too reverential for criticism. We see in them, dimmed as they are by time, the successful efforts of a man of original genius to break out of the rigid conventionalism of the Byzantine school; at least, successful in part, for art in his hands was not wholly emancipated, but, like Milton's lion, was yet pawing to get free from the clods which held it imprisoned until it yielded to the stronger arm of Giotto.

This upper church, though Gothic in its forms, is not Gothic in its gloom; but, on the contrary, is filled with glowing and brilliant light, through which the fading forms of saints and apostles strike upon the eye with strange power. It is much less frequented than most Italian churches, and a silence like that of the grave broods over its spaces. The attention is not disturbed by a succession of worshippers going and coming; nor is the sense of reverence offended by a mass of trumpery and incongruous details in plaster, gilding, and wax. The falling step awakens echoes that seem to have been long slumbering. The whole effect of this upper church is highly impressive, partly from what is addressed to the eye, and partly from what is addressed to the mind. The spiritual forms of Gothic architecture make a stronger impression upon one coming from the South, from their contrast with the gayer and more secular character of Roman churches.

On descending into the lower church, a different scene presents itself. The upper church, with its high room, its ample spaces, and its glorious lights, breathes of the peace and serenity of heaven; but the lower, heavy-vaulted and gloomy, suggests the sorrows and struggles of earth. It is a perfect treasure-house and museum of art, containing a multitude of curious or beautiful works, many of which, however, can hardly be seen in the dim light. Here are those three wonderful frescoes by Giotto, the Dante of painting, typifying the Poverty, Obedience, and Chastity which St. Francis enjoined upon his followers; and also a fourth representing the glorification of the Saint. There are many works by his followers and pupils, and by later artists, various in style and unequal in merit, but all appropriate to the spirit of the place and deeply penetrated with religious feeling. There are also some sepul

chral monuments and some rich painted glass. To all these striking and instructive objects I could only give hasty and superficial glances, though they would have rewarded the patient study of many days. Below the lower church there is a kind of cellar, in which is the sepulchre of St. Francis, hewn out of the solid rock.

After leaving the church, I was glad to relieve my overtasked faculties by a stroll about the town. In the piazza is the magnificent portico of the temple of Minerva, with six fluted columns and a pediment, of which Goethe has written in such animated terms. I drove back to Perugia in the glow of a declining sun, and, though in a very light carriage, the road for the last mile was so steep as to require the help of a pair of oxen.

PERUGIA TO FLORENCE.

The next morning, I left Perugia early in a vettura for Florence. My companions were three Italians, respectable in appearance and very well-mannered. The day was not entirely pleasant, though we had sunshine enough to light up the beautiful lake of Thrasimene, which looked so peaceful and gentle that it was difficult to believe that its banks had ever been trampled with the feet of contending armies, or its waters reddened with their blood. We stopped to lunch at a post-station at the foot of the hill crowned by Cortona, to which I looked up with longing eyes, but had no time to do any thing more. On a small house opposite the inn was one of those inflated inscriptions, so common in Italy, announcing in very stately Latin that Pius VI. visited it on his return from France, and 'filled it with the splendor of his dignity.' The post-house at which we stopped seemed to be under the management of three sisters, handsome and graceful young women, who glided about their duties with a smiling alacrity which would make any reasonable traveller submit to an overcharge of at least ten per cent. on his bills. We reached Arezzo an hour before sunset, and had time to walk about the town and see the house in which Petrarch was born, the fine loggie of Vasari, author, painter, and architect; the Palazzo Publico, covered all over with the armorial bearings of the Podestas; the singular church of Santa Maria della Pieve; and the cathedral, the interior of which is solemn, splendid, and magnificent, with glorious painted windows, the finest in Italy; a highly elaborate and beautiful tomb, erected to the memory of Guido Tarlatti,

and a striking picture, Judith showing the head of Holofernes by Benvenuti, an artist of our own times, of the classical school of Camuccini. The lovers of good poetry and good wine should not forget that in this cathedral lies buried Redi, the author of 'Bacco in Toscana.' The situation of Arezzo is very beautiful, and as we came out of the cathedral the setting sun was breaking out of the clouds, and covering the broad landscape with rich, golden lights and long shadows. A space behind the cathedral is laid out as a public walk, from which the eye ranges over a region of country large enough to make a German principality.

The next day was one of steady rain, and my journey left nothing of sufficient interest to be recorded. We reached Florence between four and five, in one of those hearty and downright rains which, at least, do not tease one with expectations of clearing up, that are destined to end in constant disappointment. I thought it rather unlucky that I should enter Florence a second time, and find it veiled, as before, in rain and cloud. The weather improving a little towards sunset, I walked out along the Arno and Piazza del Gran' Duca, delighted to greet once more those noble architectural forms which all the waters of Rome had not washed out from my memory. I saw again the same pretty flower-girl, in the same Leghorn hat, and with the same smile carved upon her lips; and alas! the same wooden case over the David of Michael Angelo which I had left in December.

My journey from Rome to Florence occupied eight days, two of which were given to Perugia and Assissi; and there is no portion of the time spent by me in Italy that I look back upon with more vivid pleasure. The picture which these days have left in the memory is made up of beautiful scenery, soft, vernal weather, picturesque, old towns, mediæval architecture, and most touching and impressive revelations of art. To move along this region, and through these quaint, sleepy, venerable places, with their walls, their towers, their gates, and their churches, is like reading a leaf out of the chronicle of Villani, or the Divina Commedia of Dante. Nor is this pleasure to be purchased by any thing more than trifling discomforts and inconveniences. The inns are at least decent, and the food tolerable. Let me also give my willing testimony in favor of the people; for I met with uniform courtesy and civility, and no one attempted to overreach or overcharge me. My companions in the diligence and the vettura were of the middle class and not highly educated, but their manners were gentlemanly and engaging, and marked with a constant recog-

nition of my claims as a stranger in the land. The Italians are naturally of a fine organization, readily taking the polish of gentle speech and courteous deportment. When I compared my last impressions of the Italians with my first, I felt that I had taken one lesson more on the rashness of hasty judgments. Let me earnestly advise all persons who may visit Italy on no account to forego this land route between Rome and Florence, and not to yield to the temptation held out by a rapid passage in the steamer between Civita Vecchia and Leghorn. Let them also not be in a hurry to get over the ground. Three or four days for Perugia and Assissi, a day for Arezzo, and another for Cortona, are none too much. Assissi, especially, is a place unlike any other, — unique in its aspect, — unique in the impression that it makes. Its venerable double church — hallowed by the devotion of so many generations, and crowded by so many works of Christian art, which overshadow the whole structure with the spirit of prayer and praise — is to a Roman church, what an antique missal, written on parchment and glowing with miniatures, whose colors rival the flowers of spring or the leaves of autumn, is to a decorated volume from the press of London or Paris. Perugia is more various and hardly less impressive, with an incomparable situation, — commanding views immense in extent and glorious in the combination of objects they comprise, — and rich in the best works of an original artist. Life, indeed, is short, and art is long, and all things cannot be seen ; but thrift and resolution can do much, and travellers should not fail to see Perugia and Assissi.

I left Florence at noon on a beautiful spring day, which made that charming city and its more charming environs look like a bride decked for the altar, and, by diligence and rail, arrived at Leghorn about seven. I found my old quarters at the excellent hotel San Marco as comfortable as ever, and its landlord, Mr. Giovanni Smith, whose looks and manners are, like his name, a pleasant combination of Italy and England, as obliging and gentlemanly as before.

LUCCA.

The next morning, the steamer not having appeared, I took the opportunity to run up to Pisa and Lucca. Leaving Leghorn at half past ten, I had about an hour for Pisa, which I spent in the cathedral, admiring anew, with a more trained eye, its imposing interior, and studying the breathing seraphs in bronze, by John of Bologna, the capitals of the columns in the choir, the

wood-work of the nave, and the small marble figures around the pulpit. I reached Lucca between twelve and one, and went first to the church of San Romano to see the celebrated Madonna della Misericordia, by Fra Bartolomeo. Much as I had heard of this picture, and high as were my expectations, the sight of it fairly took me off my feet. The Virgin, a beautiful figure full of feeling and truth, stands with uplifted hands, in the attitude of supplication. Above, is God the Father, with three cherubs supporting a tablet, on which are the words 'Miserior supra turbam.' Behind the Virgin, cherubs are holding a sort of canopy over a large number of persons. In front are many portrait figures. An old woman in red is admirable; also a kneeling magistrate in a robe of the same color, and an ecclesiastic, his brother. It is not easy to say in what respect this wonderful picture falls short of the best works of the best masters. Drawing, coloring, and expression are all fine; the composition, noble; the draperies, beautifully managed; and its tenderness and devotion most admirable. Kugler says of this great painter, that 'generally speaking, we feel the want of that inward power so essential to the perfection, and even conception of grand and elevated subjects.' With deference to so high an authority, this seems to me to be a hasty and erroneous judgment. Surely his works in Lucca, and his admirable St. Mark in Florence, must have slipped out of the critic's memory when he wrote this disparaging remark. In them there is no want of inward power, no want of elevation and grandeur; but, on the contrary, truth, religious feeling, correct drawing, and, especially, a splendid tone of coloring, which is only to be equalled in the Venetian school. In the same church is another work by him, of uncommon merit, — St. Catharine and Mary Magdalen are kneeling, and the Almighty, above. Mary Magdalen is in red, and holding a vase, — St. Catherine, in a kind of monastic robe of yellow, — both admirable figures. In the cloisters are some curious old frescoes illustrating the life of St. Dominic. In one, he is hauling the devil along with very little ceremony, much like a constable dragging an unwilling culprit to prison.

The cathedral front is a singular architectural structure, — a forest of columns, no two of which are alike, arranged in tiers and arches over one another. There are many curious objects in the atrium, — bas-reliefs, inscriptions, and monsters carved in marble. The interior is very fine, especially the gallery filled with the richest Gothic tracery, and the painted glass of the windows. The roof is colored in fresco, and the pavement is in mosaic. The sacristan, an old man, 'fat and scant of breath,' lame with the gout, and oppressed with a sense

of the dignity of his office, took me first into the sacristy and showed me a very interesting picture by Ghirlandajo, the Virgin attended by several saints. The head of St. Peter is especially fine. Below, is a long, narrow picture, representing events in the lives of saints, painted with great neatness and delicacy. Then we went into the body of the church and saw a beautiful picture by Daniel da Volterra, Sta. Petronilla. In a chapel is a work by Fra Bartolomeo, — the Virgin and Child, with St. Stephen and John the Baptist; and below, a Child-Angel singing to a lute. This is a very delightful and cordial composition. The angel is singing with a heart full of music and a face full of heaven. The child in the Madonna's lap is listening to the strain, and his little form seems fluttering with delight, while a faint, soft smile of sympathy plays round the mother's lips. What a soul that cloistered monk must have had — 'who never had a child' — to paint a picture so full of human as well as divine feeling! There is an excellent Visitation, by Ligozzi, a pupil of Paul Veronese, and an artist of considerable merit, though not much known. A Presentation, by Bronzino, is good; as is also a Last Supper, by Tintoretto. The marble chapel in which the Volto Santo — an ancient crucifix carved in cedar, and only shown on great occasions — is kept, has a lamp of pure gold hanging before it, a votive offering of the Lucchesi, when their devotion was quickened by the approach of the cholera. Behind the chapel is a fine statue of St. Sebastian, by Civitali. There are also some other works by this artist, who was a native of Lucca, and flourished in the latter half of the fifteenth century. He was a barber for the first forty years of his life, and then became suddenly a sculptor, and attained to considerable eminence in his new profession.

The situation of Lucca, in the lap of an amphitheatre of hills, is very pleasant; and the walk upon the ramparts is one of the finest promenades in Europe. There is a noble aqueduct of four hundred and fifty-nine arches, which makes a most picturesque feature in the landscape. The weather was beautiful, the outlines of the neighboring hills were rounded into the finest curves, and the level plain that lay at their feet, under the most careful cultivation, was revelling in the vivid yellow-green of spring. The whole population seemed to be out of doors. The women wear a graceful head-dress, — a sort of handkerchief trimmed with lace and disposed with much taste. A walk under the arches of the aqueduct was a most agreeable refreshment, after all the sight-seeing of the previous hours. I left Lucca at a quarter before five, and reached Leghorn at half past six. I noticed that the locomotive on the rail

way was of Philadelphia manufacture, — a small dividend contributed in the shape of the useful arts, by the new world, towards paying off that great debt of gratitude which all mankind owes to Italy for what it has done in the fine arts.

The brief excursion to Lucca was a most agreeable experience, and, as I have begun to give advice, let me say that this neat and beautifully situated town should at least have a day devoted to it. The view of the glorious company of hills that stand round about it, as seen from the ramparts, is alone worth coming up from Leghorn to look at. The statues and bas-reliefs of Civitali — an artist whose works are hardly to be found anywhere else — have a character and expression of their own, and mark a distinct period in the history of sculpture. And, above all, that great artist, Fra Bartolomeo, is in his glory at Lucca, and no one who has not been there can have any adequate conception of the power and grandeur of his genius. The impression his works make upon me is, I admit, not quite borne out by the rank assigned to him by writers upon art, but my recollections, which are most distinct, confirm the testimony of records made upon the spot. To me, his reputation seems below his merits, and I cannot but think that it would have been higher, if the admirable works which adorn a provincial capital like Lucca had found a place of deposit in the Pitti Palace or the Vatican, where every traveller could have seen them and every writer could have praised them. I know not what heights of art he might not have reached under more favorable circumstances of development, or with a character of firmer tone. Had he been a braver and heartier spirit, and mingled freely in the shocks of life, instead of running and hiding his head in a monastery at the first blast of danger, and thus added variety, invention, and dramatic power to his other gifts, he might have rivalled every name but Raphael's. But it is much better, so far as the interest of travelling in Italy is concerned, that all the good pictures should not be in one place, but that they must be sought in many separate localities. It is agreeable to know that you can judge of certain painters only by going to certain spots. It establishes a relation between an artist and the place where he lived or wrought, which throws over his works a grace like the flavor which wine has, to the mind's taste at least, when drunk on the soil of its growth. Titian, for instance, must be seen at Venice; Correggio, at Parma; Luini, at Milan; Perugino, at Perugia; Fra Bartolomeo, at Lucca; Guido and the Caraccis, at Bologna.

GENOA.

The next day, in the afternoon, I went on board the steamer for Genoa and Marseilles. It was very full of passengers, nearly all of whom were English, and there were three English travelling carriages on the deck. The night was very lovely; the moon bright, and the sea as smooth as a mill-pond. For the first time in my life, I found myself at sea without being miserable. We reached Genoa the next morning before day, and it was a beautiful spectacle to see the light break over the bay and the encircling hills.

Engravings and descriptions have made the situation of Genoa familiar even to those who have not seen it. It is a cluster of palaces, of brilliant white, crowded together at the base of a mountain of semicircular form, the sides of which are dotted with gay suburban villas. The sweeps and curves of the hollow, crescent-shaped mountain are in animated contrast with the level of the Mediterranean; and the brilliant white of the houses is distinctly brought out by the dark background behind and above them. All this was very beautiful as it gradually glowed into day and put on the imperial robes of morning; but when the first shock of surprise and pleasure had passed by, I could not help feeling how very small it all was. It looked like a clever scene in an opera; the lifting of the darkness was like the rising of the curtain. The portion of the harbor enclosed by the moles had the appearance of a good-sized swimming-school, — and as if the moles were portable and could be folded up and taken in at night.

After breakfast, I sallied out to see as much as could be seen in half a day. The streets of Genoa, as every body knows, are steep, very narrow, and with very high houses on either hand. These houses, in the principal streets, are superb structures of marble built in a rich and showy style of architecture, which to a stranger seem rather incongruous with the narrow and crowded spaces in which they are huddled together. Genoa thus may be compared to a cluster of shafts cut through a quarry of marble.

I went first to the cathedral, of which I retain but a faint recollection. There is a singular effect produced in the interior by alternate courses of black and white marble. There are several pictures and statues, and rich chapels shining with marble and gilding, upon all of which I threw a hasty glance, but saw nothing that deserved a second look. After walking through several streets with constant admiration of the fine

architectural effects on either hand, and over a noble bridge which joins two hills, and from which you look down upon the chimneys of houses which are six or seven stories high, I came to the Church of Sta. Maria di Carignano. The effect of the interior is very pleasing, and there are four colossal statues two by David and two by Puget, which have considerable merit From the cupola on the top, there is a fine view of the city, the hills, and the sea.

The Palazzo Brignole Sale is a splendid palace with an admirable collection of pictures, which bears well the recollections of Rome and Florence. I was much struck with a work, by Castiglione if I remember right, representing a scene from the life of Abraham. On one side, the two boys, Isaac and Ishmael, are struggling together, — the former evidently second best, — and Hagar is endeavoring to part them, with a countenance of ominous foreboding. In the foreground, Sarah is speaking to Abraham, with an expression upon her face which says as plainly as words could say, 'You see how it is. I cannot stand this any longer, and one thing is certain; either she or I must go.' Abraham has the look of a man sorely perplexed, as if he thought something must be done but did not know exactly what. The subject is not treated in an ideal style, and the result is not a work of high art; but it has truth and dramatic power, and the story is told with a natural and homely expression. By Rubens, there are portraits of himself and his wife, powerful but coarse. There is a portrait by Holbein, hard, but vigorous and lifelike, — an excellent portrait of a man with a book in his hand, by Bassano, — and an Adoration of the Magi, by Bonifazio, which is natural and finely colored. The Virgin and Saints, by Guercino, is an admirable work, — I think, the best thing of his I have ever seen. There is an excellent Madonna, by Andrea del Sarto, — a capital Vandyke, the Pharisees questioning our Lord about the tribute-money, — a beautiful work by Piola, a Holy Family, in which St. John offers a butterfly to the infant Saviour, — an admirable portrait, by Rubens, — and a charming Madonna, by Bordone.

This gallery is especially rich in portraits by Vandyke, many of them of members of the family. There is a full-length of the Marchioness Geronima Brignole, with her daughter, a little girl, by her side. The lady is not handsome, and she is dressed in a hideous ruff that injures the air of the head, but the child is lovely; and the picture, as a work of art, is of the highest merit. But the gems of the whole collection are the portraits of the Marquis and Marchioness Brignole Sale, which hang opposite to each other in one of the rooms. The Marquis is

or horseback, a noble figure, dressed in black, with his hat in his right hand and the reins in his left; the face and form full of dignity and grace, — every inch a gentleman. The Marchioness is a full-length figure, in rather an awkward dress of black, with a large, disfiguring ruff, a feather fastened into the hair at the back of the head, and a rose in her hand. This is one of the most beautiful portraits ever painted. There is a winning sweetness and softness in the expression of the eyes, and a light bloom plays round the cheeks and the lips which seem just ready to break into a smile. She stands before us so full of rich, warm life — so breathing an image of youth and grace and sweetness — that it is hard to believe that all that remains of so rare a 'piece of well-formed earth' is but a handfull of dust. The picture is as fresh as if the painter were just cleaning his brushes after the last touch had been given to it, and one expects to hear a door open and catch the light step and rustling silk of the fair original. Its fascination is indescribable, and I found it hard to leave the room in which it hangs. There is a certain degree of companionship in an animated portrait of any one who has really lived, beyond what we feel in looking at an ideal head; not only from the help which the imagination gives, but because ideal heads rarely have the sharp individuality of portraiture; and when the truth of the representation is enhanced by the charm of those delicate and vanishing feminine graces which painters so rarely succeed in catching, the force of the attraction is proportionately increased. To me, there is something profoundly touching in the pictured face of youth and beauty that lived and died two or three centuries ago. It brings together, in such vivid contrast, the mortal nature of the subject, and the immortal power of the mind which grasped and arrested it. It is the most striking commentary upon the text that life is short and art is long. The glowing face and the cunning hand have long been dust, but both live upon the breathing canvas to proclaim at once the power of genius and the power of beauty.

In the Palazzo Serra is a famous saloon, which is all ablaze with gilding, marble, and mirrors. The preparation of this room is said to have cost the incredible sum of a million of francs. If so, never was money more unprofitably spent. The result is a cold waste of heartless dazzle and glitter. I would rather live in a garret, with one such picture as that of the Marchioness Brignole Sale smiling upon me from the wall, than in the chilling splendor of a room like this.

In the Palazzo Durazzo, which has a fine staircase of marble, is a beautiful Magdalen, by Titian, the Tribute Money, by Guer

cino, — an expressive and admirable picture, — and a very good work by Procaccini, the Woman taken in Adultery. There are also a Sleeping Child, by Guido, very pleasing and graceful, a good Domenichino, — the Saviour appearing to the Virgin after the Resurrection, a portrait of Philip IV., by Rubens full of character, and three Vandykes; one representing the young Tobias; one, a little boy in a white dress, full of grace and feeling; and the third, three children of the Durazzo family.

The Church of the Annunziata, into which I looked for a moment, has a splendid interior crowded with rich marbles, gilding, and painting; but how inferior is the effect of such confusing magnificence to the elevating unity of impression made by the old church at Assissi! The latter is like a mass by Allegri or an organ fugue by Sebastian Bach; the former, like a noisy overture by Verdi, which leaves the ear stunned with noise and giddy with a whirl of notes, but the mind just where it was at the beginning.

After leaving this church, I walked about the streets for some time. Went into the Loggia de' Banchi and saw the picture of the Holy Family, by Piola, which is painted on stone and covered with glass, in the middle of the street of the goldsmiths. It is a very beautiful work, and has a melancholy interest when we remember that the artist who painted it was assassinated at the early age of twenty-two; and, as some say, from envy excited by the excellence of this very picture. Had he lived, he could hardly have failed to become very eminent. Among the other pleasant things which I saw in Genoa, the becoming headdress of the women is not to be forgotten. It is something between a veil and a shawl, of white linen or muslin, thrown over the head, and falling down and flowing into the rest of the costume in a way which masculine eyes can more easily approve than masculine pen can describe.

I went on board the steamer again about noon, and found it comparatively deserted. Most of the English families had landed at Genoa, not venturing to travel through France in its then unsettled state. There were, however, enough left to make a pleasant party, and in the course of the afternoon and evening I had much agreeable conversation with two gentlemen, one an officer and one a civilian, who had lived many years in India. There were also two ladies on board, a mother and daughter, who had been travelling all over Europe, alone and unattended. Although the former, from her own looks and those of her daughter, must have been within speaking distance of seventy, yet she was as full of activity, energy, and interest

in life, as if she had been making a bridal tour, in the bloom of youth. Growing old seems to depend much upon the temperament, and somewhat upon the will. With an active mind and a warm heart, all that is dark and unlovely in age may be kept off very long, — if not to the end.

We left Genoa between one and two. The steamer moved rapidly over the waveless sea, and long before sunset the coast of Italy had disappeared from view. I did not part from it in that sadness of spirit with which Mary of Scotland fixed her farewell gaze upon the receding shores of France; but, when the line of land had melted into air, and nothing could be seen but the meeting of water and sky, a momentary shadow fell between me and the horizon. Over that fair region the sight had now no more dominion; it was given over to the memory. Who can look upon the soil of Italy for the last time without regret?

> 'Farewell! a word that must be and hath been —
> A sound which makes us linger; yet, farewell!'

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Travellers in Italy and Writers upon Italy — Pilgrimages — Petrarch — Poggio Bracciolini — Luther — Montaigne — Shakespeare — Ascham — Milton — Evelyn — Addison — Gray.*

PILGRIMAGES.

The earliest travellers in Italy were pilgrims. The stream of devotional feeling, after the approach to Jerusalem became too difficult or too dangerous, was diverted to Rome, the second city in the Christian heart. Men of this class did not, as we may suppose, usually travel with a pen in the hand. The industrious research of Mabillon has, however, brought to light the journal of one of these religious travellers, a resident of Einsiedeln in Switzerland, who visited Rome in the ninth century. His journal, published by Mabillon in his *Analecta*, is said to be of some value in an antiquarian point of view, especially upon some topographical details, but it contains no record of personal feeling, and the modest writer has not even recorded his own name.

A great impulse was given to these pilgrimages by the proclamation of years of jubilee, which dates from the pontificate of Boniface VIII., who was chosen Pope in 1294. Gibbon, in one of the closing chapters of his great work, has described, in his striking and condensed manner, the first of these jubilees or holy years, in 1300, and the motives which induced the pontiff to take the step. His bull, dated February 22, 1300, granted plenary indulgence to all persons who, being truly repentant, and, having confessed their sins, should visit once a day, during thirty days, the churches of the apostles Peter and Paul. To strangers, the number of days was lessened to fifteen. Hardly was the ink of the papal bull dry, when its

* In the preparation of this chapter and the two which follow it, I have been occasionally indebted to an essay in the miscellaneous writings of M. Ampère, entitled, 'Portraits de Rome à différents âges.'

call was answered by an innumerable stream of pilgrims, who flocked to Rome from all parts of Italy, Germany, France, and England. Villani, the Florentine historian, who was one of this devout company, computes that during the whole of the year there was no time in which there were not at least two hundred thousand strangers in Rome. A far greater Florentine than Villani, Dante, was also there, and a vivid ray from his genius has fallen upon one of the scenes which he witnessed, and made it immortal. The bridge of St. Angelo, in order to accommodate the immense multitudes that were passing to and fro upon it, had been divided lengthwise by a partition, so that all who were going in the same direction might keep on one side. The poet compares the mournful files of sinners in the eighth circle of the Inferno to the crowds which he had seen upon this bridge. He also dates his poem from the year of the jubilee.

The purpose of Boniface VIII. had been to make the return of the jubilee coincident with the first year of each century, but the Roman people, who had reaped a golden harvest from the presence of so many travellers, did not like so long an interval. Clement VI., by a bull dated at Avignon, January 27, 1343, fixed its recurrence once in fifty years. This period was afterwards shortened by Urban VI. to thirty-three years, being those of the Saviour's life; and finally by Paul II. to twenty-five, which still continues the prescribed interval.

The jubilee of 1350 caused a general movement throughout Europe, equal to that of 1300. It occurred during the career of Rienzi, and in the interval between his first success and his last and short-lived elevation. More than a million of strangers visited Rome during the year, although a rainy spring, succeeding a very cold winter, had broken up the roads and made travelling difficult and dangerous. The people of Rome, unchecked by any strong hand of authority, plundered the poor pilgrims, without conscience or mercy, through the exorbitant prices which they required for all articles of necessity; and when the cardinal-legate, from a wish to shorten the stay of the strangers, gave them some new indulgences, the citizens attacked his palace, killed several of his servants, and forced him to leave the city. The crowd of devout worshippers in Rome was so great, that no great ceremonial of religion took place without several persons being crushed to death.

Since that period, the jubilee has taken place every twenty-five years, and, on these occasions, the number of strangers in Rome is unusually large, though very far from equalling the immense throngs of the middle ages. The great concourse

of foreigners in Rome during these years has led to the foundation of those national churches and hospitals which are among the peculiar features of this city. Thus, the Spaniards built the church and hospital of St. James; the French, those of St. Louis; the Lombards, of St. Ambrose; the Portuguese, of St. Antony; and there are many others of the same class and origin. The pilgrims were received and entertained for three days, gratuitously, at these foundations, and they were sure of finding aid and protection there during the whole period of their residence.

PETRARCH — POGGIO BRACCIOLINI.

Petrarch was the earliest among the writers in modern literature to look at Rome with that feeling, partly scholarlike and partly imaginative, which has since inspired so many books. In his day, the papal court was at Avignon, and Rome was in the lowest stage of desolation and disorder. The population was said to have sunk to the number of seventeen thousand, though this is hardly credible. The remains of antiquity, and even the structures of more recent periods, were abandoned to neglect, or exposed to violence. The heart of Petrarch was moved as a patriot, a poet, and a scholar. In many portions of his writings, and his letters, he breathes the impassioned sorrow which the condition of Rome naturally called forth. To the pope Urban V. he writes in the following energetic strain: 'In your absence, there is neither repose nor content; civil and foreign wars desolate the land; houses are sinking, and walls falling to the ground; temples and shrines are yielding to decay; laws are trampled under foot, and justice is a prey to violence; the unhappy people sigh and groan, and with loud voice call upon your name; but you hear them not; you are not moved with their multiplied sorrows; you do not see the pious tears of your desolate spouse, nor do you hasten to her side as you should. . . . . But with what heart, O good Father, pardon me this boldness can you slumber softly on the banks of the Rhone, under the gilded roofs of your chambers, while the Lateran is falling to ruin, and this mother of all the churches, stripped of its roof is exposed to the winds and rains, — while the sanctuaries of Peter and Paul are tottering to their fall, and that which was once their temple is now a heap of ruins, a mass of shapeless stones, such as would wring compassion from a heart of stone?' In another place, he complains of the ignorance of the people

of Rome of their own history, and says that Rome is nowhere so little known as in Rome itself. But, as Bunsen remarks, his own knowledge of antiquity was any thing but exact, and the reflections which it remains call forth are the splendid declarations of a poetical enthusiast, who would not wish to be disabused of a pleasing delusion. Thus, he calls the Pyramid of Cestius, the Monument of Remus, — at that time the traditionary name among the common people, — in spite of the inscription so visible on its walls. From his fervid imagination and strong feeling for antiquity, Petrarch became a warm friend and admirer of Rienzi, that meteor which shone so brightly and so briefly; and, sad as was the fate, and imperfect as was the character, of the Roman tribune, there was enough in him to justify the enthusiasm which he inspired in a man so ideal and so sincere as Petrarch.

Gibbon, in the last chapter of his history, has quoted some eloquent passages on the ruins of Rome, from a Latin essay, 'De fortunæ varietate,' by the celebrated Poggio Bracciolini. He was one of the intellectual lights of Italy in the first half of the fifteenth century, — a man of great activity of mind and variety of attainments; like many of the scholars of that period, not always leading a reputable life, and sometimes writing lines which, whether living or dying, he should have wished to blot. These extracts are written with true feeling and much energy of expression, and Bunsen remarks in his learned preface to the 'Beschreibung der Stadt Rom,' that his observation was accurate, and that we owe to him some valuable information as to the state of Rome in his time, which would otherwise have been wholly wanting.

LUTHER.

Petrarch and Poggio, Italians, scholars, and men of genius, felt themselves in some measure at home, even in Rome. They beheld it with the eye of taste and learning only, and have recorded none of the impressions which its religious aspect may have made upon them. But a man of a very different stamp came to Italy in the early part of the sixteenth century. Martin Luther was in Rome in the year 1510, having been sent there by his superiors, on some business connected with his convent. He was at that time twenty-seven years old, and in the midst of that struggle and unrest through which all persons pass who are destined to exercise great influence over the spiritual nature of man. He was beginning to study the mystery of his own being, and he found it a riddle hard to solve. He

was perplexed with doubts, at war with himself, and recoiling from the natural impulses of his own impassioned temperament, as the snares and seductions of the enemy of mankind. He entered Rome, not in the mood of the scholar or the poet, — not to study inscriptions or muse over the ruins of fallen grandeur, — but with the burning zeal of a devout pilgrim, who hoped to find there a fountain which would slake the deep thirst of his soul. There his troubled spirit he trusted would attain that peace of God which passes all understanding. But what a disappointment awaited this fervid enthusiast! He found a warlike pontiff, Julius II., full of dreams of ambition and plans of conquest; cardinals, worldly and politic; a clergy, ignorant and profligate. He was shocked at the indecent haste with which mass was said; and filled with horror at hearing many ecclesiastics openly avow their unbelief. He remained but a fortnight in Rome, but, during that time, he saw so much to awaken indignation and disgust that he hardly ever could speak or write upon the subject, without using language which modern decorum hesitates to quote. He used afterwards to say that he would not for a hundred thousand florins have failed to visit Rome; for, in that event, he should have been disturbed by the apprehension that he had been unjust to the Pope in his subsequent controversial writings.

MONTAIGNE.

Thirty-four years after the death of Luther, Montaigne made a journey into Italy, and kept a journal of his progress and adventures. He left home in June, 1580, and returned in November, 1581. His object was the improvement of his health; and especially to use the mineral waters of Tuscany; and thus a considerable portion of his diary is occupied with minute records of the state of his health, and detailed accounts of the effects of the various waters which he tried, especially of the baths of Lucca, where he spent a considerable time.*

* The disease for which Montaigne sought relief was an hereditary calculus. In judging of the medical details of his journal, we must bear in mind that it was not intended for the press, but kept for his own amusement. A part of the manuscript, about one third, is in the handwriting of a domestic, who acted as secretary, and who speaks of his master in the third person, though he unquestionably wrote from his dictation. The journal was discovered about the year 1772, in an old chest in the chateau of Montaigne, at that time in the possession of a descendant in the sixth generation from his daughter and only child. It was first published in 1774. Brunet says that the work is of no interest, and has met with no

The journal has the characteristics of thought and style which have given such wide and permanent popularity to his Essays; the same good sense, the same penetrating observation; the same easy *bonhommie*, the same liberal and enlightened way of thinking, and the same careless and rambling method. His course of travel was very irregular and zigzag, and he seemed to have been absolutely without any plan of movement; a course of proceeding which appears to have annoyed some of his companions. He is attracted to all natural phenomena, and records peculiarities of manner and costume, but feels very little of that kind of enthusiasm which seems indigenous to the soil of Italy, and is so insensible to art as not even to mention the names of Michael Angelo or Raphael. His honest and homely nature recoils from any thing like sentiment or fine writing. Of the approach to Rome and the Campagna, he speaks in a brief and business-like way.

'Rome did not seem to make much of an appearance as we approached it from this road. Far away on the left lay the Apennines; the aspect of the foreground was exceedingly unpleasant to the eye; hilly, with every here and there deep marshes, altogether unfit for military operations or marches; the country all around us for ten miles in every direction, was open, barren, and destitute of trees, and almost equally so of houses.'

His reflections upon the altered condition of Rome, as recorded by his secretary, are vigorous and striking. He observed:

'That there is nothing to be seen of ancient Rome but the sky under which it had risen and stood, and the outline of its form; that the knowledge he had of it was altogether abstract and contemplative, no image of it remaining to satisfy the senses; that those who said that the ruins of Rome at least remained, said more than they were warranted in saying; for the ruins of so stupendous and awful a fabric would enforce more honor and reverence for its memory; nothing, he said, remained of Rome but its sepulchre. The world, in hatred of its long domination, had first destroyed and broken in pieces the various parts of this wondrous body; and then, finding that, even though prostrate and dead, its disfigured remains still filled them with fear and hate, they buried the ruins themselves; that the few indications of what it had been, which still tottered above its grave, fortune had permitted to remain there, as some evidence of the infinite greatness which so many ages, so many intestine and paricidal blows, and the never-ending conspiracy of the world against it, had not been able entirely to extinguish; but that, in all probability, even the disfigured members that did remain, were the least worthy of all those that had existed, the malignant fury of the enemies of that immortal glory having impelled them to destroy, in the first instance, that which was finest and most worthy of preservation in the imperial city.'

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success. Other critics have judged it more favorably. Mrs. Shelley pronounces it 'singularly interesting.' At any rate, the name and reputation of Montaigne give interest to his works.

In another place, he speaks of a peculiarity of Rome which has been felt at all times by observant travellers: 'One of the great advantages of Rome is, that it is one of the least exclusive cities in the world; a place where foreigners at once feel themselves the most at home; in fact, Rome is, by its very nature, the city of strangers.' He also says of it: 'The longer I staid in this city, the more did I become charmed with it; I never breathed air more temperate, nor better suited to my constitution.'

He was well received by the Pope, Gregory XIII., and had the honor of the citizenship of Rome conferred upon him, which gave him a degree of pleasure which seems singular in one of so sceptical and philosophical a temperament. Indeed, he never fails to record the little honors and attentions which were paid to him, more as a gentleman of easy fortune than an author, with a satisfaction which shows a fair amount of self esteem.

Of the Carnival, he speaks slightingly. In his time they had races in the Corso: 'sometimes between four or five children, sometimes between Jews, sometimes between old men stripped naked.'

At Florence, he saw the Grand Duke Francis I. and his wife, the celebrated Bianca Capello, of whose luxuriant beauty, and liberal display of it, he speaks. He was charmed, as well he might be, with the lovely situation of Lucca. Speaking of the waters at the baths, he says: 'They are much praised for removing eruptions and blotches on the skin, which I note as a useful memorandum for an amiable lady, a friend of mine, in France.'

At Pisa, he records the astounding fact, that the leaning tower deviates from the perpendicular not less than forty-two feet! a curious instance of carelessness. Of Venice, he says: 'The curiosities of this place are so well known that I need say nothing about them.' . . . . 'The system of government, the situation of the place, the arsenal, the square of St. Mark, and the concourse of foreigners, seemed to him the most remarkable features.' The diary is often amusing from the abruptness with which he passes from one subject to another. Thus, being in Florence, he, or rather his secretary, writes as follows: 'We went to see the cathedral, a magnificent structure, the steeple of which is faced with black and white marble; it is one of the finest and most sumptuous churches in the world. M. de Montaigne said he had never been in a country where there were so few pretty women as in Italy.'

While at the baths at Lucca, he says: 'After dinner to-day,

I gave a dance to the country-girls, and danced with them myself, in order not to appear airish.'

SHAKESPEARE.

The question whether Shakespeare ever visited Italy is one of those literary curiosities which has been somewhat discussed of late years. Mr. Charles Armitage Brown, in an ingenious essay on the autobiographical poems of the great poet, published in 1838, maintains the affirmative of the proposition with much zeal; and the probability of it is admitted in some of the notes to the Italian plays in Knight's pictorial edition. Mr. Brown comes to this conclusion, partly because it was the general custom at that time for cultivated Englishmen, whose fortunes would allow of it, to travel in Italy, and because Shakespeare's means were sufficient for such an indulgence, and partly from the superior knowledge of Italian customs and localities shown in the later Italian plays, such as 'The Taming of the Shrew' and 'The Merchant of Venice,' as compared with 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona.' It is certainly true that Shakespeare, in his Italian plays, shows an extensive and minute acquaintance with Italian life, manners, localities, occupations, and amusements. Lady Morgan remarks that there is not a single article of furniture which Gremio describes as being in his house in Padua, which she had not herself seen in some one or other of the palaces of Florence, Venice, or Genoa; and Mr. Brown confirms the truth of this statement from his own observation. But, on the other hand, it may be urged that a journey into Italy in those days was a great undertaking, requiring time and preparation as well as liberal outlay; and that with the minute and microscopic examination to which the life of Shakespeare has been exposed in our times, which has brought so many curious facts to light, it is hardly possible that some scrap or fragment should not have turned up which would set such an expedition beyond question, supposing it to have been made. And, in the next place, his knowledge of Italy may be explained without a visit to the country. The old notion of Shakespeare's having been a wild, irregular genius, with no help from books and study, is long since exploded by modern research and modern criticism. There is little doubt that he understood the Italian language, and we may be sure that, in the preparation of his Italian plays, he read every book illustrative of the subject on which he could lay his hands. His intuitive perception of historical

truth, the astonishing sagacity with which he seizes upon every trait which is distinguishing and characteristic, and the vitality which his genius breathes into his knowledge, are as remarkable in his Greek and Roman plays, as in those in which the scene is laid in modern Italy. On the whole, Shakespeare's visit to Italy stands much upon the same footing in point of evidence, as that of the Northmen to New England before Columbus. It is certainly possible, perhaps probable; but it remains to be proved. It is pleasant to think of Shakespeare swimming in a gondola, and to believe that the beautiful pictures in 'The Merchant of Venice' and 'Othello' were recollections and not imaginations; that Belmont was a palazzo whose blazing windows he himself had seen, and that when he wrote Lorenzo's lovely description of a summer's night, his thoughts went back to the brighter moons and larger stars of an Italian heaven, and to the myrtle walls and flowery banks of an Italian garden.

ASCHAM.

The learned Roger Ascham, who went to Germany about the middle of the sixteenth century as secretary to Sir Richard Morysine, the English ambassador, made a flying visit of only nine days into Italy. Most of this short period appears to have been spent in Venice. In his 'Schoolmaster,' written some years later, he alludes to this passage in his life, and makes it the text and starting-point for a furious tirade upon the vices of Italy, and the corrupting influence which that country had exerted upon the morals, manners, and literature of England. Indeed, he speaks of the sin which he himself saw, in that brief space of time, as being so great, that one cannot but suspect that he must have gone out of his way, and taken some pains to find it. His observations have no other value than such as is derived from one or two facts which he does not so much state as assume. One of these is, that it was at that time the fashion for young Englishmen, of birth and fortune, to complete their education by a tour in Italy; and another is, that many 'fond' (that is, foolish) books had recently been translated out of Italian into English, over which the good Roger groans in spirit. 'Ten sermons at Paul's Cross do not so much good for moving men to true doctrine, as one of these books do harm with enticing men to ill living. Yea, I say further, those books tend not so much to corrupt honest living as they do to subvert true religion. More Papists be made by

your merry books of Italy, than by your earnest books of Louvain.' As to good morals, there may be some foundation for these charges against the 'merry books of Italy;' but when we remember the scandalous stories of monks and nuns which they contain, and the bold hand with which they satirize the vices of the clergy, we may well doubt whether Ascham's protestant zeal did not outrun his reflection, when he supposed them to be dangerous to doctrine.

Another argument which he uses against visiting Italy sounds rather odd from English lips. He complains of the freedom of thought and speech which prevails in the cities of Italy, both in religion and politics, and that young men who have been accustomed to this liberty come home less inclined to be good subjects and good Protestants.

MILTON.

In 1638, Milton went to Italy. He was at that time thirty years old, and had been living for some years in studious retirement; probably the happiest period of his life, undisturbed by domestic troubles or political controversy, and dedicated to the highest intellectual labors and delights. He had in this interval published 'Comus,' 'L'Allegro,' and 'Il Penseroso;' but, strange to say, they had attracted comparatively little notice, and he was as yet not much known beyond the circle of his own university. No traveller ever visited Italy more thoroughly prepared to profit by the advantages which that country afforded. He wrote and spoke the Latin and Italian languages with idiomatic ease and elegance, and was perfectly familiar with the history and literature of both Rome and Italy. His person was beautiful; his manners graceful; and he was skilled in all the manly exercises of his time: he had also inherited from his father a natural taste for music, in which art Italy was then in advance of the rest of Europe. It is not to be wondered at that this handsome young Englishman, so full of learning, genius, and accomplishments, speaking and writing their own language so perfectly, should have been received by the susceptible Italians with an enthusiasm such as he never inspired in his own country at any period of his life.

He passed into Italy by way of Paris, Nice, and Genoa. He remained two months in Florence, mingling in the learned society of that place, and receiving many marks of distinction from its scholars. While here he visited Galileo, who was

then living at Arcetri, in the immediate vicinity of Florence under the eye of the Inquisition, though not actually a prisoner.

From Florence, he passed to Sienna, and thence to Rome where he resided also two months, much caressed by the most distinguished society there. He then continued his journey to Naples, where he became acquainted with Manso, Marquis of Villa, a soldier and scholar, well known as the friend, patron, and biographer of Tasso, and who has secured a place in English literature by the beautiful epistle in Latin verse — the most Virgilian of all compositions not written by Virgil — which Milton addressed to him From Naples, he purposed passing over to Sicily and Greece; but, on hearing of the commencement of the troubles between the king and the parliament of England, he set his face homeward. He returned to Rome, where he spent two more months; visited Florence and Lucca; and, crossing the Apennines, went by the way of Bologna and Ferrara to Venice, where he remained a month. From Venice, he took his course through Verona, Milan, and along Lake Leman, to Geneva; and then home, through France; having been absent about fifteen months.

It is rather curious that Milton should not have recorded any of the impressions which such a country as Italy must have made upon him. It does not even appear that he kept a diary. With what interest should we learn that such a manuscript had been discovered, and how precious a memorial it would be of that bright period of his life! And it is also quite remarkable how little there is in his subsequent writings which seems to have sprung directly from his Italian tour, or to have been distinctly drawn from the images and impressions then gathered up. Critics are at great pains to trace this or that picture or expression in the 'Paradise Lost' to some painting, statue, or scene in Italy; but the faintness of the resemblance fails to bring conviction to the mind. With the exception of the well-known allusions in the first book of the 'Paradise Lost' to the woods of Vallambrosa, and to the astronomer in Fiesole or Valdarno, there is hardly a line which would prove incontestably that the poet's foot had ever been upon the soil of Italy. And yet no one can doubt that the art, the scenery, and the antiquities of that country must have sunk deep into his mind, and filled it with images which rose up in his hours of solitude and blindness with soothing and refreshing influence. He doubtless saw much there which offended his puritan zeal, always an active principle in his nature, however mellowed by classical studies. It is difficult to imagine Milton, at any period of his life, in a Romish church, without a frown upon

his brow. He has expressly recorded that he gave offence, and incurred some danger, by the freedom with which he spoke upon religious subjects, and, in his grotesque description of the paradise of fools in the third book of the Paradise Lost, there are some touches of sarcasm doubtless supplied by the ceremonials of the church which he had witnessed at Rome. The same recollections also gave earnestness and point to the vigorous invective with which, in his prose writings, he so often assails the abuses of prelacy and the corruptions of the church.

EVELYN.

Within three or four years after Milton's return to England, the pure-minded and accomplished John Evelyn, that model of an English gentleman, visited Italy, and indeed resided there nearly three years. He left England at the age of twenty-three, and it curiously illustrates the difference between his temperament and that of Milton, that the troubles between the king and the parliament which called the one home sent the other abroad. Evelyn has left a diary of his journey and residence, which has no marked literary merit but gives evidence of a thoughtful and observant spirit, and of a pure and elevated character. It is a very gentlemanly record, in the highest sense of the word, and we feel sure that a young man with such sentiments and dispositions would never lead any but a virtuous and honorable life. He arrives at Rome in November, 1644, and finds lodgings in the Piazza Spagnola, as he calls it, and began to be 'very pragmatical,' to use his own expression; that is, very busy in sight-seeing. He is attracted to much the same places and objects as a stranger is now-a-days. He speaks with enthusiasm of the grounds and collection of the Villa Borghese, mentioning the group of Apollo and Daphne, by Bernini, who was then living in the prime of his powers and at the height of his reputation. Evelyn mentions him again, in his account of St. Peter's, and says that a short time before his arrival at Rome, the artist arranged the public performance of an opera, 'wherein he painted the scenes, cut the statues, invented the engines, composed the music, writ the comedy, and built the theatre.' Evelyn visited the Villa Ludovisi, where the statue of the Dying Gladiator then was; and also the Villa Medici, in which at that time were the Venus de Medici, the Wrestlers, the Knife-Whetter, and the Apollino, all of which have long been in Florence.

At Naples, he goes to the summit of Vesuvius, and makes excursions to Pozzuoli and Baiæ. He returns to Rome by land, not venturing to sea for fear of Turkish pirates.* He speaks of himself as going down to the Piazza Navona to buy medals, pictures, and such commodities: 'and also to hear the mountebanks prate and distribute their medicines.'

At Frascati, he is greatly struck with the Villa Aldobrandini, and the description he gives of it may be entertaining to my readers:

'Just behind the palace, in the centre of the inclosure, rises a high hill or mountain all overclad with tall wood, and so formed by nature as if it had been cut out by art, from the summit whereof falls a cascade, seeming rather a great river, than a stream precipitating into a large theatre of water, representing an exact and perfect rainbow when the sun shines out. Under this is made an artificial grot, wherein are curious rocks, hydraulic organs, and all sorts of singing birds, moving and chirping by force of the water, with several other pageants and surprising inventions. In the centre of one of these rooms rises a copper ball that continually dances about three foot above the pavement, by virtue of a wind conveyed secretly to a hole beneath it; with many other devices to wet the unwary spectators, so that one can hardly step without wetting to the skin. In one of these theatres of water, is an Atlas spouting up the stream to a very great height; and another monster makes a terrible roaring with a horn; but, above all, the representation of a storm is most natural, with such fury of rain, wind, and thunder, as one would imagine one's self in some extreme tempest.'

After leaving Rome he passed several months at Venice. He was there on Ascension Day, in June, 1645, and witnessed the splendid ceremonial of the espousal of the Adriatic, by the Doge: 'in their gloriously painted, carved, and gilded Bucentora, environed and followed by innumerable galleys, gondolas, and boats, filled with spectators, some dressed in masquerade, trumpets, music, and cannons.' He visits, and describes at considerable length, the ducal palace, the church of St. Mark's, the Campanile, and some of the churches and palaces. The arsenal seems to have much impressed him. He saw a cannon weighing upwards of sixteen thousand pounds, which was cast while Henry III. was at dinner, and put into a galley, which was built, rigged, and fitted for launching within that period. There were twenty-seven galleys at that time laid up there, and, as he states, arms for eight hundred thousand men! probably one cypher too many.

*It is only within a comparatively recent period that the coasts of Italy have been safe from the attacks of Barbary corsairs. Madame Frederica Brun, who was at Nettuno in 1809, states that a short time before, a boat's crew had landed there and carried off a young lad, the brother of her hostess.

In his account of the Carnival at Venice, which he witnessed, he says: 'They have also a barbarous custom of hunting bulls about the streets and piazzas,' of which he remarks with great gravity, that it is 'very dangerous, the passages being generally narrow.'

ADDISON.

At the close of the year 1700, Addison went to Italy, and spent the principal part of the next year in travelling there, and, on his return to England, published an account of his tour. He was twenty-eight years old when he began his travels; had lived nearly all his life in the studious calm of the University of Oxford; had attracted the notice of Lord Somers and the Earl of Halifax by his literary abilities, and through their influence had obtained a pension of three hundred pounds a year, that he might complete his education by foreign travel. His account of his tour is scholarlike, but rather tame and colorless. Sometimes we meet with a graceful turn of expression, and a delicate touch of humor, such as we might find in his later writings; but in general the style is languid and without character. There is no youthful glow or spirit about it, but he writes like a man whose blood has been chilled by hard study, and thinned by spare diet. The range of his reading is not at all extensive, — being mostly confined to the Latin poets, — but within that range was thorough and exact, as his numerous quotations show. The most characteristic part of the tour is the description he gives of the little republic of San Marino, in which his peculiar vein of humor is called forth. 'This,' he remarks, in speaking of some events which took place some centuries before, 'they represent as the most flourishing time of the commonwealth, when their dominions reached half way up a neighboring hill, but at present they are reduced to their old extent.' His account of Naples and its vicinity is entertaining, especially his sketch of the island of Capri, which he seems to have explored pretty carefully. In Rome, he describes statues, antiquities, and, especially, medals; and pours forth a profusion of quotations from the Latin poets in illustration of them, but says very little about pictures. He shows some sensibility to natural scenery, especially in what he says of Tivoli, and he cannot help admiring the Gothic beauties of the cathedral at Sienna, though he half apologizes for his taste, as if it were something to be ashamed of. He often falls into a strain of general reflection which is sensible but not striking; talking

like an Englishman and a whig about the blessings of liberty, and how the natural advantages of a fine country are counteracted by despotic governments. What we most miss is life, spirit, and the flavor of personal interest. We want him to take off his learned spectacles and tell us what he saw with his own living eyes, — how the people lived, what they were doing, and what happened to him. We ask for adventures, and he gives us quotations; we ask for observation, and he gives us learning.

During his absence he addressed to his patron, Lord Halifax, his 'Poetical Letter from Italy,' the most spirited and popular of all his poems. It is a sort of abstract, or summary, of his travels, and in pleasing and flowing lines delineates the natural beauties of Italy, and the fine productions of art which there delight the eye and charm the taste, but with a glow of national pride points to the boon of liberty enjoyed by England as worth far more than all. Towards the close where he has occasion to speak of King William, he says:

> 'Fired with the name which I so oft have found,
> The distant climes and different tongues resound,
> I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain
> That longs to launch into a bolder strain.'

The poet much mistook the character of his muse, which was anything but 'struggling' or 'bridled in with pain.' On the contrary, it was a well-broken, sure-footed, ambling pad, which a child might have governed with a silken thread.

GRAY.

In the year 1739 the poet Gray set out on a tour to Italy, travelling in company with Horace Walpole. He remained abroad till 1741, and in the interval passed more than a year, at two different periods, in Florence. His letters, addressed to his father, his mother, and his friend West, contain lively and animated sketches of what he saw, written in easy and graceful prose, quite unlike the rich elaboration of his poetry. His first impression of Rome seems rather overwrought, and probably in the flutter of spirits into which a person of so much genius and so much learning must have been thrown on such an occasion, he drew more from what he felt than from what he actually saw.

'The first entrance of Rome is prodigiously striking. It is by a noble gate, designed by Michael Angelo, and adorned with statues; this brings

you into a large square, in the midst of which is a large obelisk of granite, and in the front you have at one view two churches of a handsome architecture, and so much alike that they are called the twins ; with three streets, the middlemost of which is one of the largest in Rome. As high as my expectation was raised, I confess, the magnificence of this city infinitely surpasses it. You cannot pass along a street but you have views of some palace, or church, or square, or fountain, the most picturesque and noble one can imagine.'

His account of Tivoli, in a letter to West, is full of that playful humor which gives such a charm to his familiar correspondence :

'This day, being in the palace of his highness the Duke of Modena, he laid his most serene commands upon me to write to Mr. West, and said he thought it for his glory, that I should draw up an inventory of all his most serene possessions for the said West's perusal. Imprimis, a house, being in circumference a quarter of a mile, two feet and an inch ; the said house containing the following particulars, to wit, a great room. Item, another great room ; item, a bigger room ; item, another room ; item, a vast room; item, a sixth of the same ; a seventh ditto ; an eighth, as before ; a ninth as abovesaid ; a tenth (see No. 1); item, ten more such, besides twenty besides, which, not to be particular, we shall pass over. The said rooms contain nine chairs, two tables, five stools, and a cricket. From whence we shall proceed to the garden, containing two millions of superfine laurel hedges, a clump of cypress trees, and half the river Teverone. . . . . Finis. Dame Nature desired me to put in a list of her little goods and chattels, and, as they were small, to be very minute about them. She has built here three or four little mountains, and laid them out in an irregular semicircle ; from certain others behind, at a greater distance, she has drawn a canal, into which she has put a little river of hers, called Anio ; she has cut a huge cleft between the two innermost of her four hills, and there she has left it to its own disposal ; which she has no sooner done, but, like a heedless chit, it tumbles headlong down a declivity fifty feet perpendicular, breaks itself into shatters, and is converted into a shower of rain, where the sun forms many a bow, red, green, blue and yellow.'

Of Naples, he says in a letter to his mother: 'The streets are one continued market, and thronged with populace so much that a coach can hardly pass. The common sort are a jolly, lively kind of animals, more industrious than Italians usually are; they work till evening; then take their lute or guitar (for they all play) and walk about the city, or upon the seashore with it, to enjoy the fresco. One sees their little, brown children jumping about, stark-naked, and the bigger ones dancing with castanets, while others play on the cymbal to them.' He describes in the same letter, a visit to Herculaneum, though he does not call it by that name, and speaks of it as having been recently discovered.

It was at Reggio, on their return homeward, that the well-known rupture between Gray and Walpole took place, of

which the latter always generously took the blame upon himself. This disagreement is easily to be explained by the difference in character, position, and temperament of the two men. Gray was retiring, sensitive, and studious; perhaps irritable; and with a proper share of the pride of genius and learning. Walpole was young, giddy, and probably a little mischievous; sensible of his position as son of the prime minister of England, and not always treating his half-tutor and half-friend with the consideration which he deserved. The wonder rather is that they kept together so long; for no one who has tried it needs to be told that there is no such touchstone of friendship as travelling, and that whatever of selfishness or irritability there is in one's nature is sure to come to the surface under such circumstances.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Writers on Italy and Travellers in Italy, continued - - Smollett — Dr. Moore — Goethe — Chateaubriand — Forsyth — Madame de Stael.

SMOLLETT.

In the autumn of 1764, Smollett, who had been for some months previous a resident of Nice, on account of his health, made a short excursion into Italy. He had left England in the summer of 1763, with a constitution broken by the toils of a literary life, and spirits deeply depressed by the death of a beloved daughter, an only child, in the fifteenth year of her age. He set out from Nice early in September, and returned to it before Christmas, running rapidly over that portion of the peninsula which lies south of the Apennines and between Genoa and Rome. His travels are probably more known by the sarcasms of Sterne, who, in his 'Sentimental Journey' ridicules Smollett under the name of Smelfungus, than by their own merits or defects. The strictures of Sterne are not undeserved. Smollett was a man of an extremely irritable temperament; sudden in quarrel, though placable; of lofty self-esteem; and inclined to suspicion. These infirmities had been aggravated by the wretched life he had long been leading, of an author writing for bread, — a life, at that time, made up of all sorts of degradations and disgusts, the more galling to Smollett from the fact that he was of an old and honorable family, and had the pride of birth as well as the pride of genius, to sharpen the stings of poverty and insult. His journal is, for the most part, an unattractive record of annoyances and discomforts, marked by considerable energy of expression, but wearisome from its sameness. With innkeepers, ostlers, and postilions, especially, he seems to have been in a state of perpetual war; and he fell into so many quarrels with them that the wonder is, considering the revengeful and vindictive character of the lower class of Italians, that he ever

got out of the country alive. He is every where devoured by vermin, poisoned with bad food, and pillaged by extortionate landlords. Indeed, making all allowances for his diseased state of mind and body, travelling in Italy at that period must have been a very uncomfortable experience, requiring patience, animal spirits, and a well-stocked purse to make it at all endurable. Here, for instance, are some of his records between Rome and Florence: —

'From Perugia to Florence the posts are all double, and the road is so bad, that we never could travel above eight-and-twenty miles a day. We were often obliged to quit the carriage, and walk up steep mountains; and the way in general was so unequal and stony, that we were jolted even to the danger of our lives. I never felt any sort of exercise or fatigue so intolerable; and I did not fail to bestow an hundred benedictions per diem upon the banker, Barazzi, by whose advice we had taken this road. If the coach had not been incredibly strong, it must have been shattered to pieces. The fifth night we passed at a place called Comoccia, a miserable cabaret, where we were fain to cook our own supper, and lay in a musty chamber, which had never known a fire, and indeed had no fireplace, and where we run the risk of being devoured by rats. Next day one of the irons of the coach gave way at Arezzo, where we were detained two hours before it could be accommodated. I might have taken this opportunity to view the remains of the ancient Etruscan amphitheatre, and the temple of Hercules, described by the cavalier Lorenzo Guazesi, as standing in the neighborhood of this place; but the blacksmith assured me his work would be finished in a few minutes; and as I had nothing so much at heart as the speedy accomplishment of this disagreeable journey, I chose to suppress my curiosity, rather than be the occasion of a moment's delay. But all the nights we had hitherto passed were comfortable in comparison to this, which we suffered at a small village, the name of which I do not remember. The house was dismal and dirty beyond all description; the bedclothes filthy enough to turn the stomach of a muleteer; and the victuals cooked in such a manner, that even a Hottentot could not have beheld them without loathing. We had sheets of our own, which were spread upon a mattress; and here I took my repose, wrapped in a great coat, if that could be called repose, which was interrupted by the innumerable stings of vermin.'

That Smollett, in recording the incidents of such a journey, should have put a good deal of gall into his ink, is not a matter of surprise; but it is rather remarkable that his journal should be so devoid of literary merit. The author of 'Humphrey Clinker' seems to have packed his genius away at the bottom of his trunk, and not taken it out during his whole tour. His spirit is all put forth in vituperation; but otherwise he is tame and commonplace. He is rowed in a felucca along that lovely coast between Nice and Lerici, and goes to Rome by way of Sienna and returns to Florence by way of Perugia, and yet the grand and beautiful scenery which passed before his eyes does not appear to have soothed his spirit or left any pictures upon

his memory. He faithfully records the steep hills which he had to climb, as if the ache were not out of his bones when he wrote; but he says nothing of the glorious prospects which rewarded him when he had got to the top. His sketches of the character and manners of the people remind one of the story told of a petty-officer, on board an English man-of-war, who, when required to keep a journal of his voyage, and note the manners and customs of the places he visited, set down in his diary on one occasion: 'The inhabitants of this country have no manners at all, and their customs are very beastly.' This is just about the sum and substance of Smollett's judgment of the Italians.

Smollett's journal is not wholly occupied with the record of his Italian tour, but the larger part is devoted to his travels in France and his residence at Nice. In the course of this portion of the work he gives some advice to travellers, which is as sound now as it was then. Had he always 'recked his own rede,' he would have spared himself many undignified and unavailing quarrels: —

'And here, once for all, I would advise every traveller, who consults his own ease and convenience, to be liberal of his money to all that sort of people; and even to wink at the imposition of aubergistes on the road, unless it be very flagrant. So sure as you enter into disputes with them, you will be put to a great deal of trouble, and fret yourself to no manner of purpose. I have travelled with economists in England, who declared they would rather give away a crown than allow themselves to be cheated of a farthing This is a good maxim, but requires a great share of resolution and self-denial to put in practice. In one excursion, my fellow-traveller was in a passion, and of consequence very bad company, from one end of the journey to the other. He was incessantly scolding either at landlords, landladies, waiters, ostlers, or postilions. We had bad horses and bad chaises; set out from every stage with the curses of the people; and at this expense I saved about ten shillings in a journey of a hundred and fifty miles. For such a paltry consideration, he was contented to be miserable himself, and to make every other person unhappy with whom he had any concern.'

DR. MOORE.

In 1775, Dr. Moore, the author of 'Zeluco,' passed some months in Italy, as medical attendant and travelling companion to the Duke of Hamilton, and published an account of the country upon his return home, with the title of 'A View of Society and Manners in Italy; with Anecdotes relating to some Eminent Characters.' The work was favorably received by the public, and indeed has a considerable degree of merit

The author, who had lived much upon the continent, was a man of candid and liberal spirit, and, though born a Scotchman and reared a Presbyterian, was free from national prejudice and religious intolerance. He had greatly the advantage of his countryman Smollett, not only in the enlightened judgment he passed upon foreign countries, but in the patient good humor with which he met the inconveniences of travel. His position as companion to the Duke of Hamilton gave him access to a higher class of society than he could have reached as a man of letters, or a physician; and his tour is chiefly occupied with observations upon society and manners, as its title indicates. He had but little knowledge of art, as he more than once frankly confesses, and still less sensibility to nature; but he is a shrewd and intelligent observer of men and manners, with an uncommonly quick perception of the ludicrous, and a turn for satire, which, though always under the control of good sense and good nature, yet serves to give a spicy flavor to many a paragraph. The popularity of the work was mainly owing to its amusing sketches, to the many good stories which it contains, and to the lively and animated style in which the whole is written. He gives several pages to an account of the political constitution of Venice, and to some incidents from its history; and I imagine he is the first popular English author who relates the stories of Marino Faliero and the Foscari.* He is also one of the first English travellers who describes a visit to Pompeii, of which then only a very small portion had been laid open. As the work of Dr. Moore is now not much known, I have made a few extracts from it, in order to show its claims to the popularity it once enjoyed. Describing the piazza of St. Mark's in Venice, he says:

'At the corner of the new Procuratie, a little distant from the church, stands the steeple of St. Mark. This is a quadrangular tower, about three hundred feet in height. I am told it is not uncommon in Italy for the church and steeple to be in this state of disunion; this shocked a clergyman of my acquaintance very much: he mentioned it to me, many years ago, amongst the errors and absurdities of the church of Rome. The gentleman was clearly of opinion, that church and steeple ought to be inseparable as man and wife, and that every church ought to consider its steeple as mortar of its mortar and stone of its stone. An old captain of a ship, who was present, declared himself of the same way of thinking, and swore

* Byron, writing to Murray from Venice, under date of Feb. 25, 1817, says: 'Look into "Moore's (Dr. Moore's) View of Italy," for me; in one of the volumes you will find an account of the *Doge Valiere* (it ought to be Falieri) and his conspiracy, or the motives of it. Get it transcribed for me, and send it in a letter to me soon. I want it, and cannot find so good an account of that business here.'

that a church, divorced from its steeple, appeared to him as ridiculous as a ship without a mast.'

A. Rome, he witnesses the Carnival, and says:

'The coachmen, who are placed in a more conspicuous point of view than others of the same rank in life, and who are perfectly known by the carriages they drive, generally affect some ridiculous disguise. Many of them choose a woman's dress, and have their faces painted, and adorned with patches. However dull these fellows may be, when in breeches, they are, in petticoats, considered as the pleasantest men in the world, and excite much laughter in every street in which they appear. I observed to an Italian of my acquaintance, that, considering the staleness of the joke, I was surprised at the mirth it seemed to raise. "When a whole city," answered he, "are resolved to be merry for a week together, it is exceedingly convenient to have a few established jokes ready made; the young laugh at the novelty, and the old from prescription. This metamorphosis of the coachmen is certainly not the most refined kind of wit; however, it is more harmless than the burning of heretics, which formerly was a great source of amusement to our populace."'

The following is a specimen of the shrewd and good-humored satire which frequently occurs in his pages. He is speaking of the Catholic clergy, and the unjust accusations often thrown out against them.

'I remember being in the company of an acquaintance of yours, who is distinguished for the delicacy of his table and the length of his repasts, from which he seldom retires without a bottle of Burgundy for his own share, not to mention two or three glasses of champagne between the courses. We had dined a few miles from the town in which we then lived, and were returning in his chariot; it was winter, and he was wrapped in fur to the nose. As we drove along, we met two friars walking through the snow; little threads of icicles hung from their beards; their legs and the upper part of their feet were bare, but their soles were defended from the snow by wooden sandals. "There goes a couple of dainty rogues," cried your friend, as we drew near them. "Only think of the folly of permitting such lazy, luxurious rascals to live in a state, and eat up the portion of the poor. I will engage that these two scoundrels, as lean and mortified as they look, will devour more victuals in a day than would maintain two industrious families." He continued railing against the luxury of those two friars, and afterwards expatiated upon the epicurism of the clergy in general; who, he said, were all alike in every country, and of every religion. When we arrived in town, he told me he had ordered a nice, little supper to be got ready at his house by the time of our return, and had lately got some excellent wine, inviting me at the same time to go home with him; for, continued he, as we have driven three miles in such weather, we stand in great need of some refreshment.'

The following extract shows the kindly mood in which he travelled, and his disposition to take hold of things by their right handles.

'We left Loretto after dinner, and proceeded through a beautiful country to Macerata, a small town, situated on a hill, as the towns in Italy gener-

ally are. We only stayed to change horses, and continued our journey to Tolentino, where, not thinking it expedient to begin to ascend the Apennines in the dark, we took up our quarters at an inn, the best in the place, but, by many degrees, the poorest we had seen in Italy. However, as it was not for good eating or convenient bedchambers we came to the country, that circumstance affected us very little. Indeed, the quantity of victuals presented us at supper would have been as displeasing to a person of Sancho Panza's way of thinking, on the subject of eating, as the manner they were dressed would have been to a nicer sensualist in that refined science. The latter circumstance prevented our regretting the former, and although we had felt some uneasiness when we were told how little provisions there were in the house, the moment they appeared on the table we were all convinced there was more than enough.

'The poor people of this inn, however, showed the utmost desire to please. They must have unfortunate tempers, indeed, who, observing this, could have shocked them by fretfulness, or an air of dissatisfaction. Besides, if the entertainment had been still more homely, even those travellers who are accustomed to the greatest delicacies, might be induced to bear it with patience, for one night, from this consideration; that the people of the place, who have just as good a natural right to the luxuries of life as themselves, are obliged to bear it always. Nothing is more apt to raise indignation, than to behold men repining and fretting, on account of little inconveniences, in the hearing of those who are bearing much greater every day with cheerfulness. There is a want of sense, as well as a want of temper, in such behavior. The only use of complaining of hardships to those who cannot relieve them, must be to obtain sympathy; but if those to whom they complain, are suffering the same hardships in a greater degree, what sympathy can those repiners expect? They certainly find none.'

This is excellent advice for travel in all countries, at all times. Smollett's journal proves its value by the annoyances and discomforts which the neglect of it entailed upon him at every stage of his progress.

GOETHE.

Goethe set out upon his Italian tour in September, 1786. He was at that time thirty-seven years old, perhaps the best period of life for seeing Italy, if it is to be seen but once; because at that age the senses and the physical power of action and endurance remain unimpaired, but the effervescent ardor of youth has somewhat subsided, and reflection and judgment are not lost in a giddy whirl of sensations. This journey had long been the object of the poet's most ardent hopes and wishes. He has recorded that for many years previous he could not look upon a book or picture which brought before him the image of Italy, nor even read a Roman author, without pain, so intense was the longing which they awakened. His earnest desire to visit Italy arose from his sense of its importance to him in the

light of self-culture, the great object to which his life was dedicated. He had passed through his stormy and impassioned youth; his mind was in a transition state; and the kind of reputation which he had acquired by his 'Stella' and 'The Sorrows of Werter' — that of a melancholy sentimentalist — had begun to be somewhat distasteful to his ripened judgment. He had written the first part of 'Faust,' though it was not published till 1790. But his mind, at the time his journey was undertaken, was teeming with two works quite unlike any of his previous productions, — the claims of which were to rest upon their tranquil beauty and perfection of form — 'Iphigenia in Aulis' and 'Tasso;' and in order to complete these, he felt it necessary to study the remains of ancient art preserved in the museums of Italy, and to gather the spirit fresh upon the soil of its growth.

The account of his Italian journey, which was not published till more than twenty years after his return, being included in his general autobiography, is written in that exquisite prose, of which, if Goethe had never lived, we should have supposed the German language to be incapable. The Attic bee hums over every page. It is also very interesting as a picture of the writer's mind; and every phase and aspect of such a mind is worth preserving and recording: but, as a guide-book or companion to a tour in Italy, it does not seem to me of very great value. It is remarkable for being strongly personal, and, at the same time, cool, impassive, and emotionless. He looks at every thing with the calm, stern eyes of the Olympian Jove, which do not soften even when they rest upon Semele or Europa. He avoids all sentimentality and enthusiasm; and seems determined to show the world that the author of 'Werter' can pass through the most exciting country in Europe, and yet never fall into ecstasies, nor yield to the temptation of fine writing. He appears half a Greek and half an Englishman, — a Greek in his feeling for art, and an Englishman in his practical sense and distaste to all sorts of humbug and nonsense, — but very little of a German. At Venice, for instance, where he spends some days, everything which he notes down shows the sharpest observation of the actual and the present, but he has nothing to say upon the past. He falls into no strain of reflection suggested by the contrast between the former glory of Venice, and the decay and decrepitude which he saw. There is not a jot of moralizing or sentimentalizing. Venice was to him no more than the yellow primrose was to Peter Bell. Its unique situation, the islands, the canals, the lagoons, interested him rather as a geologist and a naturalist than as a poet. On

the Lido, he sees the sea for the first time, a sight which his friend Schiller died without having enjoyed ; but, after speaking of the shells and the aquatic plants, he turns to the great sea itself, and, as if apologizing for not having before noticed it says : 'The sea is indeed a great sight. I will endeavor to have a sail upon it in a vessel; the gondolas do not venture out.' At Rome, a day or two after his arrival, he thus records his feelings : 'I am now living in a serenity and peace, of which I have had no experience for a long time. My acquired habit of seeing and interpreting all things as they are, my fidelity to keeping the eye light, my complete renunciation of all pretension, stand me in good stead and make me tranquilly and deeply happy.'

There is also a remarkable passage, written at Terni, just before his arrival in Rome, in which, after observing that with ruins we must first painfully reconstruct the very thing we wish to form an idea of, he goes on to say : 'With what is called classical ground, it is rather a different case. With this, if we do not treat it fancifully, but take the region absolutely as it lies, it is still the decisive arena of the greatest deeds, and therefore I have always used my eye as a geologist, and landscape painter, in order to suppress imagination and emotion, and to obtain a free and clear view of the locality. By this means, history connects itself with life in a wonderful manner, and we can hardly understand what is passing within us. I feel the greatest longing to read Tacitus in Rome.'

In this spirit, he every where travels and studies ; eagerly striving to catch the life and soul of antiquity, but not anxious about the costume. He wishes to see and feel the influences that moulded the mind and character of the ancients, but parades no rags of learning to prove that he understood what that mind and character were. Thus he never puts on what may be called the regulation dress of scholarship. There is not a Latin quotation in his whole tour, and no reference to Virgil, Horace, or Cicero.

After having been for some time in Rome, he says of it very truly : 'It grows more and more difficult to me to render an account of my residence in Rome, for as we always find the sea deeper the farther we go, so it is with me in observation of this city.'

Every one who has been in Rome will immediately assent to the truth of these remarks : — 'Wherever we go and wherever we stand, we see about us a finished picture, — forms of every kind and style ; palaces and ruins, gardens and wastes, the distant and the near, houses, stables, triumphal arches and

columns, often all so close together, that it might be sketched on a single sheet; one should have a thousand points of steel to write with, and what can a single pen do! and then in the evening one is weary and exhausted with the day's seeing and admiring.'

Another peculiarity which his travels reveal is an entire want of sensibility to Christian art and Christian antiquities. He looks upon every thing in Italy with the eye, not so much of a protestant as of a heathen. This feeling is curiously displayed in the account he gives of his visit to Assissi: — 'From Palladio and Volckmann I had learned that an exquisite temple of Minerva, built in the time of Augustus, was still perfect there. At Sta. Maria degli Angeli, I left my vetturino who continued his way to Foligno, and I ascended to Assissi, in a strong wind, for I longed to make a foot journey through the world so lonely to me. The enormous substructions of the churches piled one above another in Babylonian style, where St. Francis rests, I passed on my left with aversion, for I thought to myself that in these, heads were coined after the fashion of my captain's.' The 'captain' was an ignorant Catholic from whom he had just parted, and who had bored him with many silly questions about the religion of the Protestants. He then goes on to describe the ruins of the temple of Minerva with great admiration and great minuteness. This is surely one of the most curious and characteristic records ever made by man. That he should have passed by, on the other side, that wonderful old church with its unique treasures of art, not only with indifference, but actual aversion, and hurried to see half a dozen Corinthian columns jammed between the commonplace, modern buildings of an insignificant public square, reveals a state of mind in which no traveller, before or after him, has ever shared, or at least cared to confess.

He has no feeling for the ceremonials of the Romish church. The splendid processions, the rich vestments, the curling clouds of incense, and the bursts of music do not kindle his imagination, and make but a faint impression upon his senses, as the following record witnesses: —

'On Christmas day, I saw the Pope and the whole clergy in St. Peter's, where he performed high mass, partly before the throne, and partly from the throne. It is a unique performance of its kind, splendid and dignified enough, but I have grown so old in protestant Diogenism, that this magnificence takes from me more than it gives; indeed I could wish, like my pious forefathers, to say to these spiritual conquerors: "Do not conceal from me the sun of higher art, and pure humanity."'

'To-day, which is the feast of Epiphany, I have seen and heard mass performed according to the Greek rite. The ceremonies appear to me more stately, more severe, more thoughtful, and nevertheless more popular than

the Latin. There also I felt that I am too old for everything but truth. Their ceremonies and operas, their gyrations and ballets, flow off from me like water from an oil-cloth cloak. One event in Nature, on the contrary, like a sunset from the Villa Madama, one work of art like the much-revered Juno, make a deep and inspiring impression.'

It is this pagan mood of mind which leads him to make one of the most curious statements about himself that man ever committed to paper. On the first day of his arrival in Rome he writes thus: 'How morally healthy it is for me to live amongst a people entirely devoted to a life of the senses, — about whom so much has been spoken and written, that every stranger judges them according to or by a measure which he brings with him.'

His residence in Rome gave him an opportunity of indulging that love of mystification, and those habits of reserve, which were marked traits in his character. He seems to have kept his place of destination a secret from most of his friends, as the first words he writes in Rome show: 'At last I can open my mouth, and greet my friends gaily. May my secrecy, and what has been as it were a subterranean journey, be pardoned. I scarcely dared to say to myself where I was going; even on the way I was fearful, and only under the Porta del Popolo was I sure of having Rome.' It would appear also that he travelled under an assumed name, and this incognito was strengthened by a little incident which he relates with much satisfaction. A rumor had spread among the artists that the unknown stranger was the celebrated Goethe, but one of them, who asserted that he knew him well, after having seen the new comer, stoutly maintained that it was not he but quite a different person. Goethe seems to have encouraged, and to have induced his friends to encourage, this mistaken notion; for a few days after narrating the above anecdote he says:

'My odd and perhaps whimsical half-incognito brings me advantages that I could not have thought of. Since every body is bound to ignore who I am, and since therefore no one can talk to me of myself, nothing remains for them to do, but to talk of themselves, or of subjects which are interesting to them. Hence I learn in detail what each one is about, or whatever arises or occurs that is remarkable. Hofrath Riefenstein has fallen in with this whim, but since for some peculiar reason he could not endure the name I had taken, he created me a baron forthwith, and I am called the Baron gegen Rondanini uber — (the baron who lives opposite the Palazzo Rondanini,) by which I am sufficiently distinguished, the more so, as Italians designate men only by their first name, or some nickname. At any rate, I have gained my object, and escape the endless inconvenience of being obliged to give an account of myself and my works.'

This incognito, as may be supposed, was loosely worn and

easily slipped off; especially, when by doing so, an opportunity was afforded of paying a compliment to some person of rank or distinction.

There is also a peculiarity in Goethe's journal of his residence in Italy, which runs through his whole life; and that is, its self-reference. We see constant indications of how important he was to himself. Self-culture, — the growth of his own mind, — these seem not only the highest, but the only, aims which he proposes to himself in life. Every thing which he sees comes before him in this relation, and is tried by this standard. This manner of looking at things is not without its ludicrous side, and a man of wit might easily parody it, and hold it up to the laughter of the unthinking; but that would be an unworthy way of dealing with a man like Goethe. Such a mind as his is fairly entitled to watch and record its own movements, and to chronicle every phase and incident of its growth; and the world should be grateful for the confidence bestowed upon it. But the price we have to pay for such revelations is the disgust awakened by the herd of clumsy imitators. The real Jupiter and the real thunder are grand; but the mock Jupiter, — the Salmoneus, — with his second-hand thunder, is a burden to the spirit.

But after criticism has exhausted all its objections, there remains, on the other side, a great deal to commend and to admire in Goethe's Italian journey. We meet there profound and striking remarks on nature and art, just and shrewd reflections upon life and manners, sketches of scenery rapidly but correctly drawn, and over all a serene atmosphere of genial yet deep enjoyment, like the violet haze which hangs over an Italian landscape. His faculties bring him the most truthful records, — for no man who had read so much ever had such senses, — and he sets them down most faithfully, without concealment or affectation. He disdains to assume a rapture which he does not feel; and whatever he likes or dislikes is chronicled without a scruple or apology; as we have seen in the account he gives of his visit to Assissi. There never was a book more free from cant and affectation. The reader has every where the satisfaction of feeling that he is hearing the testimony of a witness who is speaking the truth.

Some of the citations already made will confirm these favorable judgments, and many more might be added to them. Speaking of what he would like to do in Rome, if he had time enough for every thing, he says: 'Above all, we read history here quite differently from what we do in any other place in the world. Elsewhere we read from without inward, here we

think we are reading from within outward, — every thing groups itself about us, and then proceeds forth from us again?' His words are not easily translated, but all who have been in Rome will feel the truth of the observation. On his return from Sicily to Naples, he writes a letter to Herder, from which I translate a few sentences.

'As regards Homer, a veil has fallen from my eyes. His images and descriptions, poetical as they are, are also wonderfully true, and presented with a clearness and vitality which are almost fearful. Even the wildest and most improbable adventures have a naturalness which I have never felt so fully as in the neighborhood of the scenes in which they are laid Let me briefly thus state my thought. They presented existing objects simply as they are, but we commonly aim at effect; they described the fearful, we describe fearfully; they the beautiful, we beautifully; and so of the rest. Hence arise extravagance, affectation, bad taste, and bombast. For when a man is aiming solely at effect, he thinks he can never make his work moving enough.'

How striking and comprehensive this is, and how true!

His descriptions of Naples, and his observations upon the manners and character of the people, are admirable. The following is a characteristic record of the impressions made upon him in that brilliant region:

'We see here a remarkable light-heartedness, and every where the greatest and most sympathetic enjoyment of life. The gay and many-colored flowers and fruits with which nature decorates herself, seem to invite man to adorn with as bright colors as possible every thing which he uses. All, who can command the means, ornament their hats with ribbons, silken silken scarfs, or flowers. Chairs and chests of drawers, even in the humblest houses, are established with flowers upon a golden ground. The one horse calashes are painted bright red, the carved work gilded, the horses decked with artificial flowers, scarlet tassels, and bits of tinsel. Many have bunches of feathers, and others, small flags upon their heads, which move with every motion. We are generally accustomed to regard a love of gay colors as in bad and barbarous taste, and it may in a certain way become so; but, under so bright and blue a heaven, nothing is really gay, for nothing can outshine the light of the sun and its reflection in the sea. The most vivid colors are thrown into the shade by that powerful splendor; and as all the hues of Nature, the green of the vegetable world, the brown, red, and yellow patches of earth, strike with full force upon the eye, so the flowers and the costume of men and women fall into the general harmony of tint. The scarlet boddices and gowns of the women of Nettuno, adorned with broad stripes of gold and silver, the other bright-colored national costumes, the gaily-painted ships, all seem to be endeavoring to rival the glow of the sky and the sea, that they may not be undiscerned.'*

* There is an interesting letter from Niebuhr to Savigny, published in the biography of the former, written from Rome, in 1817, containing some severe criticisms upon Goethe's account of his Italian journey, then recently published. Niebuhr confesses that his politico-historical cast of mind placed him in a point of view, in regard to Italy, from which he could

CHATEAUBRIAND.

In the year 1803, Italy was visited by a man of genius who presents the greatest possible contrast to Goethe, both in the character of his mind, and in the spirit with which he viewed whatever presented itself to his observation. This was Chateaubriand. His temperament was naturally imaginative, impassioned, meditative, and religious. Though only thirty-five years old, he had passed through a long life of experiences and vicissitudes, such as would have thrown a shade of permanent melancholy over even the lightest spirit. He had seen his house and his fortunes shattered by the lightnings of the revolution. He had visited America in early youth, and been the guest of the illustrious Washington. He had plunged into the then deep and unbroken solitudes of the West, lived among the red men, and, in the shade of primeval and untrodden forests, had gathered the materials of those vivid but untrue descriptions with which he thrilled the warm sensibilities of Europe in the glowing pages of his 'Atala.' He had nearly died of want in the populous solitudes of London, more pitiless than the unpeopled solitudes of the Mississippi. A new career was now opened to him. He had acquired a great reputation by the publication of his 'Genie du Christianisme,' and Bonaparte, at that time First Consul, eager to secure the services of men of genius, had made him secretary of legation at Rome, where Cardinal Fesch was ambassador.

The record which he has left of the impressions which Italy made upon him is brief, and mostly confined to Rome and its vicinity. In the mood of mind in which he found himself, the present and the actual were merely types and symbols. Nothing is described as it is, but every thing serves to suggest something else. He sees every thing through a veil of association and recollection. Goethe paints Rome, but Chateaubriand sets it to music. The latter does not contemplate it as an artist or a philosopher, but first as a Christian, and secondly as a classical scholar. Rome is most interesting to him as the head of the church; and the blood of martyrs which has bathed its soil is more to him than the dust of antiquity which covers it. There is a strain of melancholy, not bitter, but pensive and devotional, breathing through his descriptions, which sounds like the chant

hardly do justice to an observer like Goethe; but there is truth as well as force in his strictures; and no one can read the letter without admiration for the noble-minded and true-hearted writer

of a band of pilgrims approaching a shrine. His musical prose is set upon a minor key. The ruins of Rome and its neighborhood had a peculiar attraction to one who had seen 'the ploughshare of ruin' driven over the ideas and traditions of a great kingdom, and had nearly perished himself under the falling fragments. He feels their power both as a scholar and a Christian, and the thoughts which they call forth are those sometimes of a poet and sometimes of a prophet. He sees the hand of God in the destruction of the monuments of paganism, and an ever-living faith springs up to assure him, as the ivy and acanthus, which twine round the broken fragments, are pledges of the undying youth of Nature. He was especially impressed with the ruins of the Villa of Hadrian, of which he gives a long account, closing with these striking reflections:

'Before quitting the Villa Adriana, I filled my pockets with bits of porphyry, alabaster, verd antique, and pieces of stucco and mosaic, all which I afterwards threw away. These ruins are hereafter nothing to me, because it is not probable that any thing will ever carry me to them again. At every moment, we die to a period, an object, a person, that we are never to see again. Life is a successive death. Many travellers who have gone before me have written their names on the marbles of the Villa Adriana. They have hoped to prolong their existence, by attaching a memorial of their fleeting presence to celebrated spots; but they have been deceived. While I was attempting to decipher a name newly written in pencil, which I thought I recognized, a bird started from a tuft of ivy, and a few drops of the recent shower were shaken from its leaves, and, falling upon the name, blotted it out forever.'

By far the most striking record which Chateaubriand has left of the impressions which Italy made upon him, is contained in his letter to M. de Fontanes, dated Rome, January 10, 1804, which is indeed one of the most elaborate and beautiful of all his compositions. It is entirely devoted to Rome and its environs; and the ruins which embellish and dignify the soil are dwelt upon with especial interest. He throws over that whole region the rapid, idealizing, and assimilating glance of genius. It is a series of exquisite pictures, painted by the light of a setting sun, and enclosed in frameworks of rich and melancholy reflection. He arrests and condenses the spirit tha hangs over the landscape, enshrining it in his sparkling and perfumed periods, as an acre of roses reappears in a few drops of intense and penetrating essence. The whole letter is a grand symphony of eloquence and poetry, which recalls the noblest productions of Beethoven in a sister art. I proceed to translate a few passages from it, regretting that so much of the charm of the style must pass off in the course of transfusion into another language.

Speaking of the Roman Campagna, he says:

'You perceive here and there fragments of Roman roads in spots where there is now no travel, or the dry beds of winter torrents, which, seen from a distance, appear like roads, frequented and worn by travel, but every where the ruins of aqueducts and tombs are prominent; ruins which are really only the deserted track of a stormy flood which has passed away like the Roman people. A few trees are with difficulty discovered, but seem to be the forests and indigenous plants of a soil composed of the dust of the dead and the fragments of empires. Often, upon the extended plain, I have believed that I saw rich harvests, but on approaching found that I had been deceived by the appearance of the withered herbage. Every where under these barren harvests the traces of ancient cultivation are distinguishable. Here are no birds, no laborers, none of the movements of rural life, no lowing of cattle, no villages. A few decaying farm-houses appear in the midst of the general desolation, but there issue from them neither smoke nor sound nor inhabitants. A kind of savage, almost naked, pale and wasted by fever, keeps guard over these sad abodes, like the ghosts which, in our Gothic tales, forbid approach to deserted castles.

'You will think perhaps, my dear friend, after this description, that nothing can be more repulsive than these Roman plains. It is far otherwise; they have an inconceivable grandeur. One is ever ready, in looking at them, to exclaim with Virgil:

> "Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
> Magna virum."

If you view them with the eye of a political economist, you will be in despair: if you contemplate them as an artist, a poet, or even a philosopher, you will not wish them to be other than they are. The aspect of a field of corn, or of a hillside covered with vines, will not awaken in you such emotions as the sight of this region, where modern cultivation has never renewed the vigor of the soil, which remains as old as the ruins which cover it.

'Nothing can equal the beauty of the lines of the Roman horizon, the gentle inclination of the plains, and the soft and blending outlines of the mountains which enclose them. The valleys in the Campagna often take the form of an arena, a circus, or a hippodrome; the sides are cut in the shape of terraces, as if the powerful hands of the old Romans had carried off the soil. A peculiar vapor, spread over the distant points, gives roundness to every object, and veils whatever of harshness or abruptness there may be in their forms. The shadows are never black and heavy, and there are no masses of rock or foliage so dark as not to admit some gleams of light. A singularly harmonious tint blends together the sky, the earth, and the water; also the surfaces, by means of an insensible gradation of colors, unite at their extremities, so that the eye cannot mark the point where one shade begins and another ends. You have doubtless admired in the landscapes of Claude Lorraine that light which seems ideal and more beautiful than nature. Such is the light of Rome.

'I was never weary of seeing, from the Villa Borghese, the sun go down behind the cypresses of Monte Mario, and the pines of the Villa Pamphili planted by Le Notre. I have stood upon the Ponte Molle to enjoy the sublime spectacle of the close of day. The summits of the Sabine hills appeared of lapis lazuli and pale gold, while their bases and sides were bathed in vapors of violet or purple. Sometimes lovely clouds, like fairy cars, borne along by the evening wind with inimitable grace, recall the

mythological tales of the descent of the deities of Olympus. Sometimes old Rome seems to have spread all over the west the purple of her consuls and her Cæsars, beneath the last steps of the god of day. This rich decoration does not vanish so quickly as in our climate. When we think that the hues are about to disappear, they revive on some other point of the horizon; one twilight follows another, and the magic of sunset is prolonged.

In another part of his journal he thus records some of the impressions made upon him by the aspect of Rome by moonlight:

'From the height of Trinita de' Monti, the bell-towers and the distant edifices appear like the effaced sketches of a painter, or like the inequalities of a seacoast, dimly discerned from the deck of an anchored vessel.

'Rome is asleep in the midst of these ruins. This star of the night, this orb which is supposed to be extinguished and unpeopled, moves through her pale solitudes, above the solitudes of Rome. She shines upon streets without inhabitants, upon enclosed spaces, open squares, and gardens in which no one walks, upon monasteries where the voices of monks are no longer heard, upon cloisters which are as deserted as the arches of the Colosseum.

'What has been going on during the last eighteen hundred years, at this hour and in these spots? Not only is ancient Italy no more, but Italy of the middle ages has disappeared. Every where the trace of these two Italies is yet distinctly marked in Rome. If modern Rome shows St. Peter's and all its wonders of art, ancient Rome opposes to them the Pantheon and all it ruins; if the former summons from the Capitol its consuls and emperors, the latter evokes from the Vatican the long line of its pontiffs. The Tiber separates the two glories. Mourning in the same dust, pagan Rome sinks deeper and deeper into its tombs, and Christian Rome slowly descends into the catacombs from which it emerged.'

JOSEPH FORSYTH.

This learned and accomplished man went to Italy at the close of the year 1801, and remained there till the spring of 1803. He was a native of Scotland, but had passed many years of his life in the immediate neighborhood of London, in the modest and laborious duties of a teacher of youth. Thoroughly acquainted with Roman and Italian literature, he had long cherished the hope of visiting Italy; and as soon as the continent was thrown open to English travellers by the peace of Amiens, he eagerly grasped the opportunity held out to him of accomplishing the dream of his life. He started on his journey within five days after hearing of the event which made it possible, — little imagining at how great a price he was to purchase this privilege. He was arrested at Turin, by the French police, in May, 1803, under that cruel and wicked

decree of Bonaparte's, by which all British subjects travelling in the French dominions were seized and detained on the breaking out of hostilities between the two countries. He languished eleven years in captivity, in various parts of France, and died within little more than a year after his return home, his constitution having been worn out by the sufferings and anxieties he had passed through. His case is but a single leaf torn out of a huge volume of sorrow, for the whole number of innocent and unsuspecting travellers, upon whom this barbarous decree fell, was not far from ten thousand; and though many were released, and many made their escape, yet what an aggregate of wretchedness and heart-break must have gone up to the throne of God, to plead against the heartless tyrant who could so cruelly abuse the power he enjoyed!

Forsyth's 'Remarks on Antiquities, Arts and Letters during an Excursion in the years 1802 and 1803,' were prepared during the author's captivity, and published in England in 1812, in the hope that by this step he might gain the boon of freedom from a ruler who patronized literature, at least when it did not stand in his way. But his effort failed; and he is said to have ever regretted the publication of his work, as having been prepared under circumstances which made it necessarily fragmentary, imperfect, and far removed from that standard of excellence which existed in his own mind, — which he might more nearly have approached had he written out his notes aided by leisure, a mind at ease, and libraries to consult.

But Forsyth had no cause for self-dissatisfaction, except in that comparison between the actual and the possible which alloys the triumph of the most successful author; for his journal is an admirable work, — in some respects the best that has yet appeared upon Italy. His memory was very retentive, and his knowledge various, accurate, and even profound. Architecture, especially, he thoroughly understood, and his criticisms in this department are always striking, vigorous, and generally sound; though sometimes not intelligible to the common reader from the technical language in which they are expressed. His taste in this art would have been perfect had it been a little more tolerant, and had he been a little less exclusive in his admiration for classical forms. His observation is every where sharp and accurate, and his judgments, perfectly manly and independent, are never flippant or offensive. His mind and way of looking at things are eminently English. He never stoops to sentiment; never indulges in poetical flights; takes nothing upon trust, and sometimes growls out his satisfaction, as if

wrung from him against his will. The great defect of his work is that it is not amiable enough in tone. His censure is too general and too hearty, and his praise too rare and too cold In this, as in other things, the influence of the occupation he had long followed is discernible in his manner of thinking and writing. The drudgery of teaching had doubtless worn upon a temperament naturally sensitive, and put the fine chords of feeling a little out of tune. But we see the good effects of the discipline he had passed through in the distinctness of his knowledge, the emphatic decision of his judgment, the unfailing obedience of his memory, and the clearness and accuracy of his style. He writes like a man who had acquired a keen distaste for extravagance, exaggeration, and rhetorical flourishes, by having been obliged to endure and correct so much of them in the exercises of his pupils. His style is indeed admirable; vigorous, pointed, and condensed; sharp as steel and clear as crystal; and sometimes charming and surprising his reader by an uncommon felicity of phrase. Occasionally, too there slips from the guarded and self-watchful man an expression which reveals warmth and depth of feeling, and a genuine sensibility to beauty. Though his book has but few personal records, it leaves upon the mind of the reader a most favorable impression of the character of the writer. We can easily believe that Forsyth was a man whom every body must have respected, and whom many may have loved. A few brief extracts will illustrate the peculiarities of his style and manner. While in Florence he went out to Fiesole, and describes with genuine feeling the rare assemblage of beautiful objects which greets the eye from its airy height. His poetical emotions were interrupted by an old peasant, who addressed to his companion some words of admiration upon the fine prospect and the numerous farms and vineyards, ending with saying, 'But, after all, none of it belongs to us.' Upon this, Forsyth remarks: 'Those notes of exclamation end in a selfishness peculiar to age. There is generally something sordid at the bottom of the bucket which old men throw on admiration.'

How pointed, yet how true, are his observations upon the Colosseum: 'As it now stands, the Colosseum is a striking image of Rome itself, — decayed, — vacant, — serious, — yet grand, — half gray and half green, — exact on one side and fallen on the other, — with consecrated ground in its bosom, — inhabited by a beadsman; visited by every cast; for moralists antiquaries, painters, architects, devotees, all meet here to meditate, to examine, to draw, to measure, and to pray.'

How beautiful and picturesque is his account of the illumi-

nation of the interior of St. Peter's by the lighted cross at Easter

'No architecture ever surpassed in effect the interior of this pile when illuminated at Easter by a single cross of lamps. The immediate focus of glory, — all the gradations of light and darkness, — the fine or the fantastic accidents of this chiaro-scuro, — the projection of fixed or moving shadows, — the sombre of the deep perspectives, — the multitude kneeling round the Pope, — the groups in the distant aisles, — what a world of pictures for men of art to copy or combine! What fancy was ever so dull or so disciplined or so worn, as to resist the enthusiasm of such a scene!'

His description of Tivoli is animated and striking:

'The hill of Tivoli is all over picture. The city, the villas, the ruins, the rocks, the cascades in the foreground; the Sabine hills, the three Monticelli, Soracte, Frascati, the Campagna, and Rome in the distance; these form a succession of landscapes superior, in the light produced, to the richest cabinet of Claude's. Tivoli cannot be described; no true portrait of it exists; they are poetical translations of the matchless original. Indeed, when you come to detail the hill, some defect of harmony will ever be found in the foreground or distance, something in the swell or channelling of its sides, something in the growth or the grouping of its trees, which painters, referring every object to its effect on canvas, will often condemn as bad nature. In fact, the beauties of landscape are all accidental. Nature, intent on more important ends, does nothing exclusively to please the eye. No stream flows exactly as the artist would wish it; he wants mountains when he finds only hills; he wants hills, when he finds a plain. Nature gives him but scattered elements; the composition is his own.'

What traveller will not confirm from his own recollection and experience the following reflections?

'We make the tour of Italy as we make the circuit of a gallery. We set out determined to let nothing escape us unexamined, and thus we waste our attention, while it is fresh, on the first objects, which are not generally the best. On advancing, we are dazzled with excellence and fatigued with admiration. We can take, however, but a certain dose of this pleasure at a time, and at length when the eye is saturated with picture, we begin to long for the conclusion, and we run through the last rooms with a rapid glance.'

MADAME DE STAEL.

The 'Corinne' of Madame de Stael is the most popular, and, in some respects, the most remarkable, book that has ever been written upon Italy, or inspired by it. Her father, always to her an object of passionate love and idolatrous reverence, had died in April, 1804, and her journey into Italy, of which 'Corinne' was the result, was taken rather to divert her vehement and consuming grief by new scenes and the fatigues and

occupations of travel, than from any strong, original attraction towards the country and its peculiar objects of interest. The love of nature was never a decided feeling with her; and it was not until her heart had been softened by this great sorrow, that the beauty and grandeur of the outward world made much impression upon her. Nor had she paid much attention to art, in any of its forms or departments. Indeed, minds of such original power as hers, which have within themselves the inexhaustible fountains of genius to draw from, rarely submit to the patient study and prolonged examination which are indispensable to a thorough comprehension of the arts of sculpture and painting. Their time may be better spent in creation than in analysis and criticism; in the production of new forms of beauty rather than in the observation of those which other minds have given birth to. Men of genius are more apt to feel art than to understand it; and they sometimes mistake the emotions which a work of art calls forth, for essential characteristics of the work itself. The melancholy exhaustion of grief made the mind of Madame de Stael comparatively passive and receptive, and thus more disposed to return a faithful image of Italy. In her ordinary state, her vivid, powerful, and creative genius would have subdued to its own essence all external objects, and the book which she would have written would have been to Italy what satin is to the mulberry leaf. She had the advantage of being attended in her tour by her friend Schlegel, a man of brilliant powers, thoroughly instructed in literature and art, who could supply to her rapid and discursive glance that accurate knowledge and careful observation which she needed. Many of her eloquent and striking reflections upon ancient and modern art were undoubtedly the growth and expansion of ideas originally suggested by this accomplished German.

The great and lasting popularity of 'Corinne' renders it superfluous to dwell at any length upon its characteristic excellences, or to quote from its inspired pages. Indeed, it would be doing the author injustice, to give to her eloquent conceptions the garb of any other language than that in which she had clothed them. Her prose is absolutely untranslatable. To say nothing of her many felicities of phrase which dissolve as soon as they are touched, there is a certain declamatory recitative in the movement of her periods, which suits the genius of the French tongue, but sounds strained and affected in English.

The plan of the work, combining a romantic love-story with pictures of Italian life, manners, and scenery, was a most happy

thought, and gave full scope to all the writer's powers. The birth, growth, and tragical close of a mutual attachment between two highly endowed beings, upon the soil of Italy, where every passion felt by susceptible natures becomes at once more intense and more exalted, was a theme peculiarly suited to Madame de Stael's genius, so imaginative and at the same time so craving the support of love and sympathy. In the execution, also, there is so much of grace, power, and feeling, that all defects of detail are overlooked. We forget the improbabilities of the story; we pardon the want of incident; we forbear to ask if Corinne be a possible being, or if, being possible, she could have so loved such a forcible Feeble as Oswald.

'Corinne' is certainly a work of extraordinary beauty; captivating the young by its impassioned sentiment, its glowing eloquence, its rich tone of color, and its tender melancholy; and attracting those who are no longer young by the accuracy of its observations upon social life and manners, and the profound knowledge of the human heart which it reveals. The chapters which are devoted to the ruins, the edifices, and the works of art in Rome, are not, it seems to me, the finest portions of the book, though probably they cost the writer the most pains in the preparation. They are eloquent and striking, but too elaborate and wanting in repose. The objects which she describes are lost in the crowd of reflections which they call forth; and the mind's eye is dazzled and blinded by the brilliant light which is poured upon it. She seems to write from recollection, rather than from observation; making the objects she saw points of departure rather than themes. She theorizes but does not describe, and gives us speculation instead of detail. But her speculations are original and striking, and her theories charm, if they do not convince. The ruins of Rome, interpreted by the voice and glance of 'Corinne,' start into life, and the heart of antiquity throbs anew under the creative touch of love.

The passages descriptive of Italian character and the social life and manners of the people, though less ambitious, are at least equal in literary merit to those in which ruins and works of art are discussed. They are in every way admirable; remarkable alike for the noble generosity of their tone, their vigorous grasp, and their delicate and feminine observation. They awaken a feeling of strong admiration for the writer; and it warms and strengthens the heart to see a person of so much genius so free from prejudice, narrowness, and bitter-

ness; so thoroughly familiar with the most finished forms of social life, and yet so loyal to truth and so sensitive to the touch of the noblest sentiments. These portions of 'Corinne' seem the most natural and spontaneous of the work; those in which the writer's mind poured itself forth most freely and with the least effort. The warmly sympathetic and feminine nature of Madame de Stael — and, though she had masculine powers, there never was a more truly feminine nature than hers — craved companionship and sympathy; and her genius, various as it was, was never more strikingly and successfully displayed than in painting and analyzing the movements of the human heart and the human mind as modified by the customs and usages of society.

The sketches of Naples and its neighborhoood seem to have more of the charm of natural expression than the lofty declamations upon the ruins of Rome. The gay and smiling aspect of Naples, and the joyous pulse of life which beats there, may have more soothed and stirred a heart too much oppressed by sorrow to bear the melancholy desolation of Rome. Naples is the place for those who wish to escape from grief, and not Rome: the latter may lighten the pain, but the former extracts the dart. Nothing can surpass the splendor as well as the fidelity of her descriptions of that whole enchanting region, — the forms of the landscape, the aspects of the vegetable world, the streets and population of Naples, and the mingled beauty and desolation of its neighborhood. The contrasts which are there assembled; the loveliness and fertility illumined by the ghastly funeral torch of Vesuvius, — the remains of Roman luxury on the other side of the bay, in the midst of a region scarred and blackened by elemental strife, — took powerful hold of an imagination like hers; and the colors which burn and glow upon her pages are not inferior to those of the living scenes.

The 'Corinne' of Madame de Stael, and the 'Remarks' of Forsyth may be set in contrast with each other, like the impressions which Italy made upon Goethe and Chateaubriand respectively. It is not possible for two books, inspired by the same theme, to be more unlike: one is all accuracy, point, and precision; the other, all sentiment, imagination, and enthusiasm; one is a map, and the other, a landscape. They resemble each other as an outline by Flaxman resembles a picture by Giorgione. Each is the complement of the other and between them the whole circle of Italy is rounded. Combining the two, we have Roman drawing and Venetian color

ing; and of the kind, there can be had on earth nothing better than these. In the smallest portable library which the intelligent tourist takes into Italy or collects there, both these books should find a place; one, for its fidelity of form, and the other, for the kindling power of its genius; one fashioning the statue, and the other waking it to life by a touch.

CHAPTER XXX.

Travellers in Italy and writers on Italy, concluded — Eustace — Matthews — Lady Morgan — Shelley — Lord Byron — Rogers — Miss Eaton. John Bell. William Stewart Rose — Andersen — Mrs. Kemble — Spalding. Murray.

JOHN CHETWODE EUSTACE.

Eustace was a Catholic priest, who went to Italy in 1801 as travelling companion to two young gentlemen of fortune and published an account of his tour in 1813, under the title of 'A Classical Tour through Italy.' He was a man of considerable learning, after the English school, and was especially well acquainted with the authors of Rome, both in prose and verse. Every thing which he serves up is garnished with quotations, but they are generally apposite and often new. Although a sincere and devoted Catholic, he was also a thorough, not to say prejudiced, Englishman; and he hated France and Frenchmen, as if there had been a special commandment to that effect in the decalogue. He looks upon the French nation as the enemies of religion, liberty, and the arts; and his feelings as a clergyman, an Englishman, and a scholar, are equally aroused against them. He seems to have been a truly amiable man, but, where France is concerned, we miss not only his usual mildness of judgment, but the usually cautious and inquiring habit of his mind. Every thing is taken on trust which is disparaging to that country and its people, and no story can be too monstrous for his credulity which is to their discredit. But, in justice to Eustace, and to many others of his countrymen who have left similar sentiments on record, it should be said, that this hatred drew much of its energy from a fear which they were too proud to confess. And no one who looks back upon the history of that period can wonder at it. Bonaparte was so extraordinary a phe

nomenon, — his character and career were so unprecedented, — his progress and success were so fearful, — he broke in upon the conventional monotony of history so like a comet upon the regular orbits of the solar system, — that we cannot feel surprised that he should have been looked upon as something supernatural and demoniac, against whom all mortal resources were as unavailing as against the power of lightnings or earthquakes.

The 'Classical Tour' attained great and immediate popularity. It commended itself by its ripe English scholarship, its hearty English prejudices, by a style of considerable dignity and elegance, and a truly gentlemanly tone of feeling, — for Eustace was a gentleman as well as a scholar, and is never scurrilous or vulgar even in the expression of his distaste and ill-will. It was for a time valued beyond its deserts, and a certain reaction necessarily took place; and when criticism was turned against it, many vulnerable points were found open to attack. Besides the prejudices, national and theological, with which its pages bristled, it was found to swarm with inaccuracies of detail. This last defect arose probably, in part, from the long interval between the date of the journey and the publication of the tour. Having been once much overvalued, it is now unreasonably undervalued. It is not, and never was meant to be, a guide-book, but it certainly may be read with pleasure and profit, either before going to Italy, or after returning from it; especially the latter. The scholar will not object to the profusion of beautiful passages in Latin prose and verse which are poured around the scenes which he visited, nor can any right-minded reader fail to respect the pure morality of the writer, and the manly frankness with which he maintains his religious convictions. Lord Byron, in a note to the fourth Canto of Childe Harold, has made a sweeping attack upon the 'Classical Tour;' but his Lordship should have remembered that in a characteristic criticism upon Mitford's History of Greece, he had enumerated 'wrath and partiality' as among its merits. Eustace's tour has a kindred excellence; that is to say, it abounds with honest expressions of honest prejudices. It is a truthful book, and stamped with marked individual character. There is always a certain pleasure in reading works of this class, irrespective of their merely literary merit. Their flavor is positive, if not fine. We are sure that we are brought face to face with the author's mind, such as it is. We should have put Eustace higher upon the scale of writers and thinkers, if he had been less prejudiced, but it is by no means certain that the 'Classical Tour' would have been a more

readable book, if it were entirely free from those strong expressions of personal and professional feeling which sometimes call forth a smile at their extravagance.

Speaking of Boccaccio, Eustace says: 'Of Boccaccio, the modern Petronius, we say nothing; the abuse of genius is more odious and more contemptible than its absence, and it little imports where the impure remains of a licentious author are consigned to their kindred dust.' He has been sharply taken to task for this severe judgment upon an eminent name in literature, and it would perhaps have been more discreet to have said nothing, where he must have censured if he spoke at all. But, being a Catholic and a clergyman, he could not have written of Boccaccio with admiration, without forfeiting his own claims to respect even in the eyes of a Protestant and a layman. Being a priest, he could not think well of Boccaccio; or, thinking well of Boccaccio, he could not be a priest. The man who is false to his own proclaimed standard is contemptible even in the judgment of the wicked.

A single quotation from Eustace, of some length, is all that shall make. Speaking of the habit of the people near Naples to build new houses on the very spots laid waste by the eruptions of Vesuvius, he says:

'A French traveller, who noticed this persevering spirit some years ago, attributes it to the blindness and folly of the human race, and very ingeniously, and, at the same time much to the credit of his species, compares them to ants, which never fail to repair their nests how often soever they may be ravaged and crumbled to pieces. Addison observed, near a century ago, that even in his time the principal object of some French writers seemed to be to degrade and vilify human nature; and, since that period, whole swarms of declaimers and sophists have risen in succession, to provoke and justify a more extensive application of the remark. The English nation, much to its credit, differs in this respect, as indeed in many others, very widely from its rival neighbors, and is united with the wise, the good, the great, of all ages and countries, in a glorious confederacy to support the dignity and the grandeur of our common nature. In opposition, therefore, to the sagacious president, we may venture to praise the inhabitants of Torre del Greco, and consider their perseverance, which, undismayed by the most tremendous disasters, still pursues its object, as a sublime sentiment that indicates the greatness of man, and displays at once his courage and his resources. Camillus preferred a cottage, amid the ruins of Rome, still smoking after the Gallic conflagration, to the palaces of Veii: and the natives of this town prefer their country, though on the verge of a fiery abyss, to a secure but foreign mansion. We applaud the patriotism of the former; why should we not praise the spirit of the latter?'

In this characteristic paragraph we have not only a specimen of Eustace's own prejudices, but an illustration of the follies and inconsistencies into which all men fall when they give them-

selves over to the guidance of prejudice. The French traveller whom he cites is the President Dupaty, who makes the comparison about the ants, on occasion of a visit to Pompeii. Surely, his illustration does not deserve such solemn and prolonged rebuke; and still less does the tenacity with which those people cling to the roots of a burning mountain justify the commendation bestowed upon it. Most travellers would ascribe the strength of this local attachment, not to any elevated sentiment, but to indolence, want of enterprise, and a stupid Mohammedan fatalism, and would look upon the sneer of Dupaty as being quite as near the truth, to say the least, as the glorification of Eustace. The analogy between Camillus and his compatriots and the cottagers that sleep on the edge of a fiery abyss would be pertinent, if invasions were governed by the same laws as volcanic eruptions.

As to his hasty and illiberal remarks upon the character and tendency of French literature, it is curious to observe that the leading French writers of his time were Madame de Stael and Chateaubriand; both remarkable for their ideal views of humanity and the exalted tone of their minds: and as to the sweeping praise of English literature in this regard, it is enough to ask Eustace to name any French writer, holding the high rank of Swift in English literature, who has ever vilified and degraded humanity in so foul and atrocious a manner, as he had done in his voyage to the land of Houyhnhnms. French literature is not without sin, but England is not exactly in the position to cast the first stone.

HENRY MATTHEWS.

Matthews, the author of 'The Diary of an Invalid,' was in Italy in 1817 and 1818. His tour, which embraced also Portugal, Switzerland, and France, was taken in pursuit of health. He was a man of considerable cultivation and scholarship, sharp faculties of observation, a quick sense both of the beautiful and the ludicrous, and with decided, but not excessive, English prejudices. His journal betrays at times the languor, as well as the sensitiveness, of ill-health. Its chief merits, which gave immediate and extensive popularity, consist in its light, airy, and graceful style, its natural, but not offensive, revelations of personal feeling, and its gentlemanly tone. He is never profound or original, but, on the other hand, never labored or affected. The records of the hour and the impressions made by every object and experience are honestly set down He often falls into a

careless felicity of phrase, as, when speaking of Guido and Carlo Dolce, he says: 'The pictures of the first have been termed the *honey*, and those of the last may perhaps be called the *treacle*, of painting.' His Diary is still a very pleasant book for after-dinner reading, not rousing the faculties, or engaging the attention too deeply, but skimming gracefully over the subject, and causing a variety of agreeable pictures to glide before the eye and the mind.*

LADY MORGAN.

Lady Morgan's 'Italy' was the record of an extended tour in that country in 1819 and 1820. Unquestionably, it was the book which prompted the tour, and not the tour which gave birth to the book. It was a journey in three volumes, and probably the bargain with the publisher was concluded before her trunks were packed. Her ladyship is a writer of a vigorous and masculine understanding, with a considerable amount of historical reading; much of which, however, seems to have been gotten up for the occasion, and to be the result of diligent cramming. Her historic sketches leave the impression that she tells therein all that she knows; and she sometimes announces familiar facts as if they were new discoveries. She is independent in her views and fearless in the expression of them; a warm, if not always a wise, friend of liberty; humane in her disposition, and filled with generous indignation at the oppressions of the strong and the sufferings of the weak; sympathetic in her nature, and readily assimilating herself to the persons among whom she is thrown. She observes accurately, and describes fairly, the character and peculiarities of such portion of the Italian people as she saw with unprejudiced eyes. Her style is forcible, but too elaborate and artificial, and too constantly aiming at points and brilliant turns. In the noble art of book-making she is a great proficient. History, philosophy, speculation, sketches of society and manners, remarks on the fine arts, descriptions of scenery, succeed each other in her pages, and offer a varied entertainment, at which every taste may find something to feed upon. She has much of that love of humor common among the Irish, but she sometimes introduces it unseasonably, and passes from grave to gay with an abruptness of transition for which her readers are not quite pre-

* Matthews is, so far as I know, the earliest English author who speaks of the celebrated Paganini, whom he heard in Rome, and whose fame had not then gone beyond the Italian peninsula.

pared. Her radicalism is not of the most austere and unbending kind; and the complacency with which she records the social attentions paid to her by noble and titled personages is sometimes in amusing contrast with the energy of her political declamations.

The defects of her work — its defects of substance, that is — arise in a great measure from her strong Anglican and Protestant prejudices, and her want of imagination and refinement. She has an intolerant hatred of kings and priests in general, and the Medici family in particular; and she proclaims it in season and out of season. She judges the institutions and governments of Italy, not so much by what they have and are, as by what they have not and are not. She is justly proud of the British constitution and the blessings of regulated liberty which it ensures, and she ascribes the misery and decay which meet her eyes in Italy to a corrupt church and despotic rulers. She forgets that nations, as well as individuals, have their periods of growth, maturity, and decline, and that there are many elements that have conspired to produce the present unhappy condition of Italy which have nothing to do with the religion or politics of the country. Not that she is not often right. On the contrary, a Protestant and a republican will generally assent to her eloquent and indignant comments; but she is extravagant in degree, and often pushes her politics and political economy beyond the limits of reason as well as good taste; as when she says of St. Peter's, that to the philanthropist it 'will appear foremost in the causes which have continued the pestilence of the Campagna, desolated the plains of Latium, and brought misery, through error, to myriads all over the suffering world.' Her book is a true book, but it does not contain the whole truth. She does not look at Italy from the proper point of view. English comfort, English neatness, and English liberty are not there, but to these wants she should have made up her mind before starting. We should think it unreasonable in an Italian traveller in England who should complain that the sun was not bright, and that there were no oranges grown in the open air. Her explosions of Anglican and Protestant feeling provoke from M. Ampère, a Frenchman, a Catholic, and a lover of art, some caustic criticisms:

'That the English, in entering Italy, and especially at the commencement of a residence in Rome, should be strongly impressed with the want of comfort and neatness in the people, — that the obvious defects of Italian governments in general, and of the Papal government in particular, should offend men accustomed to the spectacle of constitutional manners, — and that they should express their dissatisfaction with the people and the gov-

ernment in energetic terms, — is certainly very natural. Since the days of the whig Addison, who, as we have seen, displayed with much pride in the presence of Rome the feeling of the political superiority of England, almost all Englishmen who have followed him have repeated the same lofty commonplace. They have a fair right to have this satisfaction of Italy for the blessings which she enjoys and are denied to them, — such as sun, sky, climate, perception of art, — but they should not surrender themselves to a too contemptuous pity. From the height of their immortal constitution, which is beginning to totter, and of their sublime philanthropy, which has never found bread for Ireland, they should not too arrogantly hurl disdain or compassion upon a noble city and an admirable people, who would not change their ruins and their churches for the manufactures of England, their sunshine for hydrogen gas, the genius which reared the Colosseum and St. Peter's, carved the Laocoon or painted the frescoes of the Sistine Chapel, for the industrial energy which has constructed the steam-engine or carried the useful arts to such perfection, as to have spun during the last fifty years a thread of cotton long enough to stretch one hundred and forty-two times from the earth to the sun.'

It is but repeating the criticism of M. Ampère in another form to say that Lady Morgan is wanting in that imagination and poetical feeling which give such charm to the writings of Madame de Stael and Chateaubriand upon Italy. Her sketches are all in the colors of prose; the present and the practical hold sway over her mind. She never wholly surrenders herself to any fine or imaginative influence, and however powerfully the heart or the fancy may be addressed, she never fails to let fall some caustic comment or disparaging fling, to prove her cold self-possession. The display of the illuminated cross in St. Peter's, during Easter week, for instance, is described by all travellers as a most impressive spectacle, acting upon the imagination through the senses to an extent almost unparalleled, warming the most prosaic bosoms into a glow of unwonted admiration, and filling the minds of such as are endowed with poetical sensibility with visions of celestial glory. But what is the mood in which Lady Morgan looks upon this sight, and what are the impressions which it leaves upon her memory? A brief extract from her description shall answer:

'The pious votarists on the right, on the contrary, were all true "mortal mixtures of earth's mould;" and chuckleheaded princes and ponderous princesses squatted on their carpets, like Indian pagods, and thumped and bumped, and crossed and groaned in vain; none were edified by their devotional exercises; not even the mailed soldiery who guarded them. The cardinals were the same "gallant, gay Lotharios" at the foot of the cross, as in the saloon. They circulated the snuff-box, shook their handkerchiefs, whispered their remarks, winked their drowsy lids before the lamps, and yawned or blessed themselves for want of something else to do.'

Supposing all this irreverence to have been strictly true, which may be fairly doubted, what use is there in noticing,

still less in remembering and recording, it? Everything in life has its reverse side. All our earthly glories and pageants are attended with homely elements, or unlucky mischances, which a morbid imagination may magnify so as to turn the whole into burlesque. The slave in the Roman triumph embodied this mocking spirit of parody, but who would voluntarily assume the character? The nobler the nature, the more will it overlook what was not meant to be seen, and forget what was not meant to be remembered.

But, after all the criticisms to which the 'Italy' of Lady Morgan is open, there still remains much that is good and much that is true. There is a masculine vigor in the grasp of her understanding, and a masculine energy in her style. If not always refined, she is never feeble; and if her own peculiar views are sometimes obtruded with unnecessary dogmatism, it is impossible not to respect the frankness and courage of her attitude. Her account of Bologna — a very interesting city, which most persons hurry through without stopping, but where she seems to have spent a considerable time — is instructive and entertaining.

SHELLEY.

Shelley lived in Italy from the spring of 1818 till his melancholy death in the summer of 1822. He spent a month at Milan and the lake of Como; thence passed in succession to Pisa, Leghorn, the Baths of Lucca, Venice, Este, Rome, Naples, and back again to Rome. The spring of 1819 was passed in Rome. Here he lost a son; and he and his wife left the spot too painfully associated with his image, and resided during the summer in a small house near Leghorn. The succeeding autumn and part of the winter were spent in Florence, and afterwards he lived at Pisa, the Baths of San Giuliano, and Spezzia. He was charmed with the external face of Italy. Mrs. Shelley says: 'The aspect of its nature, its sunny sky, its majestic storms, of the luxuriant vegetation of the country, and the noble cities, enchanted him. The sight of the works of art was full of enjoyment and wonder; he had not studied pictures or statues before, but he now did so with the eye of taste, that referred not to the rules of schools, but to those of nature and truth. The first entrance to Rome opened to him a scene of remains of ancient grandeur that far surpassed his expectations; and the unspeakable beauty of Naples and its environs

added to the impression he received of the transcendent and glorious beauty of Italy.'

From his shy and shrinking temperament, he avoided society and lived in great seclusion. He had no acquaintances among the Italians of the higher class, and saw very little of those of his own countrymen who travelled in Italy. And what seems more singular, he was not attracted to the rich and beautiful literature of the people among whom he lived. He read English, Greek, German, and Spanish; everything but Italian. His feeling for art was fine and true, but his knowledge of it was superficial; nor does he appear to have given much time to the examination of the galleries of Rome or Florence. His love of art and his love of books were less strong than his love of nature. The former were but tastes, the last was a passion. He spent much time in the open air, and his bodily and mental health were improved by it. The climate of Italy was in unison with his delicate organization, and even the fierce heats of its summers, from which every other living thing shrank, gave him strength and spirits.

Thus, in the various works produced by him while residing in Italy, there is no trace of any influence exerted upon his mind by Italian literature or society, but constant indications of the power with which nature acted upon him. The luxuriant vegetation of Italy, its bright and richly colored atmosphere, its sparkling seas, and the azure depth of its clear sky, seem to have inspired the lavish and gorgeous descriptions of 'Prometheus Unbound,' 'Epipscychidion,' 'Adonais,' and 'The Sensitive Plant.' In pure description — such as is not warmed by passion or deepened by philosophical reflection — he is a great master. His sense of color is particularly fine, and he paints the hues of a landscape or a garden as Titian would paint a purple mantle embroidered with gold. With a single touch, an imaginative epithet, or a happy expression, he presents the peculiar character of Italian scenery. Thus, in the 'Lines written among the Euganean hills,' he speaks of the '*waveless* plain of Lombardy' spreading like 'a green sea,' and '*islanded* by cities fair;' of the towers of Venice '*quivering* through aerial gold;' of the '*olive-sandalled* Apennine.' In the same poem he compares the purple mists of an autumn noon to a 'vaporous amethyst' — a very beautiful as well as just image. In his 'Ode to Naples,' he speaks of the sea which bathes that enchanting coast, as 'a plane of light between two heavens of azure.'

In an unstudied effusion, conversational in its tone, called a 'Letter to Maria Gisborne,' he draws a graceful picture of an Italian summer evening:

'Beyond, the surface of the unsickled corn
Trembles not in the slumbering air, and borne
In circles quaint, and ever-changing dance,
Like winged stars the fireflies flash and glance
Pale in the open moonshine ; but each one
Under the darkness seems a little sun,
A meteor tamed ; a fixed star gone astray
From the silver regions of the milky-way.
Afar, the Contadino's song is heard,
Rude, but made sweet by distance ; — and a bird,
Which cannot be a nightingale, and yet
I know none else that sings so sweet as it
At this late hour.'

He wrote the tragedy of 'The Cenci' at Leghorn in the summer of 1819. This is the most finished and carefully constructed of all his poems, and is in some respects the highest production of his genius. The subject is too tragical, or rather too horrible, for dramatic purposes. It lays upon the soul a ghastly and hideous weight of unrelieved guilt and suffering too heavy to be borne. The characters also speculate and analyze too much, and the flow of the action is languid. But it is a wonderful work to have been written by a man of twenty-six, and it is remarkable for being so free from the peculiarities of his other poems. The diction is simple and unadorned, without any of that luxuriant and many-colored imagery which seems the natural garb of his thoughts. Were the tragedy now first discovered in manuscript, and did we only know that it was written by some one who was alive in 1819, Shelley is one of the last persons to whom, from the internal evidence of his other poems, it would be assigned. In connection with his early death, we read it with a melancholy interest as an earnest of what he might have done had he lived longer, and, instead of weaving airy webs of abstraction, and steeping them in the gorgeous hues of fancy, had sought his themes in the course of real life and the emotions of the common heart.

Admirable, however, as 'The Cenci' is, it takes nothing from Italy but its subject. It is a very original work, drawn from the depths of his own heart and the treasures of his own mind. It might as well have been written in London as in Leghorn. There is nothing in it which tastes of the soil. The influence of Italian models is not felt, though it is a faithful picture of Italian society at the time when the scene is laid. But the truth is due to the unerring glance of genius, and not to the imitative faculty. Great passions and great sufferings are levelling principles, and obliterate the distinctions of birth and blood. Manners and costume vary, but love, jealousy,

hatred, and ambition bear the same fruits in Greece, Italy, and England.

During his residence in Italy, Shelley described the peculiarities of the country in a series of letters to his friends, which were published after his death. They are easy and graceful in style, and interesting as revelations of character. They are as unlike as possible to those which his friend Byron was writing at the same time. The latter are fierce, abrupt, sarcastic, and personal; but Shelley's are gentle, affectionate, and refined, showing great domestic tenderness and a passionate love of nature. He had no corner in his heart for hatred to lurk in, and his tone, whenever he speaks of individuals, is courteous, tolerant, and forgiving. Their literary merit is not striking, but their ease, transparent diction, and poetical sensibility give them a claim to the honors of the press, which they also deserve on higher grounds as illustrations of the life and character of so remarkable a man. They contain passages of great descriptive beauty, which are all the better for their natural and unstudied simplicity. In a letter from Leghorn, he writes:

'I take great delight in watching the changes of the atmosphere here, and the growth of the thunder-showers with which the noon is often overshadowed, and which break and fade away towards evening into flocks of delicate clouds. Our fireflies are fading away fast, but there is the planet Jupiter, who rises majestically over the rift in the forest-covered mountains to the south, and the pale summer lightning which is spread out every night at intervals over the sky. No doubt Providence has contrived these things that, when the fireflies go out, the low-flying owl may see her way home.'

While in Venice, the aspect of the gondolas calls forth a striking image: 'The gondolas themselves are things of most romantic and picturesque appearance. I can only compare them to moths of which a coffin might have been the chrysalis.'

His description of the falls of Terni is poetical and accurate:

'Imagine a river sixty feet in breadth, with a vast volume of waters, the outlet of a great lake among the higher mountains, falling three hundred feet into a sightless gulf of snow-white vapor, which bursts up for ever and for ever from a circle of black crags, and thence leaping downwards, made five or six other cataracts, each fifty or a hundred feet high, which exhibit on a smaller scale, and with beautiful and sublime variety, the same appearances. But words (and far less could painting) will not express it. Stand upon the brink of the platform of cliff which is directly opposite. You see the ever-moving water stream down. It comes in thick and tawny folds, flaking off like solid snow gliding down a mountain. It does not seem hollow within, but without it is unequal, like the folding of linen

thrown carelessly down ; your eye follows it, and it is lost below, not in the black rocks which gird it around, but in its own foam and spray, in the cloud-like vapors boiling up from below, which is not like rain nor mist nor spray nor foam, but water in a shape wholly unlike any thing I ever saw before. It is as white as snow, but thick and impenetrable to the eye. The very imagination is bewildered in it. A thunder comes up from the abyss wonderful to hear; for, though it ever sounds, it is never the same, but, modulated by the changing motion, rises and falls intermittingly.' *

LORD BYRON.

Lord Byron resided in Italy from the autumn of 1816 to the summer of 1823, when he went to Greece. He lived first in Venice, then in Ravenna, subsequently in Pisa, and lastly in Genoa. It would be difficult to find a writer whose works contain so much to admire, and whose life presents so little to respect ; and within the period of his residence in Italy are comprised the most splendid creations of his genius and the lowest degradation of his character. In reading his letters and journal, we are disgusted with the passionless profligacy of his habits, from which an escape into open adultery was hailed by his friends as an absolute reform ; and we feel a mixture of

* Byron has described the falls of Terni in four celebrated stanzas of the fourth canto of Childe Harold, which are too well known to be quoted. His sketch and that of Shelley, above cited, show in what different lights two great poets may look at the same thing. Shelley is more distinct and individual ; Byron, more elaborate and impassioned. In Shelley's mind one visible object suggests another, but Byron personifies the whole scene, and interprets it by epithets drawn from human passions and emotions. He speaks of the '*agony*,' the '*delirious bound*,' and the '*fierce footsteps*,' of the waters; of the '*distracted* waters,' and the '*torture* of the scene.' There is a glittering animation and dazzling richness in Byron's verses which will not allow the mind to fix a searching glance upon them, but they will not bear a dissecting criticism. They are vague and indistinct, and will answer for one waterfall about as well as another. Nor will all the images and embellishments be commended by a stern taste. The comparison of the foam dripping from the rocks to the 'sweat of their agony' is doubtful, to say the least. The rainbow hovering over the stream is likened first to 'Hope upon a death-bed,' and then to 'Love watching madness,'—both a little fantastic and far-fetched. Shelley's simple prose challenges no comparison with Byron's elaborate verses, but his outline is more correct in drawing than his noble friend's splendidly colored picture. Judging from my own impressions and recollections, I should say that both were overstated. The Velino is a deep and rapid stream, but only about fifty feet wide. It certainly makes the most of itself, but when the poet talks about 'the fountain of an infant sea,' and about its coming like an eternity as if to sweep down all things in its track,' he drew more upon his imagination than his memory.

pity and contempt for his waywardness and irritability, his weak sensitiveness to public opinion constantly breaking through his affectation of indifference, his pride of birth varnished over with a coating of radicalism, and his real love of money thinly veiled by the lordly unconcern of his hectoring epistles to his publisher; while a sterner feeling of reprobation is roused by the savage ferocity of his hatreds, and the unwarrantable language in which he speaks of his wife. But when we turn to the creations of his genius during this period, we readily yield the highest admiration to their number, their variety, and their surpassing excellence. We see proceeding from a profligate and degrading life a succession of poetical productions so full of beauty and originality, as to confound all the notions we have, or, at least, would like to have, upon the connection between genius and moral worth. This will be readily admitted when we remember that while in Italy he wrote the fourth canto of 'Childe Harold,' 'Beppo,' 'Mazeppa,' 'The Lament of Tasso,' 'The Prophecy of Dante,' all his dramas, and 'Don Juan.'

The mind of Byron was both original and imitative. He was very susceptible to influences from without, whether derived from books or conversation, and thus his Italian experiences had much to do in shaping the channels in which his genius flowed. He spoke the Italian language with fluency and correctness, and could doubtless have written in it if he had chosen so to do. He mingled to some extent, especially while in Venice, in Italian society; and his sharp and correct observation gave him accurate views of the life, character, and manners of the people. Without having made a thorough study of Italian literature, he had read a good deal, in his usual fitful and desultory manner, in Italian authors; and his memory, which, to use his own language, was 'wax to receive and marble to retain,' and his fertile genius, caused a little reading to produce in him all the fruits of extended research. That the products of his mind should be moulded and colored by the books which he read, and the social atmosphere which he breathed, was inevitable. His 'Beppo' is the most perfect reproduction in English of the gay and laughing tone of Berni and Ariosto, with here and there a sting of sharper satire, and a burst of more passionate feeling, than we find in the airy movements of Italian genius, which flutters lightly over the surface of things, without piercing to their depths. The manner is conversational, and the language the simple current coin of daily life; but the right word always slips into the right place, and the strong English is moulded into as graceful forms as the soft Italian. The story

is nothing in itself, — a slight anecdote which might take ten minutes in the telling, — but we lose sight of this in the brilliant description, the playful banter, the colloquial grace, and sparkling animation which accompany it. In the vivid stanzas upon Italy — too well known to be quoted — which glow with all Giorgione's depth of coloring, he rises for a moment into a higher mood, and lets the laughing mask drop from an impassioned brow; and in his brief and caustic sketch of London literary society, there is a momentary intrusion of personal feeling venting itself in a vehemence of sarcasm not in unison with the rest of the poem.

His two dramas, founded upon Venetian history, 'Marino Faliero' and 'The Two Foscari,' though certainly not in the first rank of his productions, are remarkable as poems, if not as plays. They abound with passages which are stamped with all the vigor and beauty of his genius. They paint with great power the dark and heartless spirit of Venetian tyranny, and the iron sternness of Venetian patriotism. They have given to the history of Venice an interest unknown before to English readers at least; and the dethroned queen of the Adriatic owes to the noble poet a debt of gratitude inferior only to that which is due to Shakespeare.

'The Lament of Tasso' and 'The Prophecy of Dante,' though they treat of Italian themes, are not particularly Italian in their spirit. They are striking poems, — the latter, especially, in which the difficult *terza rima* of Dante is imitated with a success which one would hardly have deemed possible in a language with so little ductility as the English, and so much less manageable in regard to rhymes than the Italian. They are both somewhat personal in their tone. Byron found, or fancied that he found, some points of resemblance between the fortunes of both Dante and Tasso and his own, and the energetic verses in which he breathed forth warnings and lamentations in their names flowed from the bitter fountains of sorrow and self-reproach in his own breast.

'Don Juan,' the most original and characteristic of all his poems, and one of the saddest revelations of mind and character to be found in any literature, borrows nothing from Italy but the form of its stanza. There is nothing in it of the animal spirits and playful irony of Pulci and Berni. It is bitter, impassioned, and fierce, drawn from far deeper fountains than their sportive strains, and resembling them only as the lightning resembles the dancing streamers of an aurora borealis. It is full of sparkling wit, of tenderness, of pathos, of blistering satire, and especially of magnificent description; but, over all and through

all, there is the sadness of a wounded spirit, and the desolation of a heart scathed and blighted by its own volcanic passions. His sensibility is so intense, and his mind is so worn with strife, that the tone of assumed gaiety and indifference is ever running into defiance and denunciation, and his wild laughter ends in a hollow sound which seems half a curse and half a groan. It is a poem which has no precedent, and, it is to be hoped, will find no imitator.

The fourth canto of 'Childe Harold,' generally esteemed the most finished and beautiful of his works, is the most deeply penetrated with the spirit of Italy. It is indeed a translation of Italy into the noblest verse. The tone of the whole poem is false, unmanly, and irreligious, for it teaches, or at least insinuates, the doctrine that unhappiness is in exact proportion to genius, and that the man of the highest capacity and the finest susceptibility is, on that account, the greatest sufferer. The tendency of these views of life, commended as they are by such exquisite poetry, is to discourage manly effort and generous self-sacrifice, and to enlist the imagination in the service of the subtle and seductive passion of self-love. A being crowned with all the blessings which men covet and and admire — with youth, health, beauty, rank, genius, and fame — writes four cantos of melodious verse to prove that he is the most miserable of mortals, and is in a perpetual controversy with his Creator for having bestowed upon him the gift of life. The young and the sensitive imbibe the poison of his poetry, but they miss the antidote which the record of his life supplies; for that shows his unhappiness to have been the sting of debauch and the exhaustion of excess.

This blemish, however, is less conspicuous, or, at least, less offensive in the Fourth Canto, because it is so much occupied with external objects. Byron has somewhere said of himself that description was his forte, and this immortal canto seems to justify the judgment. His descriptions of natural scenery, and of works in sculpture and architecture — for of painting he does not speak at all — are perfect in their way; not minute or detailed, and rather expressions of emotion than actual delineations, but remarkable above all for their intense vitality. Into every thing that he looks upon he puts a heart and a pulse of life. Under his touch, the woods, the waters, and the mute forms of art glow with human feeling, and are linked to all the moods of the soul by vital chords of sympathy. The power and distinctness with which he paints the impressions produced by sculpture are the more striking, because his love of art could not have been a very strong or deep feeling. Of this we wan

no better proof than the fact that, out of six years in Italy, he gave only two or three days to Florence, and no more than two weeks to Rome. It may be doubted whether he ever saw the Venus de Medici, the Apollo Belvedere, or the Dying Gladiator more than once.

From the moment that the feet of the pilgrim press the soil of Rome, his strain of thought and feeling becomes most noble and elevated; though a severe taste might pronounce it to be sometimes a little overstrained. The beauty and originality of this part of the canto are a striking illustration of the inexhaustible fertility of genius. Chateaubriand and Madame de Stael had apparently exhausted Rome in its sentimental or imaginative aspect, but Byron moves over the oft-trodden field as a reaper, and not a gleaner, and returns with the rich harvests of a virgin soil. The stanzas in which the general impression made by Rome and its ruins is delineated are as excellent as those in which particular objects of interest are described. 'The Niobe of Nations' is one of those magical expressions which act upon the mind like the solution of a riddle. After the first thrill of pleasure and surprise is over, it seems so obvious that we wonder that it never was said before. The lines occasionally thrown in, which contain expressions of personal feeling, are not quite worthy of their proximity; for, besides that their tone is false, there is often a cloudy indistinctness in their phraseology through which the meaning is but dimly seen. The magnificent stanzas in which he sets before us the Apollo, the Laocoon, and, above all, the Dying Gladiator, are so well known, and have so passed into the memory and heart of all who speak the English tongue, that they need as little to be praised as to be quoted. The description of St. Peter's is of equal excellence. The skill with which all the resources of language are put in requisition, and the best words set in the best places, is not more conspicuous than the perfect fidelity with which the entire impression is conveyed. The ease and grace with which he moves under the restraints of the difficult and complicated Spenserian stanza, make this passage, apart from its subject, valuable as a rhetorical study of the capacities of the English tongue.

The scenery of the Alban and Sabine hills, and the peculiar aspect of the Campagna, are fruitful in themes on which the descriptive genius of the noble poet would assuredly have paused and lingered, had his residence in Rome been prolonged. What he might have gathered in these fields for our admiration, may be inferred from the exquisite image which the view of Mount Soracte suggests to him —

——————'from out the plain
Heaves like a long-swept wave about to break,
And on the curl hangs pausing' ——.

Nothing can surpass the beauty and accuracy of this comparison. It is an absolute flash of inspiration, like that which darts from the brow of the Dying Gladiator, and shows us the rude hut by the Danube's side and the young barbarians at play. Often as I have looked upon Mount Soracte, I never did so without a fresh sense of the charm of this image, nor without a sort of personal acknowledgment to the genius which had thrown a new grace around an object in itself so striking.

It is a little remarkable that Byron, who lived so long in Italy, should have seen, comparatively speaking, so little of it. He was only about a fortnight in Rome; and Naples, the scenery of which seems so much in unison with his passionate and volcanic genius, he never saw at all. He did little more than pass through Florence. Nor does he appear to have taken any pains to explore the grand and beautiful scenery of Italy, and to refresh his worn faculties by that communion with nature of which he writes in such glowing terms. Indeed, it may be well doubted whether Byron had, in his heart of heart, a genuine love of nature, and whether the predominant impulse which drew him to a noble landscape were not its capacity of being reproduced in verse. His movements and residences, while in Italy, seem to have been mainly regulated by his relations to women,* which, with the pursuit of literary fame, occupied his whole time and thoughts, till the trumpet-call of the Greek revolution roused him to a transient gleam of self-sacrificing action.†

* In a letter to Moore, dated Rome, May 9, 1817, he says: 'I have not been here long enough to affect it as a residence, and I must go back to Lombardy, because I am wretched at being away from Marianna.' He had then been in Rome about twelve days, and left it a few days after.

† Some of my readers may be startled at the statement in the text, that Byron, whose descriptions of scenery, sculpture, and architecture they have read with so much delight, was not a genuine lover either of nature or art. But none but the very young need be told that there is no necessary connection between imagination and sensibility, and that emotions may be admirably painted which are not habitually felt. That Wordsworth and Cowper were lovers of nature, — that Goethe was a lover of art, — are fully proved by their lives as well as their writings. But I submit that the facts of Byron's life show no more than this, that he felt a beautiful scene or a beautiful statue when brought before them, but that he never took any pains, or went out of his way, to procure either class of satisfactions. There is another piece of evidence on the question of his love of nature, which seems to me of much weight. His usual habit was to rise between one and two in the afternoon, and to sit up during the greater part of the

ROGERS.

The 'Italy' of Rogers resembles 'Childe Harold' as little as possible, considering that they are both poetical pictures of the same country. Byron, at thirty, had exhausted life; but Rogers, at sixty, had lost nothing beyond that which time must of necessity take. Such is the wisdom of renunciation! such is the folly of eating seed-corn instead of sowing it! After the passionate melancholy and intense ideality of 'Childe Harold, the tone of 'Italy' will seem languid and its colors faint especially to the young; but it wears well to the end. Men who have lived through the Byron age, in their own lives, are a little shy of the poetry which is so strongly associated with past conflicts and spent storms; but the mellow wisdom, the genial sympathy, the graceful pictures, and the perfect taste of Rogers, are not fully appreciated till our shadows have begun to lengthen. It is, indeed, a delightful poem; a work of such perfect art that the art is nowhere seen; with just the right amount of personal feeling; with a warm sense of all that is attractive to a poet and a scholar in Italy, a generous judgment of all that is distasteful to an Englishman and a Protestant; and full of charming pictures which seem to demand those exquisite illustrations of Stothard and Turner with which they are so inseparably united in our minds. All his sketches of Venice are admirable, — bringing back the wonders of that unique city as freshly as the scenery of a last night's play; the few words in which he describes the works of Michael Angelo in the Medicean Chapel at Florence are worthy of the subject; and how well is told the sad story of poor Ginevra, and the mouldering chest, and the portrait that was painted in dream-land, and which has so troubled the ciceroni of Modena, who hear all England asking for a picture which nobody ever saw! The temperate wisdom of the poet's life has passed into his book, and the style proves the worth of renunciation. Nothing is overdone or overstated; the temptation to over-dress and over-ornament is always resisted; his words are choice, but plain and few; the tone of sentiment is healthy; fine writing never offends us with its paste jewels; and whether writing prose or verse (for a portion of the work

night. No true lover of nature ever falls into ways of life like these, or consents to lose the beauty and freshness of the morning hours. Byron felt female beauty as few men have ever done; and his descriptions of female beauty have a sincerity, a vitality, and a heartiness, which I do not find in his descriptions of nature, brilliant as these are.

is in prose) the author knows both what to blot and when to stop. It does not stir the blood, or enchain the attention, at first, but we recur to it again and again; it is not demanded at one time and rejected at another, but it suits our varying moods of mind; its hold upon us is enduring, because its claims are founded on good sense, good taste, and good feeling.

MISS EATON — JOHN BELL — WILLIAM STEWART ROSE.

Miss Eaton's 'Rome in the Nineteenth Century,' is the work of a clever and very well-informed woman, who passed several months in Rome and its neighborhood in 1817 and 1818. It contains the results of much careful research, honorable to her industry and perseverance. The information it gives upon the antiquities, the ruins, and the monuments of Rome is ample and correct; and it has a full and good account of the sights and ceremonies of Holy Week. Her strictures upon society and manners are shrewd and sharp, but somewhat tinged with Anglican prejudice. The style is animated and lively, and the whole air of the book shows a healthy mind aided by the energies of a healthy body. Before the days of Murray, there was no better guide-book in English to the sights of Rome; and it will still be found an agreeable and instructive companion both there and at home, after leaving it.

Bell's 'Observations on Italy' are brief and fragmentary, but excellent in their way. The author was a distinguished anatomist; and a scholar and man of taste, besides. His remarks on art, sculpture especially, have a peculiar value from the profound professional knowledge on which they rest. His criticisms on the statues of antiquity are as interesting as they are instructive. His sense of their beauty is not the least impaired by his technical skill and keen appreciation of scientific details. His admiration does not languish in the air of knowledge. Whatever be the subject on which he writes, his tone is always that of an amiable, cultivated, and right-minded man.

Rose's 'Letters from the North of Italy,' are the work of an accomplished Italian scholar.* He was familiar not only with the literature of Italy, but with the character, habits, and manners of the people. He gives much curious information upon a part of the country which most travellers hurry rapidly

* He translated the 'Orlando Furioso' of Ariosto into English verse. It is said to be a spirited and truthful version.

over, and upon subjects not usually treated in books of travels. The account of Venice, its society, its peculiarities, its literature, is full and interesting; and has that easy and natural flow which is the result of thorough knowledge. Like most Englishmen, he paints the people, especially of Lombardy, in rather dark colors. He was an invalid in pursuit of health; a condition not favorable to kindly judgments.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

The powerful attraction exerted by Italy over men of imaginative temperament, born in the North, would seem to justify the theory that all knowledge is but recognition; and that these ardent Scandinavians, who feel and express the spirit of the country more than its own people, were natives of some pre-adamite Italy, and find themselves in their first home only when south of the Alps. For the last hundred years, there have always been men of northern blood living in Rome, and so strongly attached to it, that a command to return to their place of birth would be received like a sentence of banishment. The gray skies and languid colors of the North, its monotonous vegetation, its dark, wintry days, its summer twilights of pale silver, its sombre forests, its contracted horizons, oppress the eye and mind which have been long accustomed to the splendors and contrasts of Italian scenery, to its atmosphere of gold, purple, and violet, to the regular outline of Italian architecture, and to the expressive forms and glowing faces of Italian men and women. When Winckelmann, after living twelve years in Rome, went back to visit his native country, the narrow valleys and sharp-roofed cottages of the Tyrol were a perpetual discord to his eye; and he fell into a sort of homesickness for Italy, which weighed upon his spirits and his health, until a determination to return restored him to cheerfulness and activity.

Hans Christian Andersen, a native of Denmark, has travelled in Italy, but never resided there for any length of time; but no one has ever made better use of his opportunities for studying and observing the country. His is a northern imagination, — dreamy, spiritual, and fantastic, — without the passion and intensity which, in the South, usually accompany poetical genius like his. It would be difficult for any Italian to produce a book so redolent of Italy as 'The Improvisatore;' because he would not feel, to the same extent as a susceptible stranger, the peculiar character of objects and scenes which to him had

become dulled by long familiarity. To Andersen — a young man of vivid fancy, fine senses, and cordial sympathies, who had been reared in the blessed air of renunciation — every thing was a delight: upon every shape and every scene there hung a brightness like that of the dew of the first morning in Eden. He was like the lad in Miss Edgeworth's story who had lived all his life in a mine, to whom weeds were glories, and thistles, revelations. No book brings back the externals of Italy more distinctly and vividly to the eye of the mind than this novel of the Danish poet's. Its chief literary merit resides in its descriptions, which are correct in substance, and animated with the most sincere poetical enthusiasm. Every thing which an observant traveller may have noted as characteristic of Italy, and not elsewhere found, will be discovered anew in these animated pages. Andersen has a large share of that happy faculty which may be called pictorial memory, — the power of preserving, in all their original freshness, the impressions made by the sight upon the mind. In his thoughts, Italian pictures dwell like flowers in a conservatory, and not like dried plants in an herbarium. With what fidelity, for instance, he paints the characteristic features of Rome, — its fountains, its architecture, its pines and cypresses, its shops garnished with white buffalo cheeses, like ostrich eggs, the red lamps burning before the pictures of the Madonna, the flickering fires of the chestnut pans in the winter evenings, and the yellow moon reflected in the yellow Tiber! The Campagna, too, is not less faithfully delineated, with its decayed tombs, its purple mountains, its golden clouds, its tropical rain-storms, and its fierce summer heats, when the deadly sirocco blows and the red-eyed buffaloes chase each other with arrowy speed, in great circles, upon the parched soil. Naples and its neighborhood, Pompeii, Vesuvius, Pæstum, and the blue grotto are also described with the same truth and spirit. The story is improbable, the characters are not drawn with a very firm or discriminating touch, and the sentiment is sometimes a little lackadaisical; but all who love Italy, and wish to have it recalled to their thoughts, will pardon these defects in consideration of its pictures and its descriptions, which commend themselves to the memory by their truth, and to the imagination by their beauty.

MRS. KEMBLE.

Mrs. Kemble's 'Year of Consolation' contains the impressions of a year spent in Rome and its neighborhood in 1846. It is in many respects a remarkable book, with energetic expressions of personal feeling, a masculine grasp of thought, and a feminine sharpness of observation. Her judgments in art are fearlessly uttered, sometimes striking, but not always sound. Her severe strictures upon the character of the people betray the exaggeration both of temperament and of sex. Her energy is not always under the control of perfect taste and sometimes degenerates into what — were she not a woman — we should call coarseness. This occasional blemish doubtless springs from the disposition of vehement natures like hers to seek right in a point the most remote from wrong: her protest against the silly prudery so common among American women taking the form of extreme plainness of speech, and a hardy grappling with subjects which feminine pens usually avoid, or at least touch upon very lightly. The great merit of the work consists in the admirable descriptions of scenery and nature which it contains. Her sense of beauty — of the beauty of color, especially, is very keen; and in conveying impressions to her reader, she uses language with uncommon skill. A single expression, or even word, dashed with an apparently careless hand upon the canvas, produces a fine effect. She speaks of 'a *sulky-looking* mountain,' of 'the *unhesitating* white' of Italian daisies; and, again, of '*wide-eyed* daisies,' of 'a *rusty* donkey' — a very happy, though very obvious epithet — and of 'snow-white *drifts* of nawthorn.' Her illustrations have sometimes the quaintness of Cowley; as when she compares the arches of an aqueduct to the vertebræ of some great serpent, whose marrow was the living water of which Rome drank for centuries; or the sky, seen through a window of the ruined Villa Mondragone, to 'a sparkling blue eye through the sockets of a skeleton.'

Her account of a summer and autumn passed at Frascati is written with great animation and genuine poetical feeling, — especially her sketches of the wild solitudes and woodland regions of the Alban Mount. In the shadow of those grand, old oaks and chestnuts, her impatient spirit, tried alike by its own vehemence and by unhappy circumstances, found that peace which she so often missed in the struggles and relations of social life. Mountain and forest scenery she paints with accuracy as well as enthusiasm; she both sees and feels. But, above all, her book is remarkable for the vivid truth of her descriptions of the

Campagna; that is, of the Campagna as an object of sight. She does not moralize or sentimentalize over it like Chateaubriand; but no other traveller has felt so deeply or reproduced so glowingly, as she has done, the impressions which the landscape is calculated to make upon a finely organized nature. Its outlines, its colors, its ruins, its living forms, its flowers — all reappear in her sparkling pages; idealized, and yet faithfully represented. It will not be easy to find a more brilliant piece of description than is contained in the few pages headed 'Rides through the Campagna.' Who that has been over the same ground will not recognize the truth as well as the beauty of pictures like these?

'Small valleys open into each other between these swellings, all golden with buttercups, or powdered, as with the new-fallen snow, with daisies; gradually these gentle eminences rise into higher mounds with rocky, precipitous sides and cliffs, and rugged walls of warm, yellow-colored earth or rock, with black mouths opening into them, half-curtained with long tangled tresses of wild briar and ivy, and crested with gold fringes of broom and gorse, and blue-black tufts of feathery verdure. At a distance, where the plain opens again before us, clumps of wood, of insignificant appearance, dot the level ground; on nearer approach, they lose the dwarf, stunted look which the wide field on which they stand tends to give them, and presently we ride slowly between the talon-like roots, and under the twisted, gnarled boughs of cork and ilex trees, wrapped into fantastic growth by the sweeping of the winds, and covering with their husky foliage a wild carpet of underbrush, all strewed with flowers — violets, purple hyacinths, with their honey-sweet smell and dark-blue blossoms, white spires of delicate heath, the clear azure stars of the periwinkle and the tall flower-fretted stalks of the silver rod — asphodel; these, woven into one cloak of beauty, spread themselves over the ragged sides and rough gullies of these patches of forest, and every now and then we reached an eminence from which a fine dark sea of hoary woodland rolls down into the neighboring hollows, and crests the rounded promontories all around us.'

There are several pieces of poetry scattered through the book, some of them containing brilliant descriptions, and others strongly marked by personal feeling. They all show much power of language, and many of them are of high merit.

'Dim faces growing pale in distant lands,
Departing feet, and slowly severing hands,'

is a couplet of which any living poet might be proud.

SPALDING — MURRAY.

Spalding's 'Italy and the Italian Islands' forms a part of the Edinburgh Cabinet Library. It is a truly admirable work, and, from its being supposed to be merely a compilation, has not secured to its learned and accomplished author the literary reputation to which he is fairly entitled. It is a compilation, it is true; but executed in a manner which gives it a right to wear the honors of an original work. Its range is very wide, embracing ancient and modern Italian history; Roman and Italian literature; the progress of art; and the present social and material condition of the peninsula. All this is done in a thorough and scholar like manner; the results of a very extensive course of reading are presented in a systematic form and in a clear and easy style; and the author's judgments, both of books and men, are sound, generous, and discriminating. Mr. Spalding has lived in Italy, and his book shows a sincere interest in the country and its people. He has made use of German and Italian authorities, and in his last volume, especially, which is devoted to the recent history and present condition of Italy, will be found a great deal of valuable information hardly to be met with in any other English work.

It would be hardly fair to conclude a sketch, however imperfect, of writers upon Italy and travellers in Italy, without a word of commendation and gratitude to the two guide-books of Murray, the 'Hand-book for Northern Italy,' and the 'Hand-book for Central Italy and Rome.* Their merits are of the highest order, and it is a privilege to have visited Italy under such excellent guidance. Like all books which are constantly in the hand, they are exposed to the most minute and searching criticism; but they bear it well. I very rarely found occasion to correct a statement, or dissent from an opinion. They are compiled with so much taste, learning, and judgment, and have so many well-chosen quotations in prose and verse, that they are not merely useful guides but entertaining companions. I have constantly had recourse to them in the preparation of this volume, to revive my fading recollections, and to procure names, dates, and statistics; and I cheerfully make an acknowledgment commensurate with my obligations.*

* The 'Handbook for Southern Italy and Naples,' which has been published since my return, seems of kindred excellence with the others.

† Murray's Guide-books now cover nearly the whole of the continent, and is one of the great powers of Europe. Since Napoleon, no man's empire has been so wide. From St. Petersburg to Seville, from Ostend to Con-

stantinople, there is not an innkeeper who does not turn pale at the name of Murray. An instance of this came to my knowledge. In the 'Handbook for Switzerland,' the Hotel Faucon at Berne had been called 'one of the best inns in Switzerland,' but in 1847 a new addition appeared with the words of praise omitted and the ominous sentence 'fallen off' substituted. An English gentleman of my acquaintance showed this new judgment to the keeper of the inn, who had not before seen it. He described the poor man's emotion as at once ludicrous and pitiable. He looked and acted as if he had received an arrow in his breast.

CHAPTER XXXI.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

All persons who travel at all visit Italy. No other country combines so many attractions, or speaks with so many different voices of invitation. Not to be drawn to Italy, not to be grateful for having seen it, not to remember it with vivid interest, — is to be indifferent to every thing that took place before we ourselves were born. No other country has been so fruitful in great men: no one has left so large a legacy to the mind of to-day: no one has passed through such historical changes: no one presents such variety of interests. Ancient and mediæval Italy, together, combine all that is most marked and characteristic in the national life and intellectual development of England and of Greece. The paths of the statesman, the scholar, the Christian pilgrim, and the artist, all meet upon her soil as a focal point of attraction.

Italy is a country in which the traveller encounters much annoyance and discomfort; his patience is often tried, and his moral sense is sometimes shocked; but when we look upon her shore for the last time, none of these things rise up in judgment against her. As in recalling the dead we think only of their virtues, so in taking leave of a country in which we have found instruction and delight, we remember only what we have learned and enjoyed. The rainy days, the grasping innkeepers, the mendacious vetturini, the dinners that could not be eaten, the beds that murdered sleep, — all these, as we look back upon them, only serve as shadows in a picture to bring out the lights in stronger contrast. We part in kindness: on the dial of memory only the hours of sunshine are noted.

There is a peculiar charm about Italy which corresponds to the primitive meaning of that perverted word sentimental, — a charm made up of beauty and misfortune. In literature, characters like the Master of Ravenswood, and Mowbray in St. Ronan's Well, — the representatives of decayed families, — if tolerably well drawn, are sure to awaken interest. The same feeling extends to declining nations. In prosperous and pro-

gressive countries, we find elements which quicken the faculties of observation and judgment, commend themselves to the moral sense, and gratify the benevolent affections; but Italy is more fruitful in influences which kindle the imagination and touch the sensibilities. The smiling fertility of Belgium is not so interesting as the dreary desolation of the Campagna. The twilight shadows of Rome are more touching and pensive than the morning beams of our land of promise. It is but a variation of the same thought to say, that the sky, the scenery, the climate, the coast of Italy, leave impressions of feminine softness and feminine beauty. We remember England or Germany as we remember a valued and esteemed friend; but the image of Italy dwells in our hearts like that of a woman whom we have loved.

The interest awakened by Italy is felt with peculiar force by our countrymen, because Italy is so rich in those elements which are most powerful in drawing a cultivated American to Europe, and because it offers such strong contrasts to what is most familiar to us. The mind of man craves to look after as well as before: it needs for its full development a past as well as a future. Our own country supplies but one of these wants: the imagination craves a more dim outline than the fresh youth of our land can supply; we mingle our sympathies with the distant experiences of other lands. Thus, in proportion to the extent of our reading is our eagerness to exchange thought for sight, and the cold page for the living forms. No Englishman can comprehend the feeling with which a well-informed American looks for the first time upon Westminster Abbey. It is like the mountaineer's first sight of the sea, or the seaman's first sight of the mountains. It is to us not merely a venerable structure, but a new revelation: it wakes to life and clothes with flesh the dry bones of history. At school and at college, the great vision of Rome broods over the mind with a power which is never suspended or disputed: her great men, her beautiful legends, her history, the height to which she rose, and the depth to which she fell, — these make up one half of a student's ideal world. When we go to Italy, we seem to be seeing a drama acted which, before, we had only read. The Tiber, which so long flowed through our dreams, now flows at our feet: the Capitol, the Forum, the Alban Mount, stand before us in the light of day; and the imagination easily supplies the forms which are appropriate to the scene, — the shadowy Æneas, the legendary Romulus, the living Cicero.

There is so little of movement and progress in Italy that I cannot conceive that an American — unless he be an artist —

should wish to live there. As we have no past, so Italy seems to have no future. There, humanity, weary with its long journey, and faint with its protracted struggles, has sunk into a state which is half slumber and half despair. She is the Hagar, as well as the Niobe, of nations; and to human apprehension nothing but an angel's voice can revive her drooping spirit, — nothing but an angel's hand can point out to her the fountains of hope and strength. The change from America to Italy — from movement to repose, from the present to the past, from hope to memory — is soothing and delightful for a time; but who would wish to transplant his life into that old soil? who would wish to share in decline and become a part of decay? who would wish to live in the midst of social evils which he cannot remedy, and of abuses which he cannot help, — to have his heart perpetually wrung with misery which he cannot relieve, and his indignation aroused by wrongs which he cannot right? Life is but another name for action; and he who is without opportunity exists, but does not live.

The American does not see Italy aright who does not find there fresh cause of gratitude for having been born where he was, and who does not bring home from it a new sense of the worth of labor and the dignity of duty. To have lived in that fair land, — to have been for a time exposed to its fine influences, — throws upon all future hours a grace before unknown. The old books put on new attractions, and the burden of accustomed toil is lightened. A residence in that country enlarges that shadowy realm of imagination and memory, into which we can always escape when chased by troubles. In moments of weariness and despondency, — when the weight of life is pressing hard upon us, — the pictures which we have brought from Italy will rise up before us with restoring power; those lovely forms will breathe their own peace over the troubled spirit: the beauty which is there stamped upon the earth, and expressed in marble and upon the canvas, will glide into the mind, and help the thoughts to rise above dwarfing cares and debasing pleasures.

The proverb, that he who would bring back the wealth of the Indies must first carry out the wealth of the Indies applies with more force to Italy than to any other country on the globe; for Italy has had two distinct lives, one ending with the downfall of the Roman empire, and one beginning with the new organizations which were patched up out of the ruins of that colossal fabric. Nor is this remarkable fact all; but, as I have before observed, the two lives are unlike. In Italy, the child was not the father of the man. Roman and Italian are by no means

equivalent terms. No human life would be long enough, — no human powers would be vigorous enough, — to provide a perfect preparation for Italy; for that would include a knowledge of Roman history, Roman literature, and Roman law; of Italian history and Italian literature; of the history of the Christian Church, and of art in all its forms. The best faculties and the amplest opportunities must here select and discriminate. But, on the other hand, there is the consoling reflection that every scrap of knowledge tells: the scholar who has done no more than read Virgil has, in Italy, a sensible advantage over him who has not. Every hour spent in previous preparation for an Italian tour brings its recompense of reward. Let no one, therefore, who is meditating such a journey be discouraged by the amount of what he cannot do; but rather take encouragement from the thought of how much can be done. In the evenings of a single winter, judiciously and vigorously occupied, the seeds of many a precious harvest can be sown. The more learning the better; but a little is not dangerous. An ignorant man in Italy is a blind man in a picture gallery.

In conclusion, I offer a word of advice as to the time for visiting Italy. Most travellers see it only in winter; but this is a mistake. At that season, the weather is often cold and more frequently rainy; the sky is covered with a funeral pall of gray clouds; the houses in the towns are damp and the streets are muddy; in the country, the trees are leafless and the vines are mere uncouth coils of cordage; and every where, the faces of the people wear a mixed expression of patient resignation and impatient expectation. It is only in sunshine that the real life of Italy comes out; and in its absence, works of art — churches, pictures, and statues — lose half their attractions. The heats of summer are said to be oppressive: on this point, I cannot speak from experience; but the degree of heat is not greater than we sometimes have it at home; and the narrow streets of the towns and the thick walls, spacious rooms, and stone floors of the houses, afford a protection against it such as is unknown with us. The discomforts of a high temperature, and especially the necessity of remaining quiet during the middle of the day, may well be submitted to in consideration of the clearness of the air, the splendor of the morning lights and colors, and the incomparable beauty of the nights. Of spring and autumn in Italy, I can speak from a brief experience; and it is certainly not too much to say that a week in September or April is fairly worth a month in winter. The bulb hardly differs more from the tulip than does Italy in the winter from Italy in the spring. The latter season in that country is the spring which the poets

paint, and its beauties and delights are such that they need borrow no embellishment from the imagination. Language cannot translate all that is seen and felt in the sky, the earth, and the air. He who has seen Italy only in winter has but half seen it: he has seen the reverse of the tapestry, — a transparency by daylight

THE END.

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